This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

8° x 139 Ant Bs. 25

= A. 4.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Catalogued Monument

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

purch. 1828

# Metrical Romances

OF THE

THIRTEENTH, FOURTEENTH, AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES:

PUBLISHED FROM

## Ancient Manuscripts.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND A GLOSSARY.

BY

HENRY WEBER, ESQ.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

VOLUME I.

Of all maner of minstrales
And jestours that tellen tales
Both of weeping and of game
And of all that longeth unto fame.
CHAUCER.

EDINBURGH:
*Printed by George Ramsay and Company,*
FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH; AND
JOHN MURRAY, AND CONSTABLE, HUNTER, PARK,
AND HUNTER, LONDON.

1810.

8°. X. 139 Art. B. S. 2 5 6

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

TO

THE MOST NOBLE

ELIZABETH,

MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD,

COUNTESS OF SUTHERLAND,

&c. &c. &c.

THESE VOLUMES ARE,

WITH

HER LADYSHIP'S PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# CONTENTS.


Page

Introduction, ..... ix

Appendix, ..... lxxiii

Kyng Alisaunder. Part I. ..... 1

——————— Part II. ..... 195

Sir Cleges, ..... 329

Lay le Freine, ..... 355

Various Readings, ..... 373


Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# INTRODUCTION.

THE study of ancient English poetry in general, having very rapidly increased within these few years, and given occasion to a great number of publications and selections, it was thought that a second collection of metrical romances of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, excluding all those which have already been published by modern editors, would be highly acceptable to the lovers of ancient literature. With all their imperfections, they are certainly to the full as amusing as the prolix and wire-drawn moralities and second-hand narrations of Gower, Occleve, and Lydgate, though the works of these poets are generally spoken of with far greater respect. It is undoubtedly an evidence, that these tales, though dressed in the most homely garb, contain something very attractive, when we con-



Digitized by Google

sider that they formed the favourite study of Warton, and that they have been collected and illustrated by some of the most polite scholars of the present day. Nor should their less disputed utility, in throwing great light upon the manners, customs, and vernacular language of their age, which, without elucidations derived from their source, would be involved in inexplicable obscurity, be forgotten. Several of the romances, at present submitted to the public in their original entire state, have been already analyzed by Mr Ellis, in a manner which has made them accessible to those readers, who have not been initiated into the delightful sensations which the antiquary experiences, in labouring through the greatest difficulties, occasioned by the combination of ancient spelling and antiquated words, nor can join in the superior applauses bestowed on that editor, who copies and illustrates the ancient text with the greatest fidelity and diligence.

It was originally the wish of the editor to rescue all the ancient English romances, or, at least, all those which merit preservation for any reason whatever, from their present precarious existence in manuscript, and difficult accessibility in public libraries, and thus contribute his share to what is so very desirable for the study of the language, a regular series of English metrical compositions,

Digitized by Google

and to collect materials for some future compiler of that great desideratum, a dictionary of the ancient English tongue after the conquest. To his great mortification, however, he was obliged to give up his original plan, and to print a select portion only of the collections he had made and intended for publication. In selecting the poems, the principal object of preference was their intrinsic merit, and the popularity they were likely to obtain; but regard was also had to exhibit specimens of the difference of language, style, and versification, which obtained in the three centuries during which English romances were produced.

It has been usual with the different editors and illustrators of ancient English poetry, to prefix dissertations on the origin of that favourite species of fiction, called the romantic. But it is only necessary to consider the different ideas of writers who have formed hypotheses of their own, and the fallacies which they have reciprocally detected in their several systems, to see the impropriety of deducing from one source, what in fact originated in the universal propensity of all nations for poetry in general, and that species in particular which calls in the aid of marvellous fictions. The deities, nymphs, satyrs, and mythological metamorphoses of the Greeks and Romans, and the genii and peries of the Oriental nations, are not less

Digitized by Google

boldly imagined and hardily brought forward, than the most extravagant wonders of Bojardo, Ariosto, the French trouveurs, and the Spanish prose romances; nor are the anachronisms, of which the poets of the middle ages have been guilty, much greater than some committed by the classical writers of *epic poetry*. Poetical chronicles, often accurate to absurdity, were composed in both the great æras of the world, though those of the middle ages can certainly not be compared with the productions of Lucan and Statius in point of poetical excellence. The giants of the Odyssey, and those of Turpin's Chronicle, of Sir Bevis, and of the Teutonic romances; the pygmies of Pliny, and those of the Scandinavians and Germans; the dragons of Medea, and those of romance; the enchantments of Calypso, Medea, Circe, Alcina, and Armida; in short, the occurrence of fairies, monsters, and wonders of all kinds in the poetry of every nation—renders their derivation from any one particular source not only very uncertain, but almost preposterous. They undoubtedly came originally from Asia, the cradle of mankind; but all nations, in every age, manifestly had a strong inclination to receive from their neighbours any popular and successful fiction which obtained among them, and to communicate to them their own in return.



Digitized by Google

While the origin of romance has engaged the attention of such numerous writers, the no less singular history of its decline has been scarcely touched upon. For an elaborate dissertation on the causes which gradually abstracted the attention of all classes from these fascinating productions, the editor is not prepared. But the following short enumeration of some of the means by which they were gradually supplanted, thrown together without much regularity, may assist in forming an opinion on the subject, and lead to a more complete and elaborate investigation. The principal reasons were, no doubt, the more general diffusion of science among all classes, shortly before the reformation; the unclosing those treasures of classic lore which had been confined in the monasteries; the substitution of other models of imitation; and, above all, the invention of printing. The nobles began to read, instead of listening to the recitation of strolling minstrels. A middle rank was formed, raised by the extension of commerce and manufactures, owing to the sudden discoveries of other regions, and of new sources for employing human industry. Every thing began to assume a more regular and systematical appearance. System was again introduced into poetry, after having been banished for many centuries: and the public and private uti-

Digitized by Google

lity of each class of poems, which the knights and ladies of the feudal age had never inquired after, began to be investigated. Instead of being only amused, it began to be the fashion to ask after instruction also. Those poems of the earlier centuries, which conveyed some concealed signification, were sought after and read with avidity, and none with greater relish than Reynard the Fox; because the whole science of government was supposed to be conveyed in the wiles of Reynard, and the cunning with which he over-reached his opponents. But the introduction of these refinements required a considerable struggle. The higher ranks would still leave the new systematical writers, for the works of mere imagination; and those of the lower classes, for a length of time, listened with unabated delight to their old romances reduced into the shape of ballads. The long admired heroes of romance were besides destined to sustain another signal defeat from a class whom they had treated with sovereign disdain. These were no other than illustrious robbers, rogues, and vagabonds. Arthur, Charlemagne, Guy of Warwick, Theodoric of Bern, and Orlando, gave way to Robinhood and Little-John, the imaginary Doctor Faustus, and Eulenspiegel; and the illustrious Amadis and Cid were laid on the shelf, while Don Juan, Gusman d'Alfarache,

Digitized by Google

and Lazarillo, usurped their popularity. At length, the whole fabric of romance gave way. Though the poets still introduced dragons, and giants, and horrid monsters, the mind of the reader was not long kept in terror, when he discovered them to be no other than Antichrist, or some one of the vices personified. The reformers went so far, as to endeavour to persuade the public, that the light-minded Ariosto had shadowed forth the virtues and vices under the names and attributes of his heroes and heroines. Even the truly romantic mind of Spencer was not able to withstand the torrent of these conceits; and, instead of producing a romance which would have paralleled that of his favourite Ariosto, he has left us a poem, the perusal of which is even rendered painful, wherever we find ourselves unable to keep his mask of mystery out of sight. In short, romance was not immediately abandoned, but very injudiciously made the vehicle of allegory, which, in its turn, was banished, and followed by many successive systems of poetry, which this is not the proper place to enumerate. Fortunately, romance has at length regained a great share of its ancient popularity, and has been revived by several living poets, with a degree of success, not inferior to that which encouraged the humble minstrels of

Digitized by Google

the middle ages in France, England, and Germany, and the more dignified poets of Italy.

The inventive powers of the *trouveurs* of the different European nations were pretty equally distributed, with the exception of those of Italy; but it was unfortunate for the English language, that the best poets, born in the island soon after the conquest, chose to write in French, at that time the language of the court. This will in some measure account for the curious circumstance, that all the English romances, with the exception of the St Graal, Percival, and Launfal, are anonymous. On the contrary, we have the names of many Englishmen, who chose to write French poetry for the English court, transmitted down to our days. The real existence of some of them has been doubted, while that of the *romanciers* born in France, Provence, Germany, and Spain, has never been called in question.

For the reason just assigned, the English romances are generally (perhaps, in every case) translations from the French, and the æra of their production is at least a century later than that of their Gallic prototypes. It would require a longer disquisition, than the limited space allotted for this preface offers, to decide

Digitized by Google

whether these tales have suffered, or been improved by their transfusion into the English language. In general, they have been shortened to at least one half of their original length, partly owing to the greater number of monosyllables, and perhaps also occasioned by the superior difficulty of rhyming, in a language so little cultivated as that of this island had been at the time. We must also regret, that the choice of subjects for translation was not always the most judicious. But too unlimited a judgment on this head should not be formed, as we have evidence that some of the most romantic productions of the kind once existed in translations, and were lost*, while the dull wire-drawn history of Guy of Warwick, and the mystic lucubrations of such poets as Hampole and Occleve were carefully preserved.

Another instance of strange want of judgment in the old poets, is their unaccountable neglect of the short and entertaining fabliaux and lays of the trouveurs, which exist in such numbers in the Imperial Library at Paris. The few ancient translations of them which we possess may be

* One instance may suffice: a single leaf of the beautiful fairy tale of Partenopex has been recovered by Mr Douce. The beautiful paraphrase of this romance by W. S. Rose, Esq. may, however, in some degree console us for the loss.

Digitized by Google

easily enumerated. Four will be found in the present collection, and a few more (as Sir Orfeo, Lanval, How the Merchant did his Wife betray, &c.) have been published by Ritson. To these may be added the comical tales of The Wife lapped in a Morrel's skin, the Friar and the Boy, and a few others still extant in black-letter. The Germans, according to their innate rage for translating, made versions of many of the French fabliaux, and have, besides, innumerable others, founded upon native tales, mostly of the ludicrous kind. In the works of the honest and diligent shoemaker and poet Hans Sachs, several hundreds of the latter sort occur.

The public are now in possession of a sufficient number of these romantic poems to appreciate their value; and should more be required, they are ready to be communicated. The most valuable of them are no doubt King Alexander, Ywaine and Gawaine, and Sir Tristrem. But most of them have something attractive; and few, even of those which remain unpublished, are entirely worthless. In some of them the general cloud of dulness is now and then dissipated by a few brilliant lines. This is the case even in the ponderous gests of Guy of Warwick, Sir Bevis, and Merlin. Others, though their poetry and versification are generally very mean, are rendered attractive by

Digitized by Google

the romantic wildness of the tale, such as Sir Launfal, Le Beaus Desconus, Ipomidon, and Amis and Amiloun. All of them demand the attention of those who would form a true judgment of the manners, amusements, and modes of thinking which obtained in the darker ages, and of that, perhaps most wonderful of all human institutions, the chivalrous and feudal system.

I proceed to give an account of the several romances included in the present selection, together with an enumeration of those written upon the same subjects in other languages. The account may be considered by many too detailed; but it was thought that the reader, by seeing at one view the different, and frequently very numerous, romances, founded on one original story, would be better enabled to judge of their very extensive popularity. A particular account of the manuscripts of the several romances now published, particularly of those from which the text was formed, was of course indispensible.

Digitized by Google

## KING ALISAUNDER.

Before proceeding to make any observations on the English poem now presented to the public, a short account of poetical and prose romances, written in other languages, which celebrate this extraordinary and chivalrous conqueror, will tend to prove the astonishing popularity of the subject in the middle ages. My chief authorities are Fauchet, Quadrio, Warton, Herbelot, &c. &c.

An authentic life of Alexander, composed by Callisthenes, an Olynthian, and often referred to by Strabo, Plutarch, and other writers of classical antiquity, has been long lost. A Greek biography, however, occurs very frequently in the libraries, which is attributed generally to Callisthenes, and by some to Antisthenes of Rhodes, who is known to have written a life of the Macedonian conqueror. It has, however, been sufficiently proved, that the work was translated from the Persian by "Simeon Seth, styled magister, and protovestiary or wardrobe-keeper of the palace of Antiochus at Constantinople, about the year 1070, under the Emperor Michael Du-

Digitized by Google

cas *." This is the prototype of most of the fabulous legends which exist in French, Italian, English, and German. The Persians possess several works on the subject, by the poets Nezami, Hatefi, and Ahmedi, entitled Iskander Nameh, and Aineh Iskenderi. A curious MS. of one of these, most splendidly illuminated, is in the possession of my friend, Francis Douce, Esq. Which of them was the one translated by Simeon Seth, I am not prepared to decide. Another Persian poem by Dahaloui, and also entitled Aineh Iskenderi, or the Mirror of Alexander the Great, is rather a moral and political, than an historical, work. The Arabians † and Turks also possess long poems on the subject ‡. A version in He-

* Warton I. 129. A romantic history of Alexander, in twenty-four books, was written by the poet Arrian, and entitled Alessandreis. According to Apuleius, Clement, who flourished under Antoninus Pius, and one Nestor, who lived in the reign of Severus, wrote Greek poems on the subject. One Demetrius Zeno, who flourished in 1530, translated the romance into politic verses, and his work was printed at Venice in 1529.

† According to Leunclavius (Hist. Turc. lib. x.) Achmet Molla, or Meulana Achmet, that is, the Doctor Achmet, celebrated the deeds of Alexander in Arabian verse, under the title of Emireis Suleiman, for which he was rewarded with magnificent presents.

‡ Herbelot, I. 644.

Digitized by Google

brew, immediately from the Latin, was made under the adopted name of Jos. Gorionides, called by Casaubon, Pseudo-Gorionides.

A Latin translation of Simon Seth's history appeared very early, being mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis, who flourished about the year 1190; professedly by one Æsopus, or Julius Valerius, and dedicated to Constantine the Great: no doubt artifices intended to stamp a high degree of antiquity and authenticity upon the work. An ancient MS. is in the valuable library of Mr Douce. It was printed without any author's name, at Strasburgh, in 1489 and 1494, and also occurs in the Variorum edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, published by Grævius*. About the year 1236, Aretinus Qualichinus metrified the same in elegiac verse. He gives the exact date of his work in the following concluding tetrastic:

"——— Historiam dictavit carmine quidam
Qui Qualichinus nomine dictus erat.
Post natum Christum sunt anni mille ducenti
Terque duodeni, quando fit istud opus."

The most classical poem on the subject of Alexander, was written about the year 1200 by Gaultier de Chatillon, and entitled Alexandreis. The author was provost of the canons of Tour-

* Panzer in his Annal. Typogr. mentions no less than eight editions in the fifteenth century. (Vol. V. p. 22.)

Digitized by Google

nay, and his work, which may claim the first rank among the Latin poems of the middle ages, obtained a high degree of popularity *. It is dedicated to William, Archbishop of Rheims, who obtained that dignity in 1175.

The romances in French, relative to Alexander the Great, are extremely numerous; and Mr Douce, in a valuable note, which will be found in the Third Volume of this work (p. 300.), has enumerated no less than eleven poets who have chosen this subject, and several might be added to the list (*e. g.* Chretien de Troyes, Guy de Cambrai, Aimes de Varennes, &c.) The great romance of Alexander was composed about the year 1200. One of the most perfect copies is preserved in the Bodleian Library (264, fol.), and yields, in point of magnificence and splendour of illumination, to very few manuscripts. From a hasty perusal, to which the editor was obliged to confine himself, it appears to contain about 20,000 lines, and to be divided into nine books. The verses are Alexandrines. The received opinion that the name of this metre was derived from its being employed in this great work, has often been questioned but never disproved. All the lines of a paragraph, which sometimes extend to above

* Warton, I. Diss. ii. sign. i. 3.

Digitized by Google

a hundred, rhyme together *. The MS. begins in this manner :

" Qui de riche estoire veult entendre et oir
Pour prendre bon example et prouesce cueillir
De cognoistre raison damer et de hair
De ses amis garder et chierement tenir
Des anemis greuer cuns nen puisse eslargir," &c.

And ends thus :

" Chi define li Romans du boin roi Alixandre
Et le veu du Pauon. les accomplissemens
Le Restor du Pauon. et le pris. qui fu prescript
Le xviije. ior de Decembre. lan m.ccc.xxxviij."

After this, the illuminator thus announces his name, and the date of his having completed his work, from which it appears, as Mr Warton observes, that he employed nearly six years upon the task, the transcriber having finished his part, as we have just seen, towards the end of the year 1338: " Che liure fu perfais de le enluminure au xviij. jour dauryl. per Jehan de Grise. lan de grace, m.ccc. xliiij." Then, in another hand : " Laus tibi sit Xpcs. qm. liber explicit iste nomen scriptoris est Thomas plenus amoris Qui ultra querit ....." Roquefort (Dictionnaire de la Langue Romane, Paris, 1808, II. 755.) mentions ten dif-

* A specimen of this metre, as employed in the strange fabliau of Audigier, may be seen in M. Méon's valuable republication of Barbazan, (Tome IV. p. 217.)

Digitized by Google

ferent MSS. of this work, and its continuations, in the Imperial Library at Paris. It is very difficult to determine which branches formed the original romance, and which were added in the 13th and 14th centuries. Le Bure, in his catalogue of the library of the Duke of La Valliere, gives an accurate account of two MSS. extant there. The first (No. 2702.) is entitled, " Ci commence le geste de Alisandre;" it is on vellum, contains 87 leaves, and begins thus:

" Moult parest icest siecle doleus e perilleus
Fors a icels qui seruent le hault rei glorius
Qui por nus deliura le seon sanc precius."

And ends:

" Li reis e li princes lur vies emperdirent
Par la mort Alisandre kil a tort murdrirent
Isci finist le romanz de tute chevalerie."

This ancient part is divided into two divisions, the first of which contains the birth and youthful actions of Alexander, and the last those of his latter days, with the manner of his death*. In this MS. to which Le Bure, fixing the date in the 12th century, probably attributes too high an antiquity, two names are mentioned, viz. Mestre Eustace, and Thomas of Kent, an Englishman. Another MS. mentions two other authors, and

* The English romance is divided exactly in the same manner.



Digitized by Google

the manner in which they executed their task, in the following terms:

" La verité de l'istoire si com li roys la fist
Un clers de Chastiaudun *Lambers li Cors* li mist
Qui du Latin la trait et en romant la fist. - - - -
*Alixandre* nous dit què *de Bernay* * fu nez
Et *de Paris* refu se sournoms apelles
Qui or a les siens vers o les *Lambert* melles."

Of the numerous continuations, Le Testament d'Alexandre, and La Vengeance d'Alexandre by his son Allienor, seem to have been the first. The former is the work of Perot de Saint Cloot, the author of the original Reynard the Fox, and the latter was produced by Jehan li Venelais, erroneously called Nevelois by Fauchet.

The branches of the romance composed in the fourteenth century are contained in the MS. 2703, Bibl. de la Valliere. It is divided into three parts, apparently written by three different authors. One of them, who lived in 1327, names himself Brisebarre. The subjects are the Vow of the Peacock, where Alexander returns to life and achieves various adventures, and the Restoration of the Peacock, of which subsequently two other continuations were made. The whole contains 10,815 verses.

* Alexander de Bernay's work was printed, according to Quadrio, at Paris, in black-letter. 4.



Digitized by Google

The celebrated poet Chrestiens de Troyes, who flourished in 1150, among numerous romances, also wrote that of Cliget, Cliges, or Clyget, son of Alexander the Great. Another, entitled, "Histoire de faits et conquetes du noble roy Alexander le Grand," which began with the siege of Tyre, and ended in the 11th book with the vengeance of Alyor for the death of Alexander, his father, was preserved in the abbey of St Vincent at Besançon; it may possibly have been one of the former. Aimes, Aymar, or Aimons de Varennes, observing the general popularity of the chivalrous histories of Alexander, wrote the romance of Floiremont, or Florimont, also called that of Philip of Macedon. It was composed, according to the Harleian MS. in 1224, according to others 1159, 1128, and 1180; but the first date is no doubt the true one, for it was professedly written after the great romance of Alexander, as appears by the following lines:

"Seignor, je sai assez de fi
Que d'Alixandre avez oï:
Mais ne savez encore nas
Dont fu sa mere Olimpias;
Del roi Filipont ne savez
Qui fu son pere et dont fu nez."

A person of the poet's name has also been ascertained to have lived in 1268. His work con-

Digitized by Google

tains nearly 14,000 lines. In the Limosin or Pictavian language, the conquests of Alexander were also chosen for the subject of a poem by one Simon. (Fauchet, p. 77.)

When the French metrical romances were turned into prose, that of our hero was not forgotten; but upon this subject I refer the reader to the very curious note of Mr Douce, already mentioned above. Alexander is one of the chief heroes in the huge prose history of Perceforest, who, according to romance authority, was king of England, and Alexander's contemporary.

The most ancient romance on the subject which I have met with in Italian, is a printed prose translation of the common Latin fabulous story-book, in the possession of George Ellis, Esq. which bears this title: "Commenza el Libro del nascimento de la uita con grandissimi fatti. Et della morte infortunato de Alexandro Magno." It is in small quarto, contains 94 folios, and has the following colophon: "Finito a di xxviij. Luio mcccclxxvij. in Venesia." Domenico Falugi Anciseno, who was laureated by Leo X. presented to him a poem on the subject, printed in Rome A. D. 1531, 4to. under this title: "Trionfo Magno, nel quale si contiene le famose guerre de Alessandro Magno." Jacopo di Carlo also celebrated Alexander in octave rhyme. His

Digitized by Google

work was printed at Venice in 1566, and at Milan in 1581. From a stanza in this poem, it appears that one Bartoccio (perhaps Attavante Barducci) also rhymed on the subject.

In Spanish there is also a curious romance of the Macedonian hero, which was written in the thirteenth century, by Joan Lorenzo Segura de Astorga, which is remarkable for its elegant versification. A specimen may be found in the notes to Southey's Madoc.

The German minstrels of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were no less diligent in celebrating the fame of Alexander than those of France*. The oldest romance extant on the subject in that language is the Alexandreis, a poem in six books, preserved in the royal library at Munich, and composed by Rudolph Von Emse (Hohenems in Swabia), dienstmann (*i. e.* servingman, retainer) at Montfort, who flourished between the years 1220 and 1254. Besides the work alluded to, he also wrote the romances and

* Alexander's conversation with the miraculous trees, his coming to the end of the world, his visit to the bottom of the sea, inclosed in a vessel of glass, and his soaring into the air on the back of dragons, are alluded to in the very ancient Teutonic rhythmical life of St Anno, bishop of Cologne. See Schilter's Thesaurus, Vol. I. verse 206-237.

Digitized by Google

legends of the good Gerhard, Barlaam and Josaphat, St Eustatius, William of Orlienz, from the French, and a poetical chronicle, formed on that of Geoffroi of Viterbo. Ulrich von Eschenbach, about the end of the thirteenth century, translated the Alexandreis of Gautier de Châtillon, in twelve books. Seyfried also wrote a poem on the actions of Alexander in the year 1352. Besides these, it appears from a passage in the first mentioned romance, that three others, viz. Biterolf, Herbolzheim, and Lamprecht, wrote the adventures of Alexander in verse. A German prose translation of the fabulous Latin history was very popular in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, having been printed in the years 1472, 1473, 1478, 1480, 1483, 1488, 1493, 1503, 1509, 1514, 1575, &c. In the Lower German language (Platt-Deutsch) there also exists a prose translation of the fourteenth century, published in a collection of romances in that dialect by Professor Bruns at Helmstædt, 1798. 8.

Ihre has several quotations from a Scandinavian history of Alexander. And, as I am informed by an ingenious correspondent, Anton-Maria del Chiaro, in his Istoria della Revoluzione della Vallachia, mentions one printed between the years 1688 and 1713 in the Wallachian language.

Digitized by Google

The most curious romance of Alexander in the English language, besides the great gest now first published, is contained in a volume printed in Scotland by one Alexander Arbuthnot, a copy of which (which is probably unique) is in the possession of W. Maule, Esq. of Panmure, M. P. It is evidently a translation of some of the French continuations enumerated above, and was the work of a Scotish anonymous poet of the fifteenth century. A short abstract of it will be found in the Appendix to this Introduction.

At the end of the beautiful MS. of the French Roman d'Alexandre, in the Bodleian library, described above, a fragment in English is inserted, containing about 1250 long lines, in the same alliterative measure which is used in Pierce Ploughman's Visions, and the Crede. It is unfortunately very obscure, even more so than these allegories themselves. It contains an account of Alexander's adventures among the Gymnosophists, which had been omitted in the French romance, and which are only very slightly touched upon in the English gest. At the end of the third book of the former, the following note is added in the same hand as the English supplement: " Here fayleth a prossesse of this romaunce of Alixander, the wheche prossesse that fayleth ye schulle fynde at the ende of this bok, y-wrete in Engelyche ryme,

Digitized by Google

and whanne ye have radde it to the ende, turneth hedur ayen and turneth ouyr this lef and bygynneth at this resoyn, Che fu el mois de may quĕli tans renouele, and so rede forth the rommance to the ende whylis the Frenche lasteth." Warton has given a large extract from this poem with his usual inaccuracy *. The following is a list of the rubrics at the head of the chapters:

" How Alixandre partyd thennys.
How Alixandre remewid to a flod that is called Phison.
How King Dindimus sente lettres to King Alixandre.
How Dindimus endited to Alixandre of here leuyng.
How he spareth not Alixandre to telle him of his gouernance.
How he telleth Alixandre of his maumentrie.
How Alixandre sente answere to Dindimus by lettre.
How Dindimus sendyd an answere to Alixandre by lettre.
How Alixandre sente Dindimus another letter.
How Alixandre picht a pelyr of marbyl there."

The last chapter is not filled up in the MS., whether owing to the transcriber or the poet it is impossible to discover. The poem is not a very attractive one, and hardly worthy of a revival.

We come now to speak of the " Lyfe of Alisaunder" now published, which, for many reasons, may be considered as the most valuable, as it is one of the most ancient of the English romances.

* Hist. E. Po. I. 309. The ten first lines, corrected from the MS., will be found in the Notes to the present work, Vol. III. p. 321.

Digitized by Google

Warton gave very numerous quotations from it, and pronounced, that it "deserves to be published entire on many accounts;" and Mr Ellis, in his elegant Specimens of the early English Poets, also very strongly recommended the publication of it.

There is no doubt, that few English romances can boast of a greater share of good poetry. The lines are less burdened with expletives, and exhibit far better versification, than those of other poems of the time, and frequently possess an energy which we little expect. The descriptions of battles and processions, in particular, is often animated to a degree, which would not disgrace the pages of Chaucer, and for which we look in vain in those of Gower, Lydgate, and their contemporaries; and the short descriptions of nature, interspersed without reference to the subject, are frequently very delicate and beautiful. In order not to burden the present introductory pages with quotations from the work itself, I will confine myself to the two following short passages, which will prove that the opinion of the old minstrels poetical powers just given does not want proofs. The first gives an excellent account of the preparations before battle:

"Mony stede ther proudly leop:
Stilliche mony on weop.

Digitized by Google

The recheles and the proude song:
The cowardis heore hondis wrong.
There thou myghtest heore here:
Mony faire pencel on spere,
Mony knyght with helm of steil.
Mony scheld y-gult ful wel,
Mony trappe, mony croper,
Mony queyntise on armes clere.
The eorthe quakid heom undur;
No scholde mon have herd the thondur,
For the noise of the taboures,
And the trumpours and jangelours."—(v. 3411-24.)

For lines equally spirited with the four last of this extract, we might search volumes of ancient poetry in vain. Alexander's camp in the night is thus splendidly described:

"Before the kyng honge a charbokel-ston,
And two thousande laumpes of gold and on,
That casten also mychel lighth,
As by day the sonne brighth.
The glevmen useden her tunge;
The wode aqueightte so hy sunge.
To a twenty milen aboute
Of barouns and knighttes lasted the route."
(v. 5252-59.)

A singular circumstance in this poem is the great irregularity of the rhymes in many instances. The author frequently thinks it sufficient when the first syllable of a feminine termination rhymes to the correspondent male termination of the other line. For instance, v. 2761:

Digitized by Google

" Tho of Thebes fast *foughte*;
And tho of Grece as knyghtis *doughty*."

And again, v. 2813:

" He hette quyk his fotemen *alle*
To brynge of Thebes doun the *wallis*."

In other instances, he is still more licentious, often substituting mere assonance for legitimate rhyme.

Notwithstanding the great merit of this romance, it was not printed at the time when Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, Chapman, and others, gave to the world Richard Cœur de Lion, Guy of Warwick, Bevis, Degare, and even the wretched Eglamour of Artoys. The only direct allusion to our English romance, which I have been able to find, is in Sir David Lyndsay's Monarchie. Speaking of the third monarchy established by Alexander, he says:

" As for this potent empreour,
Alexander, the conquerour,
Gif thow, at lenth, wald reid his ring,
And of his crewell conquessing,
*In Inglis toung, in his great buke*,
At lenth, *his lyfe*, thare thow may luke."
Chalmers's edit. Vol. III. p. 61.

The romance is unquestionably a free translation from the French. Indeed, in one passage, (v. 2199), the poet professes that he had supplied

Digitized by Google

the description of a battle, which was wanting in the French, from the Latin. Who the author was we have no evidence to determine. The following lines make it somewhat probable that he was of the clerical profession:

> " N'is so fair a thyng, so Crist me blesse,
> So knyght in queyntise,
> *Bote the ȝrest in Godes servyse!*"

Tanner has attributed the work to one Adam Davie. Mr Warton, and even Ritson himself, precipitately followed Tanner's opinion, which rests on the following very slender evidence. In the same MS., in the Bodleian Library, which contains a copy of this romance, besides other, chiefly religious, legends, a kind of mystical poem occurs, professedly written by " Adam Davie, the marchal of Stratford atte Bowe." It contains seven separate visions in about 250 lines, and begins thus:

> " To oure lord Jesu Crist in heuene
> Ich to-day shewe myne sweuene,
> That ich mette in one nighth
> Of a knighth of mychel mighth,
> His name is y-hote Sir Edward the kyng,
> Prince of Wales Engelonde the faire thyng," &c.

This is undoubtedly Edward II. But we are certainly not warranted to attribute all the various poems, collected by the monks into one folio

Digitized by Google

volume, to one poet who happens to have written a single one of them, but whose name does not occur in any other. We must, therefore, discard the opinion of Tanner and Warton, and content ourselves with admiring the work of an anonymous author.

Only two copies of "the Lyfe of Alisaunder" are in our public libraries, besides a fragment, containing about 200 lines of the conclusion, in the Auchinleck MS., agreeing very nearly with the other MSS. One of them is in the Bodleian MS. Laud, I. 74. fol. It is evidently of the fourteenth century, and written upon vellum, in a hand generally very plain. There are many parts, however, which have greatly suffered, and some passages are become entirely illegible. Others, for what reason I know not, have been completely erazed. Fortunately they are supplied by the second copy, which exists in a MS., preserved in the library of Lincoln's Inn (No. 150), which, from the language, appears to be of an age not much, if at all, posterior to the former. It was copied, and intended for publication by Mr Park, but he was deterred from proceeding in the work, by discovering that a large portion, of above 1200 lines (v. 4772–5989), was entirely wanting, besides a great number of verses dispersed in different parts of the romance. These have been supplied

now Laud 622

Digitized by Google

from the Bodleian MS. by the editor, so that the present edition is as perfect as the two existing MSS. could make it. Mr Park's transcript, for the accuracy of which his well-known character as an antiquarian will be a sufficient warrant, had been enriched by numerous and valuable, chiefly glossarial, notes, by Mr Ellis and Mr Douce. The very curious illustrative annotations of the latter will be found in the third volume. The explanatory and etymological notes of these gentlemen have been incorporated with the glossary.

In order to facilitate the perusal of so long a romance, subdivisions were rendered highly necessary; and fortunately, the poem itself furnished them. It very evidently consists of two parts, one containing the early life of the hero, and the other the adventures of his latter days, with the manner of his death, in the same manner as the MS. No. 2702, in the library of the Duke of La Valliere, above described. The subdivision into chapters is also very evident, each of them being prefaced with a few descriptive or moral lines. For the sake of illustrating the progress of the tale, contents have been prefixed to each chapter, which the editor found ready drawn up by Mr Ellis, excepting those which occur in the part supplied from the Bodleian MS.

Digitized by Google

To have given all the various readings of the two MSS. would have been a needless and useless task. For this reason, those only have been noticed, where the text of the Lincoln's Inn MS. has been abandoned, and that of the Bodleian substituted.

## SIR CLEGES.

We have here a complete specimen of the real fabliau, few of which occur in the English language. The style is certainly very mean, but the latter part of the story merits preservation, particularly as it coincides so nearly with the following abstract of one of Sacchetti's Novelle*, (Nov. CXCV, Firenze, 1724, Vol. II. p. 134.) Sacchetti was born about 1335, and died in 1400. His Novelliero was written about the year 1376, according to the opinion of Manni.

* I know not if it has been before remarked, that the fourth novel of this author is very similar to the popular ballad of King John and the Abbot. The original of the tale was probably some French fabliau.

Digitized by Google

King Philip de Valois had a favourite hawk of great beauty and value. One day, after having taken several birds, the bird was pursuing another, but soared so high, that the king lost sight of it; and though eight of his squires were sent in search of the bird, they were unable to accomplish their design. The king now caused proclamation to be made, offering two hundred francs to any one who would bring the hawk, and threatening any person who detained him with the gallows. One day, the bird perched upon a tree, and a peasant, who happened to pass by, was so fortunate as to take him. By the fleurs de lis engraved on the bells, he discovered that he had caught a royal hawk, and, hearing the proclamation, set out for Paris in hopes of the reward. By the way, he met an usher of the king's palace, who demanded the hawk of him. The clown was wary and refused: but by the threats of the usher, he was induced to promise one half of the profits to him. Having reached Paris, the king was so delighted, that he ordered the peasant to choose his own reward. The latter immediately demanded either fifty lashes, or else an equal number of bastinadoes. The king very naturally asked the reason of such a whimsical choice. When the peasant had related the avaricious bargain which had been forced upon him, the poor usher received his share

Digitized by Google

of the reward with great punctuality; but the half which the clown had retained was converted into two hundred livres, with which he returned contented to his home.

It is probable, that the novel of Sacchetti, as well as Sir Cleges, owed its origin to some French fabliau. The ingenuity of the *trouveurs*, in telling several stories upon the same original foundation, is well known to the readers of Barbazan and Le Grand. There is also a distant similarity between these stories and the fabliau, entitled "Le Dit du Buffet," printed by Barbazan, (Edit. 1808, Vol. III. p. 264.)

The only copy of Sir Cleges extant, to my knowledge, is in a folio MS., lately added to the Advocates' Library, on paper, apparently of the beginning of the fifteenth century, and containing besides Mandeville's Travels, and Occleve's Speculum Regis. The end of Sir Cleges is imperfect in the MS.; but as only part of one stanza seems to be wanting, the editor has attempted to supply the defect in the rough style of the original. His supplement will be found inclosed in brackets.



Digitized by Google

## LAI LE FRAIN.

SIR CLEGES has afforded us a specimen of the fabliau; in the same manner, we have here a beautiful specimen of the *lay*. It is a translation from the French of the Norman poetess Marie de France. "In point of language and versification," says Mr Ellis*, "it has more merit than any poem of the very early period at which it was written, and does not suffer by a comparison with Mary's original." The only existing copy is in the Auchinleck MS., in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; but unfortunately, like every other poem in that valuable collection, it has suffered mutilation on account of the illumination prefixed to it. Thirteen lines in the middle, and a great part of the conclusion, have been lost in this manner. In order to render the perusal less unpleasant, these defects have been supplied from the French original by the editor, as nearly as possible in the style of the original. His attempt was kindly revised by Mr Ellis.

The following genealogical tradition of the origin of the Guelphs, or Whelps, was perhaps the origin of

* Specimens of Romances, III. 282.

Digitized by Google

this poem, and of the others founded upon similar stories. It is related from the historical narrations of Bruschius, Enzelt, Reineccius, and others, in " C. F. Pauli's Allgemeiner preussischer Staats-Geschichte." Vol. II. p. 7—10. At the end of the eighth century, Count Isenbard of Altorf, one of Charlemagne's generals, espoused Irmengard, the sister of the empress Hildegard. Irmengard having one day heard that a woman had born three children at a birth, and conceiving that nothing but an adulterous intercourse could have produced them, persuaded her husband to order them to be drowned. Isenbard was sent upon an expedition, and left his wife pregnant. To punish her presumption, she was delivered of twelve boys at once. Terrified at the judgment she had passed upon herself, she persuaded an old nurse to drown eleven of the boys. In the meantime, at the solicitation of Isenbard, the emperor unwillingly allowed him to return, and exclaimed, with some anger: " Go and see what young whelp, or wolf your spouse has brought you." On his return, he met the old woman going to do her office, and asked her what burden she had upon her back? She answered they were young whelps, which she was ordered to drown. The count insisting on seeing them, the old woman confessed the whole affair; upon which he

Digitized by Google

ordered her to conceal the discovery from his wife. The children were bred up at the house of a miller, vassal to the count. When they were six years old, the latter introduced them at a feast. Their similarity to the twelfth, who had been bred at home, greatly astonished the guests. Isenbard then demanded, in a stern manner, "What does the mother deserve who intended the murder of her children?" Irmengard swooned at the feet of her husband, and prayed his forgiveness, which he granted to her. In commemoration of the adventure, he denominated his sons the young Whelps. Eleven of them died without heirs. The twelfth, who had been retained by his mother, was said to have been father to Judith, second spouse of Louis I., successor to Charlemagne, of Conrad, ancestor of Hugo Capet, and of Rudolph, founder of the houses of Brunswick and Hohenzollern.

Some beautiful ballads are founded upon a story very similar to that of Lai le Frain. In the valuable collection of Danish ballads, entitled the "Kæmpe Viser," there occurs one, entitled "Skiœn Anna," or Fair Annie, which has been elegantly and faithfully translated by my friend, Mr Jamieson, in his Popular Ballads and Songs. Scotish ballads, with nearly similar incidents, occur, under the different denominations of Lady

Digitized by Google

Jane, Burd Helen, and Lord Thomas and Fair Annie, in the collection just mentioned, and in the Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border.

## RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

If the "Life of Alexander" has greater attractions, on account of its poetical merit, the romance of King Richard I., who may be considered as the very king of chivalry, has as powerful claims on the score of interesting his countrymen of this day, by a recital of his romantic achievements, exaggerated, no doubt, but still bringing to recollection his wonderful spirit, and the astonishing valour which he really displayed in his expedition to Palestine. Mr Ellis, in the following words, characterizes the poetry of this romance: "If merely considered as a poem, this romance possesses considerable merit. The verse, it is true, is generally rough and inharmonious; but the expression is often forcible, and unusually free from the drawling epithets which so frequently annoy the reader in the compositions of the minstrels. As recording many particulars of the dress, food,

Digitized by Google

and manners of our ancestors, it possesses rather more claims on our curiosity than other romances of the same period, because it was compiled within a very few years of the events which it professes to describe."

There is no doubt that our romance existed before the year 1300, as it is referred to in the chronicles of Richard de Gloucester and Robert de Brunne; and as these rhymsters wrote for mere English readers, it is not to be supposed that they would refer them to a French original. The date of the composition of the English work, for this reason, is probably to be fixed, as Warton conjectures, in the reign of Henry III. or Edward I.; and Mr Ellis has given strong reasons for the latter period*. It is professedly a translation. In the very prologue the minstrel says:

"In Frenssche bookys this rym is wrought."

And again, v. 5060:

"The Frensche ....
Whereoff is made this Ynglysche sawe."

The original probably occurs in the library of Bennet College, Cambridge; and in case the MS. quoted below, really contains the work in question, it is the only copy known to exist†.

* Spec. of Rom. II. 175.

† 80. "Ricardi I, bella contra Saracenos, Gallice."—Catalogue of MSS.

Digitized by Google

It is much to be lamented, that no perfect MS. of the English romance has been discovered. The most ancient fragment is contained in the Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates' Library, containing only 350 lines; the first twenty-four of which are in the popular twelve-line stanza, which is used in Amis and Amiloun, and many other romances. After this the common couplet is employed. It is a curious circumstance, that the fabulous beginning is entirely omitted, and that, after the prologue, the poem opens immediately with the account of the murder of Duke Renaud, in these lines:

> " A Freyns knight, the Duke Miloun,
> And Dooke Renaud, a bold baroun;
> Thurch tresoun of the Count Joys,
> Surri was lorn of the holy croys."

The two latter verses occur in the present copy, at verse 1305; and after that the MS. proceeds pretty uniformly with the others. Mr Ellis thinks it probable, that the Auchinleck MS. contained the original romance; and that the fabulous parts just mentioned were foisted in subsequently. This cannot be determined without an inspection of the original; but the Auchinleck fragment has much of the air of a mere abridgment. About one half of the romance, containing the latter part, occurs in a MS. now in the possession of the

Digitized by Google

Marquis of Stafford, but many of the leaves have suffered so much as to be utterly illegible. Other fragments occur in No. 4690 of the Harleian MSS., and in another in the possession of Mr Douce. The library of Caius's College, Cambridge, contains the most perfect copy, wanting, however, several leaves. From a transcript made from this MS., and supplied in one place from Mr Douce's fragment, and in three others from the printed copy, by Mr Ellis, who kindly permitted the editor to retranscribe it, the copy in the present work has been printed. The passages supplied, will be found specified in the various readings, and their loss in the Caius' College MS. is the less to be regretted, as, from some collations in other parts, the MS. and the printed copy were found to differ in nothing but a phraseology and spelling, rather more modern in the latter. According to Warton, there are three printed editions of this romance, one in 8vo, by Winken de Worde, in 1509; another by the same in 4to. 1528, and a third, without date, by W. C.—Ritson, however, with his usual scepticism, has doubted the existence of any of these, excepting the second, of which a copy occurs in the Bodleian library, (c. 39. art. Seld)*. Richard Heber, Esq. is also in possession of one of the editions.

* The savage meal which Richard made upon the heads of

Digitized by Google

The present romance, for the same reason as King Alexander, has been divided into parts and chapters, to prevent the fatigue of perusing such a number of lines without interruption.

The wars of Richard in Palestine, have been celebrated likewise in other languages. Joseph of Exeter, commonly called Josephus Iscanus, in his Antiocheis, which, excepting a few lines, is entirely lost, is said to have celebrated exploits of Richard, whom, as Camden asserts, he accompanied to the Holy Land. Tanner says, that one Gulielmus Peregrinus, also accompanied the king, and under the title of Odoeporicon Ricardi Regis, sung his heroic deeds in Latin verse. The reign of our monarch's rival and enemy, Philip Augustus, king of France, was also written in hexameters by Guillaume le Breton, about the year 1230. Besides the original French romance in metre, mentioned above, another in prose is quoted by Du Cange, and entitled, "Histoire de la Mort de Richard, Roy d'Angleterre." In the Imperial library at Paris, a romance exists in MS., entitled, "Histoire de Richard Roi d'Angleterre et de Maquemore d'Irlande, en rime." The story is shortly as follows: Dermot-Macmor-Ough, king of Leinster, had taken away the daughter of

the Saracens, and the feast he prepared for the messengers of Soliman, are here omitted.

Digitized by Google

a gentleman by violence; for which deed he was attacked and put to flight by Roderick, another Irish king. He fled to England, where he not only obtained the promise of auxiliaries from King Henry II., but also the assistance of Richard, then called Earl of Pembroke, to whom he promised his only daughter in marriage. By joining his forces to his English auxiliaries, Macmore was enabled to defeat Roderick, conquer Dublin, and to re-establish himself on his throne. This romance does not refer to our lion-hearted king, but to Richard, Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Henry II. Richard I. is the principal hero in Lope de Vega's unfortunate counterpart and sequel to Tasso's great epic poem, which he entitled, "Jerusalen conquistata." The ancient German romance, of "Reinfried von Braunschweig," is said to contain the transactions which passed between Richard and Leopold, Duke of Austria; and a modern epic poem by an anonymous Austrian poet, turns on the same story, ending with Richard's liberation by Blondel, and not forgetting the traditionary legend of the lion. This seems to have been an extremely popular exploit. It is thus mentioned in the bastard Faulconbridge's speech to his mother, in Act I. of Shakespeare's play of King John.

Digitized by Google

"Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's."

And King Lewis, in next act, says of our royal hero:

"Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine."

## THE LIFE OF IPOMYDON.

THIS highly romantic poem, which, owing to the comparatively modern language of the only MS. copy known to exist; the easy, and even fluent versification, the playful variety of the tale, and the very accurate idea which it conveys of the state of the later and more accomplished system of chivalry, might be recommended as a proper introduction to a perusal of the ancient metrical romances, was certainly translated from the French; and indeed Mr Tyrwhitt notices a poem in that language, written by Hue de Rotelande, (probably Rutland), which he supposes to be the original. The translation probably existed at the

Digitized by Google

time the romance of Richard Cœur de Lion was put forth, as it is mentioned in the second part of the latter poem, (v. 6660). The MS. 2252, in the Harleian library, contains the only perfect copy of Ipomydon, from which the text is printed. In the library of Lincoln cathedral, (Kk. 3. 10.) an imperfect printed copy, wanting the whole sheet A, occurs, as is mentioned by Warton (I. 198). Mr Ellis, in his abstract, has divided the romance into two fyttes or cantos; but the following line evidently indicates that the poet intended three:

"Of chyld Ipomydon here is a space." (v. 528).

## AMIS AND AMILOUN.

This is the manner in which the names of these faithful brothers in arms are uniformly spelt in the Auchinleck copy; which being the most ancient, has been followed in the present edition, as far as it goes. In a perfect MS. copy *penes* Mr Douce, they are called Amys and Amelion. From this MS., which appears to be about a century later, the defects of the former, consisting of the first 96 lines, and the conclusion (from v.

Digitized by Google

2384, to the end), have been supplied by the kind permission of its learned possessor. Both the copies agree in a manner which is seldom to be found in ancient manuscripts, and both of them, as far as the Auchinleck MS. goes, contain the same number of stanzas, which uniformly consist of twelve lines each; the first, second, fourth, and fifth, rhyming together, as well as the third, sixth, ninth, and twelfth; the seventh and eighth; and the tenth and eleventh. This manner of versification, notwithstanding its apparent difficulty, was in great favour among the English minstrels, by whom it seems to have been invented; for I have not discovered any instance of its use among the French romances. A bad copy of about one half of the poem, is contained among the Harleian MSS. (No 2386, § 42.)

The present tale seems to have been honoured with an unusual degree of popularity in the middle ages. In that enormous compilation, entitled, Speculum Historiale, collected by Vincent de Beauvais, it is related, and said to have happened in the reign of King Pepin. The MS. 3718, in the imperial library at Paris, is said to contain the poem of "Amis and Amillion," in Latin verses. The French metrical romance, from which our text was probably translated, is preserved in the British Museum, (MSS. Reg. 12.

Digitized by Google

c. xii. 9.) and another copy at Bennet College, Cambridge, (Num. L. 1.) It was subsequently brought upon the French stage, as a morality, with this title, "Comment Amille tue ses deux enfans pour guerir Amis, son compagnon."—The romance was translated into German verse, by Conrad of Wuerzburg, who flourished about the year 1300. He chose to name the heroes Engelhard and Engeldrud. It was modernized and printed at Frankfort, in 1573.

The romance, though no printed copy of our metrical version has yet been discovered, continued its popularity for a long time. The story was pourtrayed on the tapestry of Nottingham castle, in the time of Henry VIII. At last, it dwindled into the shape of a street-ballad, a copy of which may be found in the late valuable republication of Evans's Old Ballads, Vol. I. p. 77. The knightly brothers Amis and Amiloun, are there transformed into Alexander and Lodowick, princes of Hungary and France, the Steward into Guido prince of Spain, and the part of the duke is given to the Emperor of Germany. The story is in truth well put together, and the friendship of the two heroes very interesting, even more so than that of their classical prototypes, Pylades and Orestes. Though some very mean and even ludicrous passages may be, and have been quoted



Digitized by Google

from the poem, there can be no doubt that they by no means exhibit the general tenor of the poetry, which is far from being contemptible, notwithstanding the difficulty of the stanza, and the multiplicity of the rhymes, which obliged the minstrel frequently to eke out the lines with unmeaning epithets. But even in the latter common failing, he sins far less than his brethren who used the same kind of versification.

## THE PROCES OF THE SEUYN SAGES.

Mr Ellis has given to his abstract of this popular collection of tales, the common title of "The Seven Wise Masters." As, however, the only perfect ancient copy extant bears the above title, it has been thought right to prefer it in an edition of the entire ancient poem. It has been found necessary to employ both the ancient copies in forming the present text. The Auchinleck copy is deficient at the beginning and end, but it is nearly a century older than the perfect one, contained in a folio MS. in the Cotton library, (Galba, *E. g.*) which contains besides the beautiful

Digitized by Google

romance of Ywaine and Gawaine, and which was judged by Ritson to have been written in the time of Richard II. The Auchinleck copy, though not of the first rate of minstrel poetry, is infinitely better than the other from which the first 134 lines, and the conclusion (v. 2781, to the end) have been supplied. The reader will immediately discover the contrast. The Cotton MS. is very evidently either translated by a Scotchman, or at least the language has been considerably altered by some former transcriber of that nation. The scribe, however, who copied the romance into the MS., was probably English; for though he has retained the peculiarities of the Scotish dialect, he has considerably anglicized the spelling. The Auchinleck copy has no divisions, excepting the usual blue and red marks of paragraphs: but the Cotton MS. has regular titles to the tales and prologues, such as, "The xiii. tale said the wyfe;" "Here begins the xiv. prologue," &c. Instead of retaining this manner of division, it has been judged expedient, in the present edition, to give short titles to the stories (most of which have been adopted from Mr Ellis's abstract), and to mark the beginning of the intervening prologues by an empty space.

The ingenious method of connecting a number of stories into one continued dramatic narration,

Digitized by Google

which Boccaccio and Chaucer have so admirably employed, and which has been followed by the numerous imitators of the former, undoubtedly took its origin from the east. We have examples of similar combinations of tales in the Arabic, at the head of which are the inimitable Thousand and One Nights. Another similar work of great antiquity, is the original of the present romance, and of that work of universal vulgar popularity, "The Seven Wise Masters." Other oriental compilations on the same foundation, are the Turkish tales translated by Petit de St Croix, and the story of the king, his son, concubine and seven viziers, translated by Mr J. Scott, in his Tales, Anecdotes, and Letters, from the Arabic and Persian, (Shrewsbury, 1800, p. 38). The very difficult literary history of the Seven Wise Masters has been traced, with great precision, by Mr Douce; and the substance of his inquiries may be found in Mr Ellis's Specimens of Romances, to which work the reader is referred. The editor has it not in his power to add any thing to Mr Douce's account of the origin and the different versions of this work, excepting, that a German metrical translation, professedly from the Latin, was made in the fourteenth century, which exists in MS. at Erlangen, and was printed eight differ-



Digitized by Google

ent times, the first time without date, the second in 1474, and the last in 1549.

## OCTOUIAN IMPERATOR.

THE present romance, which has been printed chiefly on account of the singularity of its stanza, and its giving a curious specimen of the Hampshire dialect, nearly as it is still spoken, occurs in the Cotton library, (Calig. A. 12.) and among Bishop More's MSS. at Cambridge, (No. 690). The former, from which the text is taken, was evidently written in the time of Henry VI.; for a short chronicle which is contained in it, ends with that monarch, though the date of his death, with the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III. have been added by other hands. The translation was probably made much earlier, as the romance is mentioned in that of Richard Coeur de Lion, and in the ancient book of Troy, falsely attributed to Lydgate. It is also alluded to, in William of Nassington's Treatise on the Trinity and Unity, written about 1480. All this proves, that the romance obtained some share of popularity. The

Digitized by Google

English translator refers in one place to a French, (v. 407.) and in another (v. 1359.) to a Latin original. In the former language, it exists among the MSS. in the Bodleian library, where it is entitled, "Romaunce de Otheniem, Empereur de Rome," containing about 5000 lines. A translation in prose forms at present one of the most popular story-books among the German peasants, though the oldest copy of which I have heard, is not later than 1587. Numerous incidents in this tale are very similar to others which occur in older romances, such as the attachment of the Lion to his master, which will immediately remind the reader of the faithful companion of Sir Ywaine. The treacherous device of Octavian's mother, to blast the fame of his queen, is very similar to one in the ballads of Sir Aldingar and Hugh le Blond. (See Reliques of Ancient Poetry, (Ed. 1794, II. 50.) and Minstrelsy of the Scotish border, (Ed. 1810, II. 265). Other coincidences might be easily pointed out. The antiquity of the original romance was probably not very high; the story being too full of adventures, particularly of the marvellous kind, to have been produced in the more ancient and more simple ages of romance.

Digitized by Google

## SIR AMADAS.

THIS and the following poem are contained in a small quarto paper MS., lately purchased into the Advocates' library, (Jac. V. 7. 27.) and no other copy of either of them is known to exist. The MS. was probably written at the end of the fifteenth century, by some monk, for of thirty-seven articles which it contains, only three can be called romances, viz. Sir Ysenbras, Sir Gowther, and the present poem, which unfortunately wants the beginning. The rest, with the exception of The Hunting of the Hare, are religious and satirical. The orthography is singularly uncouth, and proves that the transcriber lived in some remote corner of the kingdom, probably the north-west; an aspirate being frequently prefixed to words beginning with a vowel, (such as, ha, has, &c). His name, (if it is not that of the minstrel himself), is placed at the end of several of the articles in the MS., and appears to have been Henry Heeg or Hague.

The tale of Amadas is frequently alluded to by ancient poets. In the fabliau of Gautier d'Aupas, " Idoine la mie d'Amadas" is mentioned.

Digitized by Google

*Le Grand's fabliaux.* The Lay d'Idoine, it should be observed, has nothing in common with our romance. The same name occurs in the fabliau entitled Le Segretain Moine, printed in the new edition of Barbazan, (Vol. I. p. 242). Mr Ritson has proved, by several quotations, that Le Bure is mistaken in asserting that the adventures of La belle Ydoyne are contained in the Roman d'Aymeri de Narbonne, Ydoine being the name of the king of Arabia in that romance. (Metr. Rom. III. 335). Their loves were pourtrayed, together with those of Tristram and Isowde, and Florys and Blaunchefloure, on a superb cloth, presented by the king of Cesyle to the Emperour Artyus in the beautiful romance of Emare, printed by Ritson:

> "In that on korner made was
> *Idoyne* and *Amadas*
> With love that was so treue,
> For they loveden hem with honour,
> Portrayed they wer with trewe-love flour,
> Of stones bryght of hewe,
> With carbunkull and safere,
> Kassydonys and onyx so clere,
> Sette in golde newe,
> Deamondes and rubyes,
> And other stones of mychyll pryse,
> And menstrellys with her gle."

In the prologue to a metrical collection of religious legends, entitled, "Cursor mundi," quoted by Warton, these lovers are enumerated

Digitized by Google

amongst numerous other heroes of romance. And Gower in his sixth book, thus mentions them:

> "Myn ere with a good pitance
> Is fed, of redinge of romance,
> Of *Idoyne* and of *Amadas*,
> That whilome were in cas,
> And eke of other many a score,
> That loved long ere I was bore."

It is singular so popular a story should have fallen into such complete oblivion, that the uncouth copy now given to the public, should be the only one known to be extant, either in French or English. It is, however, as difficult to conceive how such a tale, which in sooth is very silly, could ever have become so popular. The beginning is similar to that of Sir Cleges, printed in the first volume; and the punctuality with which Sir Amadas keeps the covenant which he had made with his sworn brother the ghost of the merchant, bears a strong resemblance to the friendship of Amis and Ameloun. The English copy seems to be very ill translated and abridged. The name of Idoine is never mentioned. The principal reason for publishing it was the manuscript's being a perfect unique, and the romance having been confounded with, and supposed to be the original of, the famous Amadis de Gaul.

Digitized by Google

## THE HUNTING OF THE HARE.

THE editor was in hopes to have been enabled to present the lovers of ancient poetry with a greater number of comical romances, which are chiefly curious, in as far as they show what were the requisites which rendered such tales palatable to our ancestors, and had the effect of exciting laughter in the halls of the barons; but he was disappointed in his search for some of them, was not enabled to obtain copies of others, and the legend of Cokkelbie Sow, in the Bannatyne MS., was found to be too licentious. The present tale, and the curious legend of the Rookby Sow, published in Whitaker's History of Craven, and reprinted in the third edition of Evans's Ballads, must have been highly relished by the ardent lovers of the chase among our ancestors; and no doubt, the minstrel who read or chanted these short mock-romances, obtained more cups of wine, and greater presents of robes and money, than the reciter of many a tale of chivalry, who often toiled for hours to amuse his audience. Their popularity, if we are warranted to judge from these two remaining specimens, seems, however, to have been confined to

Digitized by Google

the provinces, the more cultivated knights of the court probably preferring the wit and licentiousness of the French fabliaux.

---

In preparing these romances for the public, it was the wish of the editor, without in the least disturbing a single letter of the old text, to render their perusal as accessible to general readers as possible. For this reason, the longer ones were subdivided, as has been already mentioned, regular punctuation was introduced, capital letters were used to distinguish names of persons and places, the abbreviations were reduced to the peculiar standard of orthography, employed in each particular romance, and the Saxon letters for th, gh, and y, discarded. In all these points excepting the first, the accurate Ritson has given an example to the editor: who, however, judged it expedient, by going a little further, to facilitate the reader's progress still more. For this reason, the pronoun I or Y, is always spelt with a capital letter, and the very common Saxon prefix y, has been separated by a hyphen from the word it is attached to, as y-core, y-burnt, &c. Indeed, in

Digitized by Google

many cases, there is an evident well-marked space left in the old MSS., particularly in the Auchinleck MS. The negative prefixed to verbs has, in most cases, also been separated by an inverted comma, as in n'as, n'is, n'il, &c. And finally, when a word terminated with a single e, which it was necessary to pronounce, as for instance, cete for city, an accent has been placed over the last letter. The same course was adopted in cases where the accent, against the general rule, fell upon the last syllable. Where the pronoun *thee* is spelt, as it is generally in old poetry with a single e, it has been accented to distinguish it from the article. Without, in this manner, facilitating their perusal, it is in vain to expect that any but professed antiquarians should study the poems of the earliest centuries of English literature. Every one in the least acquainted with ancient MSS., will at once discover where these variations have been introduced.

It would have been an easy task to have swelled the notes to double the space which they at present occupy: but the editor rather preferred retrenching many which he had collected, fearing to encroach upon the more immediate object of the work, the romances themselves. For the same reason, he was forced to be very concise in his explanations of the words introduced into the

Digitized by Google

glossary, which he found to be numerous far beyond his expectation. With regard to this last, and perhaps most important branch of his task, the editor feels the peculiar necessity of appealing to the indulgence of etymological critics. Though he was so fortunate as to find the greatest number of words in the Lincoln's Inn MS. of Alexander ably explained by Mr Ellis and Mr Douce, yet his share of the labour, comprising the remainder of that romance, and all the others contained in the work, was no very easy one; and he often found himself compelled, for want of authority, to substitute conjecture. In such a case, however, he has always stated his diffidence of opinion by a mark of interrogation. The number of words left entirely without an explanation, or only with a mere conjecture, from the context annexed to them, will, however, be found not to exceed fifteen or twenty. Many of these will, no doubt, find a successful interpretation from some subsequent glossarist. An indifferent person frequently hits at once upon a happy conjecture, where a word has long puzzled the compiler of a glossary, whose mind is necessarily bewildered by searching for the signification of such a multiplicity of words. As to etymological researches, they are clearly, as the learned Tyrwhitt has remarked, not a necessary branch of the duty

Digitized by Google

of a glossarist. For this reason, the original language from which the word has been derived, has been merely mentioned; which, with very few exceptions, has been found to be one of those great fountains of the English tongue, the French, and the Saxon branch of the Teutonic. If that great and necessary work, a dictionary of old English, should ever be accomplished, several of the editor's explanations will, no doubt, be refuted; others may, perhaps, be cavilled at in reviews, or in the similar works of his antiquarian brethren, who labour in the same vineyard; but the editor has the consolation to reflect, that neither of those vehicles of abuse, though so liberally lavished upon the works of Warton, Percy, and even Ritson himself, have been able from deterring that part of the public interested in the literature of our ancestors, from perusing them, and appreciating the pains and toil bestowed upon their illustration.

Happy should the editor be, if he were called upon, in consequence of the present collection, to proceed in rescuing these ancient records of language, manners, and tradition from oblivion. The reader will find, in the note below *, an enu-

* Artour and Merlin; Sir Bevis of Hampton; Sir Ferumbras; Sir Eger, Sir Grahame and Sir Graysteel; Charlemagne, (called by Mr Ellis, Roland and Ferragus); Otuel, with the continuation of Charlemagne; Sir Triamoure; Sir

Digitized by Google

meration of such as have been already transcribed by him for the press. And copies of many others, extant in public libraries, might be obtained, such as Percival, William and the Warwolf, the ponderous Sir Guy, &c. In the present age, when so many a worthless book, printed prior to a certain period, is dragged into notice, and honoured with extracts and long descriptions, the more precarious and frequently far more valuable stores, existing in manuscript only, should surely not be forgotten, though their publication is certainly attended with infinitely more labour. Many of the legends of saints have also considerable claims to public attention, not so much on account of their poetical merit, which is undoubtedly very inconsiderable, but as furnishing an interesting comment on the history of priestcraft, and, as they evince in many instances, that the monks could be as ingenious as the minstrels in inventing romantic fictions.

It was the original intention of the editor, to annex to the present introduction a short history

Eglamour; Sir Owaine; Sir Tundale; Sir Degare; Sir Isumbras; Sir Gowther; Robert of Cisyle; Roswal and Lillian; Florice and Blancheflour, &c. It were also desirable that the copies of Orfeo, and the Chronicle of England, in the Auchinleck MS., which are far better than those edited by Ritson, should be given to the public.

Digitized by Google

of the German poetry of the middle ages, the existence of which has hitherto been almost unknown in this country, or at least the knowledge of it has been nearly confined to the ancient specimens of Teutonic, published by Schilter, such as the song of King Lewis, the biblical versions of Ottfried, the life of Saint Anno, &c. It has been known to few, that, besides very numerous translations of French romances and fabliaux, a particular third cyclus of romance, no less extensive than that of Arthur and of Charlemagne, peculiar to the Germans, and in part to the Scandinavians, is in existence. Only a few fragments belonging to this cyclus, have been noticed and analysed from the Danish and Icelandic. These romances have a very peculiar character, and are very evidently the production of a people less cultivated and refined than the French and Norman-English were. There is less of courtesy and love in them; more of that insatiable revenge which the Gothic nations esteemed honourable, and more of those wild and fantastic fictions, like those of Boiardo and Ariosto, which, while we sometimes smile at their extravagance, take a strong hold, at other times, on our attention, bewilder our imagination, and cause us to forget the monition of schoolmen, that we should throw



Digitized by Google

them aside and take up chaster models of imitation. The three principal romances, founded on this connected chain of fiction, the central hero of which (if I may so express myself) is Dieterich of Bern*, are the Nibelungen Leet, King Rother, and the Heldenbuch (Book of Heroes). The last mentioned is, however, not a single poem, but a congeries of several collected under that imposing title.

Want of room, and a desire to give the intended dissertation more at large, and to make it more amusing by a short analysis of the romances, accompanied with translations of a few remarkable passages, induced the editor to defer his design for a future publication. He will then be enabled to extend his researches, and more accurately to investigate the curious but obscure question, whether the Teutonic or the Scandinavian bards had the merit of giving origin to this cyclus of romance? though, at present, he inclines more to assert the priority of the former,

* Dieterich, means rich in people, governing numerous subjects, from *diet*, people, and *rich* or *reich*, rich. The name was subsequently corrupted into Theoderic by the historians of the dark ages. Bern is the Gothic name of Verona, and is not to be confounded with the present town of that name in Switzerland.

Digitized by Google

as we are in possession of a regular metrical series in the Teutonic, and only of some ballads and prose fragments in the Scandinavian languages, relating to these Gothic heroes, with the exception of the great Wilkina- and Niflunga-Saga, the original of which was professedly brought from Germany in the thirteenth century *.

In facilitating his collection of the romances included in the present work, and particularly in encouraging him to undertake the task, the editor was favoured, in a singular manner, by several gentlemen who have the cause of ancient English literature most at heart. To George Ellis, Esq., the elegance of whose selections and abstracts of early poetry and romance has become quite proverbial, he is under most particular obligations. Besides the gift of the copy of King Alexander, illustrated by that gentleman and F. Douce, Esq. with valuable notes † and glossarial explanations, and prepared for the press by Mr Park, he was permitted to copy numerous romances from the

* Some of the heroes and their adventures, but with circumstances widely different, occur in the Edda, and the Wolsunga-, and Norna-Gest's Sagas.

† The reader will find the notes of Mr Ellis and Mr Douce distinguished from those of the editor by the initials of their names.

Digitized by Google

accurate transcripts in the possession of Mr Ellis. His obligations to Mr Douce, the reader will find specified in several parts of the work. To the friendly encouragement which he received from Walter Scott, Esq., in this, as well as his other undertakings, the public are indebted for any degree of amusement and information they may receive from them.

Digitized by Google

# APPENDIX.

THE following is a short sketch of the Scottish romance of Alexander, mentioned in p. xxxi of this Introduction *, which, from the conclusion, appears to have been translated from the French in the year 1438. The first part is entitled, "Heir beginnis the first part of this buik of the most noble and valiant conqueror Alexander the Grit, callit the Forray of Gadderis."

Quhen Alixander in his empire
Lay to assege the toun of Tire
And neir the wallis of the citie
Vpon a craig was in the se

* Not having been able to obtain a sight of the original, the editor was obliged to content himself with giving the following imperfect sketch only, which was made some years ago by a friend, without any view of its being published.



Digitized by Google

An stalwart casteil gart he mak
And garnison and vittel tak
And his gud fuson thedder send
And stalwart men it to defend."

During this siege, the king dispatches Emynedus de Archarde, his constable, Caulus, Lyoun, Licanor, Antigonus, Floridas, with the flower of his chivalry, and all his "douze-peiris," excepting two, to forray in the vale of Josaphus. Here they are beset by duke Betys, with a very superior force. Emynedus applies to all his knights, but cannot prevail upon any one to leave the battle, in order to apprise the king of their perilous situation. At length, one of them consents to go, but not until he should receive such dints as should convince the king that he came from no "hirdis play."— In the mean time, duke Betys assails them with all the army of Gaderis. A desperate battle ensues, in which many are slain on both sides. Emynedus distinguishes himself on the part of the Grecians, and Gaudifer on that of the Gaderans. At length, the former called upon the knyght, who had consented to bear the message to Alexander,

———A A gude Arvesté
Thir folk hes set us hard this day
And ze have fundin be assay

In sindre places woundit are ze
All is bot blude that I can se
Mine gentle knicht upon your hecht
And se quhat way throw hard fecht
That all your feiris demanit are
That sum are deid sum woundit sair
An dwell * the king it may not fall
That ane escape quick of us all
Thairfoir shir for zour great bountè
Have of thir folk reuth and pitie
Ze beir sic takinnis that the king
Sall se that it is na lesing
Na ze sall never blamit be
Nane laser mair to carp have we.

Alexander, having been warned by Arveste in what perilous situation Emynedas and his knights were placed, marches to their assistance with all his army, and finally routs the Gaderans. But Gaudifer fights valiantly to cover their retreat, and unhorses Dauclene, Tholomeir, and others.

Men knew weill that Gaudifeir
Be this that he was wicht in weir
He sat vpone ane nobill steid
That nane micht better be in neid
To Gaderis micht have gane his way
Gif that he wald have fled that day
As did his feirls in ane ling
Bot he embraissit to great ane thing

* *Qu.* tell?

Digitized by Google

Bot as ane beist hir birth will drive
Fra the wolf that wald thame rive
His fellowis sa defendit he
He trowit throw his great bountè
For to be their defence that day
And sa he was the suth to say
For war he outher tane or deid
To help thame couth they na remeid.

At length he encounters Alexander himself upon his steed, Bursivale (Bucephalus), and unhorses him: but is finally slain by Emynedus. At the end of this first part is the colophon of Alexander Arbuthnot, and then follows the title of the second division,—" Heir beginnis the secound part of this buik, callit the Avowis of Alexander."

Alexander, lying with his army at Ters (Tarsus), meets an old man, who proves to be the brother of Gaudifer, and is named Cassamus. After some conversation, the old man informs the king, that the two children of his brother, Gaudifer the younger, and Belian, were besieged in the city of Ephesoun, a town of Chadee, because they would not bestow their beautiful sister, Fezonas, on Clarus, king of India. Alexander resolves to march to their relief. Cassamus passes forward, and, by crossing the deep river Phuron, which defended the town of one side, gets into Effezoun, and



Digitized by Google

communicates the news of Alexander's promised assistance to his nephews. The latter sally forth, and attack the army of Clarus, but are driven back, chiefly by the valour of Cassiel, king of Bauderis or Media, called, in the romance, the Baderane, who was reputed to be the lover of Ideas, cousin to the besieged princes. Upon Alexander's arrival on the opposite banks of the river, the two brothers make another, and a more successful sally. They take the Baderane prisoner, who is treated with great courtesy, and presented to Ideas, whom he had never beheld, with many jokes from the aged Cassamus. The lady's apartment is called, "the chalmer of Dame Venus," where no discourse is allowed save of "amouris." Cassamus then returns to Alexander.

Thay that were left quhen he wes gane
On silkin carpets sat doun ilkane
That strouit war with sindry floures
Wele savorand of sere coloures
Among thame made thay play and gamyn
To solace and to sport thame samyn
Thare was demandis and fare answeris
Enquertis greting and prayers
Of amouris and his worship all
And of the gude thairof might fall
Thay bourded and gamed fast
Thare speche ordanit thay at last
To the kyng that suld not be
Thay cheisit Betys and hecht trewlie

Digitized by Google

And swore that he suld richtious be
Quhill he was in his majeste
Than Idorus of rashes and strais
Full fetusly a croun sho mais
She crounit him full courtesly
And sat doun sone in cumpany.

This "suthfast king" (king of truth) pursues the game, by asking questions of all the company, which they must answer faithfully. Ideas being interrogated on the state of her affections, confesses reluctantly that she loves. Fezonas swears by "Jubiter,"

I have nouther Gilzeame nor Gauter
I love na man in privatè
Nor na man dedenzit to love me.

The Bauderane, in his turn, confesses his passion for Ideas. The subjects then try the "covine" of their monarch, each in turn asking him a question. In answer to Fezonas, he says, that hope and "umbethink" (contemplation) are the chief solace of lovers. When questioned by Ideas, he answered, that "yarning and radness" (desire and fear) are Love's greatest pains. Other responses of equal ingenuity follow.

In the mean time, the four sons of Clarus, the Indian king, Caneus, Caleos, Salphadin, and Porrus (Porus), return to the camp from the chace.

Digitized by Google

Porrus was zoungest of thame all
And maist douchty of thame great and small
He was michty and stalwart to stand
And hardy also of heart and hand
And sicker of heart withouten faill
And to endure that great battaill
Best of his brethren he couth him steir
At melley quhen that mister wer
Stryke with sword and cover him with sheld
And gar ane steid start in the feld
And was wele taucht in all having
And meit in courage in all thing
Bot he was not so fare suthly
That men hird speke of him greatly
For he was broun redȩ in visage
Bot of body he was na page
His limmes war baith great and square
For his meiknes men luifit him mare
With vther gude that God him gaiff
Courtessy was not to crave.

The Indian leaders resolve, that Porus shall approach the gates with thirty companions, and an ambush be laid to intercept those who should sally against him from the town, so as to obtain some prisoners to exchange for the Bauderane, king of Mede. This counsel is betrayed to Cassamus, who, with Gadifer, proceeds to consult with Alexander; and by the road he explains to his nephew, that the forces of the Macedonian hero, though few, might be depended on, from their attachment to a generous leader, who

Digitized by Google

——— gives them steidis and palfrays
Rouncins coursouris and hacknayes.

They reach the pavilion of the king, where Gadifer consents to hold his lands of him. This being told to Emynedus, he resolves to reconcile himself to the young prince, whose father, it must be remembered, he had slain at the foray of Gadderis:

And said he wald on kneis found
To proffer hartily him till
His help his service with hart and will
In amendis of ald done deid
Twelve feiris with him he will lede
Bairshank bot belt in kirtle alane
And their swords suld everilkane
Hald be the point and say him syne
Schir tak amendis at zour lyking.

The reconciliation is accordingly effected. Alexander then sends five knights to the assistance of the city, the difficulty of passing the Phuroun preventing his coming in person. The knights are introduced to the ladies:

At the fute of the mekill tour
Under the flurist siccamour
Was spread into ane harbur grene
Carpettis of silk and silver schene
Thar sat the knichtis of Grece I wis
And the meydinnis that joli is - - -

Digitized by Google

The ches was aaked sone I hecht
And men tham brocht twelv at right
Siccan a chekker that neuer ar
Was sein an bettar seildin quare
The leifis of gold war fare and fyne
Subtyle wrought with ane engyne
The poyntis of emerandis schynand schyre
And of rubeis birnand as fyre
The ches of sapheris ware y-wyse
And of topase that richest is
Pigmeus thame maid with slicht
Thay ware full fare to se with sicht.

After a night spent in pleasure, a desperate skirmish is fought the following morning at the barriers, in which the sons of Clarus, with Marcian, another Indian prince, distinguish themselves, but are repulsed. Betys, in following the chase, is unhorsed and taken by Porrus, who is himself made captive by Cassamus.

This was in middes the moneth of May
Quhen winter wedes ar away
And foules singis of soundis seir
And makes thame mirth on thare manere
And graves that gay * were waxis grein
As nature through his craftis kene
Schroudis thameself with theire schouris
Wel savourand of seir colouris
Black blew blude rede alsua
And Inde with other hewes ma.

* Probably we should read,—Greves that gray were.

Digitized by Google

Porrus, whilst walking in the court, sees a child,

> With an stain-bow in hand all bent
> Quhairwith he birdis and pyets slew.

He borrows the bow, and taking aim at a poun (peacock) who had perched on Venus' chalmer, kills it. The bird is dressed for dinner.

> Lordinges said auld Cassamus
> Be all our goddis and be Marcus
> I rede we to the paccek do
> The usage that customit is thareto
> In this country the usage is
> That ilk man avow sall his avyse.

The peacock is brought in state by the fair maiden Eliot, and

> An menstrale playand wele gude spede
> Upon ane tympane playit weill
> And before Cassamus can kneill.

Cassamus swears, that if the Greeks win the battle, and he sees Clarus on foot and at disadvantage, he will relieve and remount him for the sake of Porrus, his son. Arvestes swears never to leave the city until it be relieved. Perdiccas vows that, in the battle, he will alight and serve on foot among the "serjandis." Fezonas swears she will never marry nor have privy leman with-

Digitized by Google

out the consent of Alexander. Porrus at first declines to swear on account of his imprisonment, and then makes a vow to just with Emynedus, and possess himself of his horse. Ideas swears that the image of the peacock shall be wrought in fine gold, and set upon a pillar of marble in memory of the vows. The Baderane vows to win the sword of Alexander by main force, and Cassamus (so printed in the original, but it should be Caulus) incensed at the presumption of the Baderane, swears to win his helmet or cut off his head. Dame Ydorus swears that since she has a true love,

> She sall him luve without fautice.

Lyoun or Lyonel swears to ride to Clarus' tent and just with his eldest son. Floridas, in resentment of the Bauderane's vow, swears to make him prisoner or cleave him in two, were his body made of steel.

> Lordingis then said Cassamus
> That lykes me be our god Marcus
> This discorde is fair to se
> He that hates it shent mot he be.

Lyonel sets forth to accomplish his vow. He is seen from Alexander's tent, who learns the nature of the " avowis." Caneus accepts Lyonel's

Digitized by Google

challenge. The heralds, in expectation of gaining the rich sur-coat of Lyonel, call out, "Voydis, lords, voydis" (make room); and one touching the coat-armour says:

I sall soone have to my soldie
Tone carpet that is fare yneuch
He hynt and to him dreuch
With baith his handis bot the steid
Startand can the noyes dreid
And with his foot that vassale
He hit quhill he lay top our tayle.

Both the knights are unhorsed, and Lionel returns to the city, having received a palfrey from Clarus, his own horse being lamed. It is agreed that Porrus should be exchanged against Betys, and the Bauderane is set at liberty by Cassamus on condition that a day of fight should be fixed between Alexander and Clarus, or else a peace concluded. Clarus refuses all terms of peace, and the captives are delivered, Porrus having previously pledged his faith to Fezonas. Alexander enters Effezoun, and on the day appointed they sally to the field.

Thare was many an brouden banere
And many ane pennon of seir manere
Mony ane helm and mony ane scheld
And mony ane steid quha thame beheld

Digitized by Google

The baner of Massidone I wis
On an great spere attachit it is - - -
Pallas Elyachim it sent
To Elexander into present
The qnene of maydinnis that was fre.

" Here begynnis the great battle of Effezoun stryken be Alexander the Great aganis auld Clarus King of Inde for the great outrage committed by him against Fezonas daughter to Gaudifer de Laris," &c.

Emynedus, in the front of the battle, is encountered by Porrus, in order to seize his steed Ferrand, in which the Indian is successful, thus accomplishing his vow. Perdiccas, on foot, penetrates to Clarus amidst the conflict, and nearly slays him, but is prevented by Cassamus, who protects the Indian according to his vow, and gives him his horse Beausire. The Bauderane closes with Alexander, but is unsuccessful in attempting to wrest his sword from him, as Caulus clings around him to drag him off: but, by a desperate exertion, the helmet remains in the hands of the Grecian, and the sword in those of the Bauderane: so both their vows are fulfilled. The battle continues desperate. Floridas accomplishes his vow, by taking the Bauderane prisoner. Gaudifer wins the standard of Clarus agreeable to his oath. Clarus and his son Salphadin endeavour

Digitized by Google

to retrieve the battle. Emynedus encounters Porrus, and recovers his horse Ferrand. Alexander slays Caleos and Caneus, two of the sons of Clarus, who is himself killed by Cassamus. Porrus fights desperately, recovers Ferrand, and strikes down Alexander. He then rushes into the thick of the battle and slays Cassamus, but is at length overpowered and made prisoner. Alexander treats him nobly, offering Fezonas to him in marriage, and Ideas to the Bauderane. These terms are accepted, all parties reconciled, and the bridal of the princes celebrated with great pomp. The author then concludes:

To sport thame that na Romanis can
This buik to translait I began
And as I can I maid ending
Bot thocht I failzeit of rhyming
Of meter or sentence for the rude
Forgif me for my will was gude
To follow that in Franche I fand writtin
Bot thocht that I sevin zeir had sittin
To make it on sa gude manere
So oppin sentence and sa clere
As is the Frenche I micht have failzeit - - -
And ze may als weil if ze wil
Do the gude and have luving
As quhylum did this nobil king
That zit is praised for his bountè
The quither three hundret zere was he
Before the tyme that God was borne
To saue our saullis that was forlorne

Digitized by Google

Sensyne is past ane thousand zeir
Four hundred and threttie thairto neir
And auch and some dele mair I wis
God bring us to his meikle bliss
That ringes ane in Trinitè
Amen amen for charitè.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# KYNG ALISAUNDER.

## PART I.



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# KYNG ALISAUNDER.

## PART I.

### PROLOGUE.

DIVERS is this myddel erde *
To lewed men, and to lerid:
Bisyhed, care, and sorowe,
Is with mony uche a-morowe:
Som for seknesse, and some for smerte,
Som for defaute, other povèrte;

* It will facilitate the reader's progress to observe that, throughout this romance, *neo* is used for *not* or *nor*, *theo* for *the*, *heore* for *their*, *heo* for *he*, *they*, or *she*, *scheo* for *she*, *heom* for *him* or *them*, &c. To distinguish the article *the*, from the pronoun thee, which is generally spelt *the*, an accent has been placed upon the latter in this as well as in the other romances. For the same reason the pronoun I is uniformly printed with a capital Y, to prevent its being confounded with the expletive *y* often prefixed to verbs, as *y-armed*, &c. The latter has always been separated from the verb, which will facilitate any reference to the glossary.

Digitized by Google

Som, for the lyves drede,
That glyt away, as flour in mede.
Ther n'ys lyves mon noon so slygh,
That he neo tholeth ofte mony annye,
In mony cas, in mony manèr,
The whyle he lyveth on eorthe heir.
Ac n'ys ther non, fool neo wys,
Kyng, no duyk, neo knygt of pris,
That neo desireth som solas,
For to here of selcouth cas:
For Caton seith, thes gode techere,
" Other monis lif is owre schewere."
Notheles, ful feole and fille
Beoth y-founde, in heorte and wille,
That hadde levere a ribaudye,
Than to here of God, other of seynte Marie;
Other to drynke a coppe ful of ale,
Than to here ony god tale.
Soche Y wolde weore oute-bishett;
For, sikerliche, hit weore nede.
For they no haveth no joye, Y wot wel,
Bote in the gutte, and the barell.
Now pais holdith, and leteth cheste,
And ye schole here a noble jeste,
Of Alisaundre, theo riche kyng,
That dude by his maistres techyng;
And overcom, also Y fynde
Darie of Pers, and Pore of Ynde,

Digitized by Google

And mony other whyt and heynde,
Into theo Est worldes eynde;
And theo wondres, of worm and best,
Deliciouse hit is to lest:
Yef ye wolen sitte stille,
Ful feole Y wol yow telle.

Digitized by Google

# CHAP 1.

## CONTENTS.

*The earth is divided by philosophers into three parts, Europe, Asia, and Africa.—Of these Asia is the most considerable.—To Asia we are indebted for the division of the year into twelve months, and of the zodiac into twelve signs, by means of which astrologers are enabled to look into futurity.—A king of Egypt called Neptanabus was such a proficient in this science as to defy the power of all his neighbours, till at length a league was formed against him by thirty kings, under the direction of Philip of Macedon.—Neptanabus, discovering by magic that he should become the victim of this association, retires from Egypt in disguise, and conceals himself in the capital of his principal enemy.—Here he professes the art of magic, and determines to revenge himself on Philip.*

WHILEM, clerkes wel y-lerid,
Faire y-dyght this myddel erde;
And clepid it, in here maistrie,
Europe, Affryke, and Asyghe.
At Asyghe al so muchul is,
So Europe and Affryk, Y wis.

Digitized by Google

Wyse men fond also there,
xij foddyng to thes yere,
The yere to lede by right ars;
Thes furste was cleped Mars,
That othir Averil, the thridde May,
Thes furthe Junye, the longe day;
Theo fyfthe Julye, the six August,
Theo vij Septembre, that myght beo trust;
Octobur viij, nyne November,
Theo tenthe monith is December,
Genner was theo endlest tho,
Feverel the tweolthe and no mo.
Names of planetis they beon y-note,
Some beon cold, and some beon hote,
By heom mon hath theo saygyng on
To lond, to water, to wyn, to corn;
And alle chaunce, nessche and hard,
Knoweth by heom wol Y gred.
  Ye mote abide and thole me,
Till eftsone Y come ayé,
For Y ne may, by Godis ore,
Therof now telle no more:
Ac why Y have this unliche steke,
Ye schule me here after speke.
  Barounes weore whilem wys and gode,
That this ars wel undurstode:
Ac on ther was, Neptanamous,
Wis in this ars, and malicious.

Digitized by Google

Whan kyng, other eorl, cam 'on him to weorre,
Quyk he loked in the steorre;
Of wax made him popetis,
And made heom fyghte with battes,
And so he leorned, *jeo vous dy*,
Ay to aquelle his enemye,
With charmes, and with conjurisons.
Thus he asaied the regiouns,
That him cam for to asaile;—
In puyr maner of bataile,
By cler candel, in the nyght,
He made uchon with othir to fyght.
Thus he leorned, Y yow telle,
How he scholde his fomen quelle,
Of alle manere naciouns,
That comen by schip other dromouns.
At the laste, of mony londe,
Kynges therof haden great onde.
Wel thrytty y-gedred beoth,
And byspekith al his deth.
Kyng Phelippe, of gret thede,
Maister was of that feide.
He was a mon of myghty hond,
With him broughte, of divers lond,
Nyne and twenty ryche kynges,
To make on him bataylynges.
Neptanabus hit undurstod;
Y-chaunged was al his mod:

Digitized by Google

He was aferd sore of harme.
Anon he dude caste his charme:
His ymage he made anon,
And of his barouns everychon,
And afterward of his *fone:*
He dude heom togedre to gon,
In a basyn, al by charme;
He segh on him fel theo harme;
He seygh flye of his barouns,
Of al his lond distinctiouns.
He lokid, and kneow in the sterre,
Of alle this kynges theo grete weorre;
And sygh his deth, gif he abyde:
Muche sorwe was him myde.
He no couthe no beter dyght,
Bote out of lond stal by nyght:
Ther n'uste non that him was nygh,
What tyme out of londe he fleygh.
He disgysed him anon,
That him no kneow freond neo fon.
He fleygh away fro toun to toun,
Thorugh mony strong regioun;
No sojornyng he no nam,
To Macedoyne til he cam;
A riche cité, thow undurstonde,
In thes heorte of gret londe.
Neptanabus sore is anoyed,
For Phelippe hath his lond distryed,

Digitized by Google

And he is in Phelipes cité;
He thenkith to yeilde him his iniquité.
Of gold he made a table,
Al ful of steorren, saun fable,
And thougte to seyn, amonges men,
That he is an astromyen.
For astronomye and nygremauncye;
No couthe ther non so muche discryghe.

Digitized by Google

## CHAP II.

CONTENTS.

*Philip, during his expedition into Egypt, had entrusted his queen Olimpias with the regency of his dominions.—Neptanabus, seeing her at a solemn procession, becomes enamoured of her beauty, and gazes on her with so much eagerness as to attract her attention.—She speaks to him.—He retires in confusion.*

Averil is meory, and longith the day;
Ladies loven solas, and play;
Swaynes, justes; knyghtis, turnay;
Syngith the nyghtyngale, gredeth theo jay;
The hote sunne chongeth the clay,
As ye well y-seen may.
In this tyme, I undurstonde,
Phelip is in Neptanabus' londe,
And hath y-do to theo sweord,
Tho that n'olde with him acord.
Olimpias, Y fynde in boke,
Theo citè of Macedoyne scholde loke;

Digitized by Google

Kyng Phelippes quene scheo is,
Theo fairest woman lyvyng y-wis.
Neptanabus in the cité was,
Ac herith now a selcouth cas.
  In this tyme, faire and jolif,
Olimpias, that faire wif,
Wolde make a riche feste;
Of knyghtis, and ladies honeste;
Of burgeys, and of jugoleris,
And of men of eche mesteris.
For mon seith, by north and south,
Wimmen buth ever selcouth:
Muche they desirith to schewe heore body,
Heore faire heir, heore fair rody,
To have los and praisyng:—
Al hit is folie by Hevene Kyng!
So dude dame Olimpias,
To schewe hire gentil face.
Scheo hette marchal, and knyghtis,
Greythen heom to ryde, anon ryghtis.
And ladies, and damoselis,
Maken heom redy, a thousand delis,
In faire atire, in divers coyntise;
Monye ther riden in riche wise.
  A muyle, al so whit as mylk,
With sadel of gold, semely of selk,
Was y-brought to theo quene,
With mony bellis, of selver schene,

Digitized by Google

Y-fastened on orfreys of mounde,
That hongon adoun to theo grounde.
Forth thei ferden, with heore roite,
A thousand ladies of o swte.
A speruer that was honeste,
So was at theo ladies feste.
Four trumpes to-fore hire bleow,
Mony mon that day hire kneow:
An hundred and wel mo,
Alle abowed hire to.
Al thes toun y-honged was,
Ageynes theo lady Olimpias.
Orgles, tymbres, al maner gleo,
Was dryuen ageyn that lady freo.
Withoute theo toun was mury:
Was reised ther al maner pley;
There was knyghtis turnyng,
There was maidenes carolying,
There was champions skyrmyng,
Of heom and of other wrastlyng;
Of liouns chas, of beore baityng,
And bay of bor, of bole slatyng.
Al theo cité was by-hong
Of riche baudekyns, and pellis among.
Dame Olimpias, among this pres,
Sengle rod, al mantal-les;
Al nakid theo heved, in a croune,
She rod thorughout al the toune.

Digitized by Google

Hire yolowe heir was faire atyred,
With riche strynges of gold wyred,
And wryen hire abouten al,
To hire gentil myddel smal.
Bryght and fair was hire face,
Uche maner faired in hire was.
Of gent faired, lewd and lerid,
Geven hire pris of the myddel erd.
Neptanabus in theo way stod,
With pollid hed, and of his hod.
Of hire faired, saun faile,
He hadde in hert gret mervaile;
On hire he lokid stikilliche,
And heo on him, al outerliche.
Heo heom avysed among theo play,
For he was nought of that contray.
Heo asked his beinge, an hast;
He was abasched, and agast,
And thoughte, gef he with tale dwelle,
A theof he scholde beon y-helde.
" Dame," he saide, " beo thou nought loth,
" Y am y-come to telle up oth."—
He was adrad he scholde telle
Thyng of schame, and n'olde nought dwelle.
More he thoughte than he spak;
Away he rod from heom god schak.
Heo thougte heo wolde him y-here,
Whan heo was of more leisere.



Digitized by Google

## CHAP. III.

### CONTENTS.

*Olimpias sends for Neptanabus to a private conference.—He declares himself to be an astrologer, and predicts to her that she shall have a son by Ammon, who will, on that very night, appear to her in a dream.—She doubts the truth of his prediction.—Neptanabus retires, and has recourse to his incantations, in consequence of which, Olimpias dreams that the god has appeared to her in the shape of a drâgon.—She sends for the sorcerer, who informs her that her vision will be realised on the following night.—He assumes the appearance of the god, and enjoys Olimpias, who, believing him to be the messenger of the divinity, appoints him her chamberlain.—The barons, perceiving symptoms of pregnancy in the queen, dispatch a messenger to Philip with an account of their suspicions.*

GAME is good whil hit lastes;
Ac hit fareth so wyndes blastes.
The wreche man the mest gef the lest;
His love therinne west:
For whan hit is best to hyde hit hast.
Me wondreth that men neo beoth agast,
And that some by other neo beoth y-chast.
Olimpias hire heorte cast,

Digitized by Google

After this game deliciouse,
Scheo thoughte on Neptanabus.
Scheo clepith to hire a swayn,
That was hire undur-chaumburleyn,
And Neptanabus after sent.
The chaumburleyn is after went.
To hire chaumbre he com in hast,
Of hire faired he was agast.
Byfore hire on kneo he sat,
And scheo him say, with that,
" Me thynkith," scheo saide, " maister, y-wis,
" That in the sterres thow art wys.
" Sey," sheo saide, " for my love,
" Who drough thee so heighe above,
" Such maistrye thè to teche?"
" Dame," he saide, " n'ul Y thé nought by-cache.
" By theo planetis, and by the steorres,
" Y can jugge alle weorres.
" Alle plaies, in alle matynges,
" And on alle othir thynges.
" Thorugh that art, Y say thé,
" Y can Godes pryveté."
And Olimpias to him saide tho,
" Ac why byhuld thou me so,
" Now to-fore in vis,
" Tho Y rod to wynne pris?"
" O madame," he saide, " Olimpias,
" An heyghmaister in Egipte Y was.

Digitized by Google

" On a day, after redyng,
" To God Y made sacrefying.
" On onswar was me y-said,
" Thow schalt therof nought beo anoyed,
" Ac thonk my come, lady freo,
" That Y cam hider to warne thè."
Theo lady lyght on hire bedde
Y-heoled wel with selkyn webbe;
Yn a chaisel smok scheo lay,
And in a mantel of Dowayn.
Of theo bryghtnes of hire face,
Al aboute schon thes place.
Seilde scheo spak, and nought loude,
As wimmen that beon proude.
That was wel in his heorte,
Hit dude him good to dwelle, certes.
His ars-table he tok out sone.
Theo cours he tok of sonne and mone,
Theo cours of the planetis seven,
He tolde also undur heven;
Theo sunne, he schewed heir, in al,
Hadde colour of cristal;
Theo mone, in a propre nature,
Of theo deamaunt bar the coloure.
Theo lady he dude also konne,
How he tok lyght of the sunne.
Mars was swythe red ferliche;
Venus was theo saffer y-liche;



Digitized by Google

Mercury he made gras-grene;
And Jouv so made he schene.
Theo lady saug al this, saun faile;
Therof heo hadde gret mervaile.
And saide to him, " no beo the nought loth,
" To telle me thyng that is soth.
" Maistres han y-told me, bydene,
" That whan my lord is comen home,
" That he wol away me dryve,
" And take him a neowe wyve."
He lokud in his ars-table,
" Hit is soth, saun fable!
" Ac, on thyng Y nul thè gabbe;
" A sone thow schalt arst habbe,
" That schal beo clepud god of lond;
" He schal awreke al thy fon.
" Of alle kynges he worth the beste;
" The world he schal wynne into the Este.
" Amon, the god of Liybiye,
" He schal com doun fro the skye,
" To thy bed, lo! God hit wot,
" And on thy body him bygete.
" Greithe thè now, and faire thè kepe:
" To nyght thou seiest in thy slepe."
For foly hit heold al the quene,
And saide, soth hit myght nought beon,
And swor, by Adam and Eve,
Scheo n'olde hit never leve:

Digitized by Google

Ac, gef scheo hit sawgh in metyng,
Heo wolde hit leve in alle thyng.
His leve tok Neptanabus,
To his yn, wel irrous.
Herbes he tok in an herber,
And stamped heom in a morter;
And wrong hit in a box:
After, he tok virgyn wax,
And made a popet after the quene.
His ars-table he can unwreone;
The quenis name in the wax he wrot,
Whil hit was sum del hot.
In a bed he hit dyght,
Al aboute with candel lyght;
And spreynd theron of the herbus:
Thus charmed Neptanabus.
The lady in hire bed lay.
Aboute mydnyght, ar the day,
Whiles he made conjuryng,
Scheo saw fleo, in hire metyng,
Hire thought, a dragon adoun lyght:
To hire chaumbre he made his flyght.
In he cam to hire bour,
And crape undur hire covertour.
Mony sithes he hire kust,
And faste in his armes he hire preost;
And went away, so dragon wild,
And grete he laft hire with child.

Digitized by Google

Tho he lette redyng on a bok,
Olimpias of slepe awok.
Heo was agrisen, for the nones,
That al quaked hire bones.
Anon, by a messanger gent,
After Neptanabus heo sent.
Al that heo saw he hire told.
" Sire," scheo saide, " God thè foryeld,
" On this maner hit ferde so.
" No schaltow never fro me go,
" Ac loke me, and bylef stille,
" What Y wot thy lordes wille."
He byleveth withoute sorwe,
With that lady til amorwe.
Hire bed was mad, forsothe,
With pallis, and with riche clothis;
The chaumbre was hongid with cloth of gold:
As that maister him wold,
He voidud the chaumbre of many uchon,
For he saide, in that nyght, Ammon
Scholde come to theo lady,
And beon hire leof amy.
And himseolf was knyght and sweyn;
Bothe maide, and eke chaumburleyn.
What hit feol that nyght, hit was,
In bedde wok dame Olimpias,
And aspyed, in uche maner,
Yef scheo myght ought y-here,

Digitized by Google

Whan that ilke god scholde come.
Neptanabus his charme hath y-nome,
And takith him haums of a dragon,
From his scholdron, to his hele adoun.
His heved, and his scholdron fram,
He dyghte in forme of a ram.
On hire bed twyes he leped;
The thridde tyme yn he creped.
Of he caste his dragouns hame,
And with the lady plaied a game.
Heo was tholmod, and lay stille:
Theo falce god dude al his wille,
Al so ofte so he wolde;
Theo game refuse scheo n'olde.
Tho the cok crowe bygan,
He saide to hire, " gentil leman,
" Y have bygete on thè a kyng
" That schal beo Phelippes maisterlyng.
" He schal conqueren mony kyng riche:
" In eorthe no worth him non y-liche."
And afterward in the dawenyng,
He made efte his charmyng,
And smot of hire bed to his,
So hit n'erè nought y-wis.
Tho his charme y-do was,
Up hire ros Olimpias,
And tellith to Neptanabous,
Alle theo aferis of Ammon;

Digitized by Google

And he to hire, by word and 'cord,
Alle the jestis of Ammon his lord.
Yette he faileth mesanter he have,
For he was bothe lord and knave.
Olimpias stont byfore Neptanabus,
Of hire neowe love wel desirous.
So doth wymmen, after misdoyng,
No connon no schame, no repentyng;
Over heo bylevith in folie,
So in the lym doth the flye.
Heo saide to him, " Maisteris flour,
" How schal Y take on myn amour?
" Schal Y ever him y-seo?
" Y pray ye maister tel hit me;
" Gef he is god, he is kynde,
" And wol ofte to me com heynde.
" His love is al so swete, y-wis,
" So ever is mylk or licoris!
" Eorthliche knyght, or eorthliche kyng,
" N'is so swete in no thyng.
" Gef he is god he is mylde.
" Now he hath y-brought me with childe,
" He wol solace me and lythe,
" And in this care make me blithe."
" Care thè nought," quoth the losynger,
" Y am Ammonis messanger,
" Tell me, a-morwe, thy wille freo,
" Anyght he schal beo with thè.



Digitized by Google

" Ac Y wol, with good skile
" Youre priveté that thou hele,
" For onde of knyght no of baroun,
" That thou no wrye thy god Ammon!"
Swithe blithe was Olimpias
Of Neptanabus gileful has.
Heo made him hire chaumburleyn,
Over knyght and other swayn;
And him tok alle hire kayes,
And hire warded by nyght and dayes.
Neptanabus may do his wille,
With Olimpias ever stille,
Al so hit wore the gode Ammon;
The lady greted with yonge bon.
Theo barouns haddyn suspecioun,
And sentyn to say king Phelipoun.
Herith now how sinful lyf
Cometh to sorwe wo and stryf.

Digitized by Google

# CHAP. IV.

CONTENTS.

*The Queen, alarmed at her situation, applies to Neptanabus, who assures her that Ammon will protect her from the fury of Philip.—He causes that King to dream a dream, which is explained to him by his wise men to portend the supernatural birth of Alexander.—He returns to Greece, and questions Olimpias, who avows to him her secret intercourse with Ammon.—Philip proclaims a festival, and summons all his nobles, for the purpose of laying before them the infidelity of Olimpias.—Numerous prodigies, which are explained to portend the future greatness of Alexander.—Neptanabus attends Olimpias, and indicates the most auspicious moment for her delivery.—The birth and education of Alexander.—A marvellous colt named Bulsifal (Bucephalus) is brought to Philip.—Alexander, while receiving a lesson of astrology from Neptanabus, suddenly throws him into a deep pit, and breaks his neck.—The sorcerer, before his death, reveals to him the secret of his birth.—Philip makes a sacrifice, and requests to be informed by the oracle whether Alexander or his other son Philip should be appointed his successor.—The oracle replies, that the crown is destined to the person who shall tame and bestride Bulsifal,—Alexander alone atchieves the hazardous exploit.*

WHAN corn ripeth in every steode,
Mury hit is in feld and hyde;

Digitized by Google

Synne hit is and schame to chide;
Knyghtis wollith on huntyng ride;
The deor galopith by wodis side.
He that can his time abyde,
Al his wille him schal bytyde.
The quene greteth, with quyk bon,
By the false god Ammon.
To Neptanabus heo made hire mon,
And asked what hire was to don:
Heo dradde hire lord Philipoun,
Lest he hire forsake for that encheson.
He bad hire make hardy chere;
He saide that Ammon was of powere,
To kepe hire fro comburment,
" And thy fruyt schal beo so gent,
" That he schal thè so awreke,
" That all men schule therof speke."
The lady is comforted thus.
That ilke nyght, Neptanabus,
Made so strong sorcerye,
And dressed hit by the skye,
That hit com to the pavyloun,
There as lay Kyng Phelipoun,
Al so he lay in slepe by nyght,
Him thoughte a goshauk with gret flyght
Setlith on his beryng
And yenith and sprad abrod his wyngyn,

Digitized by Google

A dragon out of his den flygth,
Whan he the goshauk y-syth,
And setled sone after thas,
On the stude ther the quene was.
So sone so he the quene fond,
In hire mouth he bleow a brond,
There after noughth swithe lang,
A lyoun at hire nauel out-sprang.
A lion smot into the est,
No durste withstonde no best.
The griffon of him was agast,
And awok him wel in hast.
The kyng of his slepe awok;
Alle clerk, wise on bok,
He dude of-send, nest and lest,
To telle him this swevene in hast.
The wisest clerk of everychon,
His name was hoten Abyron.
" Sire, he saide, here my stevene:
" Swithe selcouth is thy swevene.
" The goshauk, of whom thé thought
" Hit is thyseolue, wery of fought.
" Theo dragon is sum steorne mon,
" Other a god, so Y telle con,
" That hath y-laye by the quene,
" And bygete on hire a steorne streone:
" He schal beo kyng al above
" Bytwene this and heven rove.

Digitized by Google

" Whan thow comust to thy lond,
" The sothe thou schalt undurfonge."
The kyng hereof tok gret sorwe,
And went hom on the morwe.
He fond al soth, withoute no :
He askid what hire greved so ?
Scheo saide heo was ameye
To Ammon the god of pleye.
The kyng was wroth, no wonder n'as,
That his quene with childe was.
Fewe wordis to hire he saide,
Louryng semblaunt on hire he made.
He thoughte on hire awreke beon,
Whan he myghte his tyme y-seon.
Though Neptanabus n'olde speke,
Wel he thoughte hire awreke.
On a day, the kyng honeste,
Wolde holdyn a feste,
Of prynces, dukis, knyghtis, and barouns,
And other men of his regiouns ;
And after, make bymenyng
Of his wyves misdoyng.
Ther com, to the kynges sond,
Gentil men of divers lond ;
To the mete they weoren y-set,
No myghte men beo served bet,
Neither of mete no of drynke ;
Ther aboute n'ul Y swynke.

Digitized by Google

Ac, tho they scholde bere up the cloth,
Eche of heom bycam wroth:
For a dragon con yn fleon,
Swithe grisly on to seon.
His taile was fyve fedme long;
The fuyr out at his mouth sprong;
By threo, by foure, with his taile,
To the ground he smot, saun faile.
With the mouth he made a bere,
That al the halle was aferd.
The kyng hadde full gret drede [and] how;
Alle his barouns to chaumbre flow.
Theo lady gede to theo drake,
He lette his rage for hire sake;
And laide his heved on hire barme,
Withoute doyng of ony harme.
Alle this folk aboute preoste,
For to seo theo selcouth beste.
Anern he cam, and out he fleygh,
Into the skye, that uche mon sygh.
Sone therafter, nought long,
Feol a chans selcouth strong.
Of wilde bestis cam gret pray;
They rannen thorughout the contray;
Afterward a flok of bryddis,
And a faukon heom amyddes.
An ay he laide, so he fleygh,
That feol the kyng Phelip nygh,

Digitized by Google

That to-brak, Y yow telle :
A dragon crep out of the schelle.
The bryght sonne so hote hit schon,
That the ay al to-coon.
The dragon lay in the strete,
Myghte he nought dure for hete ;
He fondith to creope, as Y ow telle,
Ageyn in to the ay-schelle ;
Heo was to-broke, he no myght.
And ther starf anon ryght.
The kyng hit say and wondur hadde :
Alle his maistres he of-gradde.
He saide he hadde therof dotaunce,
For hit was som signifiaunce :
And bad heom of wiche thyng,
That hit myght beo signifiyng ?
On ther was, hette Autision,
Wiser clerk no lyved non,
In al this worldis regioun,
In art of estellacioun.
He saide, " Sire kyng, saun faile,
" Here is y-falle a gret mervaile.
" By this grete dragon,
" Hit bytokenith theo quenis sone.
" The ay is round, and signefieth,
" He schal have the sourmouncie,
" This is round the myddell erd,
" Bothe of lewed and of lerid,

Digitized by Google

" That he schal wende of londe feor,
" Grete and come neor and neor:
" He schal beo poisond, saun return
" Of his owne traitour.
" That signifieth the dragonet
" Neo may renne to his reaset."
Time is come the lady schal childe:
Scheo bad that God beo to hire mylde.
The thrawes hire afongon,
Neptanabus byhalt his gynne,
And saide to that lady, loude,
" Withhold! and ageyn croude!
" Yef thou childest in this stounde,
" Thy child schal beo in sorowe y-bounde,
" Cowart feynt, and nought worth:
" Withhold thè yette, and beor hit forth!"
Scheo withheold, with al hire wo,
So that heo childid nought tho.
Ac, sone after, a thrawe hire cam,
And othir seknesse the quene nam.
" Now is wors!" quoth Neptanabus;
" And thou childe in this hous,
" Hit schal beo a thyng unwreste:
" Heved of cok, breost of man, crop as best!"
In hire sorow so scheo lowgh;
Of hire childyng heo withdrough.
Ac, sone after, hire was so wo,
Hire thoughte hire heorte barst on two,

Digitized by Google

And tho, he loked the planète,
Theo tyme him thoughte god and swete;
And saide anon to the quen,
" Now, dame, lat go thy streone!
" For he schal beo crafty of lond,
" God werryour, myghty of hond:
" Theo hardyest lyvyng man
" No schal him nought stonde ageyn."
That tyme that scheo so gradde,
A knave child scheo hadde.
Alisaundre y-nempned he was.
In his beoryng, so feol a cas,
Theo eorthe schok; the seo bycam grene;
Theo sunne withdrough schynyng schene;
Theo mone hire schewed, and bycam black;
Theo thondur made mony a crak;
Theo day bycam dark so the nyght;
Sore adrad was every wyght.
Kyng Phelip saide to the modur,
" Thou hast born a sori foder!
" Gef he libbe, ryde, and go,
" Mony a mon he schal do wo!"
Neptanabus tok on bysemare
That theo kyng saide thare.
He dude the child to have norices,
Gentil ladies and maidenés.
Theo weder bycam meory and bryght;
Att eise they made the lady bryght.

Digitized by Google

The child wexeth a wyght yonlyng,
Now herith geste and gevith listnyng.
Alisaundre wexeth child of mayn,
Maistres he hadde a dosayn:
Some him taughte for to gon;
That othir his clothis doth him on;
Theo thridde him taughte to play at bal;
Theo feorthe afatement in halle;
The fyve him taught to skyrme and ride,
And to demayne an horsis bridel;
The sevethen maister taught his pars,
And the wit of the seoven ars:
Aristotel was on therof.
This n'is nought ramaunce of skof:—
A storie y-made of maistres wise;
Of this world they bar the prise.
Was never, Y undurstonde,
No bolder child in londe.
Now con Alisaundre of skyrmyng,
And of stedes disrayng,
And of sweordis turnyng,
Apon stede, apon justyng,
And 'sailyng, of defendyng,
In grene wode of huntyng,
And of reveryng, and of haukyng,
Of batail, and of al thyng.
That wollith here a god romaunce,
In his time feol a chaunce.

Digitized by Google

Kyng Phelip plaied in a playn;
His men him brought, by a chayn,
A grisly best, a ragged colt,
They had hit laught in the holt.
They presented hit to the kyng,
Hit thougte heom a selcouth thyng.
Hit hadde crop so an heort;
His heved, so a bole smert;
An horn the forhed amydward,
That wolde perce scheldis hard.
Hit was more than any stede:
With red whete men myght hit fede,
Ac monnis flesch lever him was,
Than ony corn that ony mon has.
With iren cheynes men him bounde;
Hit stod no men nygh honde.
Alle theoves, that scholde beo lore,
Men brought that hors byfore.
He had souner ete a man,
Than two champiouns an hen.
Bulsifal that hors het:
Mony mon of lyve he fret.
No mon no durst theryn come
Bot Alisaundre the gode gome:
No dorste no mon him bystryde;
Bote Alisaundre on him con ryde;



Digitized by Google

To him hit wolde lye:
He moste on him ride and pleie.
Neptanabus, apon a day,
With Alisaundre wente to play,
And taught him the cours of sunne and mone:
And al thyng that was to-done
By the steorres and by the firmament,
He him taughte verrament.
Ac Alisaundre, or he hit wist,
In a put doun him cast.
His heved brak ageyn a ston,
A-two crak his nek bon;
To deth he was y-slawe,
Hit was wondurly lowe.
He spak to Alisaundere.—
"Thy fadir hastow tresond here!
"O gentil child beo Y knawe
"For what thyng hast me y-slawe?"
"What! quod child Alisaunderé,
"Hastow bygete me?
"Myght thou nought in boke y-seo,
"That thou schuldust to dethe teo?
"And who thè scholde to dethe don;
"Othir thy freondis other thy foon?
"By anothir mon thou knowest afraunce,
"And by the steorres telle his chaunce!
"No schaltow mo men bygile;
"Y have quyt thé thy while:



Digitized by Google

" Y wene of deth thou hast part ;
" Thyn erbes failith and thyn art !"
Ac Neptanabus him saide ageyn,
" My sone, Y wist, scholde me slen."
" Art thou my fadir ?" quod Alisaundre.
" Ye," quoth he, " seth is the sclaundre.
" Y wol wel that thou hit wite :"
And tolde him hou he was bygete.
Alisaundre ran into theo put
And dud him on londe fet ;
And bar him to Olimpias,
And tolde hire al the cas.
Heo no myghte nought forsake ;
A pyt heo dude sone make,
And brought him into his longe hous :
Thus eyndid Neptanabus.
Soth hit is, in al thyng,
Of eovel lif comuth eovel eyndyng !
Now is the kyng wroth and grym,
Who schal beo kyng after him ;
His sone Phelip, or Alisaundre,
Of whom is falle suche a sclaundre.
He dude his temple al by-honge
With bawdekyn, brod and longe ;
Oxen, schep, and eke kuyn,
Mony on he dude slen.
And after, he bad his godus faire,
He moste y-witen of his aire,

Digitized by Google

Of Alisaundre or of Philipoun
Whiche schold have the regioun?
A vois him onswerde in on ymáge,
" Kyng, thou hast a colt savage:
" Who so may thereon skippe,
" Beo hit Alisaundre or Phelipe,
" He schal have every toun,
" And after thé beore the croune."
The kyng herde wel this soun,
And so dude mony gentil baroún.
The kyng to court went,
The children he of-sent.
Bulsifal neied so loude,
That hit schrillith into the cloude!
They wenten alle to the stable,
There hit was tyghed in, saun fable;
For a thousand pound of gold
Phelip hit nyghen n'olde;
Ac Alisaundre leop on his rugge,
So a goldfynch doth on the hegge:
Hit monteth, and he let him gon,
So of bowe doth the flon.
Faste he sat, and huld the reyne,
Up and doun he hit demeynith;
And doth hit turne in yerdis leynthe,
And aforced hit by streynthe.
He was bote tweol yeir old;
His dedis weore strong and bold.

Digitized by Google

Feole at his lyghtyng there,
Reverence they him bere;
By that, hit was worthy thyng,
He was next crouned kyng.

Digitized by Google

## CHAP. V.

### CONTENTS.

*Alexander is knighted by Philip, and associated in the government.—Immediately after the ceremony, he undertakes an expedition against Nicholas, king of Carthage.—He disembarks in Africa, and meets Nicholas, who, after much offensive language, spits in his face.—The two kings prepare for a general engagement.*

Mury time is the weod to sere;
The corn riputh in the ere:
The lady is rody in the chere;
And maide bryght in the lere;
The knighttes hunteth after dere,
On fote and on destrere.

Kyng Phelip sat in his halle,
Among eorles and barouns alle,
That he hath somound wyde,
To beo to-fore him that tyde.
For he wolde, in schort roune,
Alisaundre his sone croune:

Digitized by Google

That is, to seyn aryght,
Geve him armes, and make him knyght:
And make him couth, over al thyng,
After him he scholde beo kyng
Kyng Phelip, that was his lord,
Gurd him with a god sweord,
And gaf him the tole aryght;
And bad, he scholde beo god knyght.
At the issue of the dören,
Tholomas dude on his spören.
Dubbed weore an hundrud knyghtis,
For his love anon ryghtis.
After theo servyse of the dubbyng,
He goth to mete with the kyng;
Wot ye wel, ther was gret plenté,
Of mete and drynk, gret deynté.
Ac after mete, anon ryghtis,
Theo kyng clepith gentil knyghtis,
Y wot heo weoren his trésoréris:
He heote heom charge seone soméris,
Of riche red y-tried gold,
And Alisaundre he hit geve wolde.
They dude heore lordis comaundeménť;
He fongith faire that presént,
And departid hit, in gentil wise,
Som, to knyghtis of hygh servyse,
Som to marchal, and to botileris,
To knyght, to page, and to jogoleris.

Digitized by Google

Alle tho that fonge wolde,
Ynowh hadde of that golde.
Alisaundre god los
Of that gevyng him aros.
A kyng ther was sum del thanne,
That had y-greved muchul his kynne;
He was y-hote Nicolas.
Alisaundre makith his manas,
He wol to him wende anon,
And awreke his fadir of his foon;
And gradde aloud, with wordes kene,
"Who me loveth now worth a-sene!"
Theo stronge knytis of the halle,
Anon ronnon to heore armes alle;
And trussed heore someris,
And lopen on heore destreris.
Mid heore atire, schipes and barge
They gan mony for to charge;
And olifauns, and camelis,
Weoren y-charged with vitailes.
Alle to water doth heom blive:
The thridde day they gan aryve.
They swymmed with spreot, drawith with hond,
And bryngith schipes to the lond.
Mony knyght, with armes schene,
Anon lopon on the grene;
And madyn mony pavelouns,
To Alisaundre and his barouns.

Digitized by Google

Theo while Alisaundre him dighte,
With a party of his knyghtis,
And romed him apon the stronde,
He mette the kyng of that londe,
That het Nycolas of Sarage;
An hardy mon stout and savage.
He saide to Alisaundre anon,
" Who gef thè leve hider to com?
" Quik do thè hennes sone!
" Thou hast noght here to done!"
Alisaundre lokid a-skof,
As he no gef nought therof.
Nicolas him anoyed.
With wraththe to Alisaundre he saide,
" What dostow here, unwrast gome?
" For thyn harm thou art hider y-come!
" He! fyle asteynte horesone!
" To misdo was ay thy wone.
" Quik tak thy wed for thy deth!"
Alisaundre, " nay!" onswerith,
" Wed no schalt thou have of me!
" Ac Y wol have wed of thè,
" Al this lond, that thou tellest thyn,
" And thy croune schal beo myn.
" Gef thou wolt, of londe fleo!"
" Fy on thè!" quoth Nycolas:
(And spitte amydde his face)

Digitized by Google

" May Y fynde thè, after this,
" Y schal thè do bynde, y-wis,
" Thou schalt beo hongid, and to-drawe,
" And quik of thy skyn y-flawe;
" And afterward to dust brenne!"
And quyk away he is ronne—
For, hadde he biden ony thyng,
Abought he hadde his spittyng.
Alisaundre was sore awaped,
That he was so ascaped;
And swor he schold sore abygge:
The heved for that gult ligge.
For al the gold of Cartage,
Nolde he take othir gage.
To his ost sone he went,
Ful of ire and maltalènt.
That nyght heo restith litel, forsothe,
Bote as men that beon wrothe:
Wel heo wardith heom bothe that nyght,
Til heom sprong the day lyght.

Digitized by Google

# CHAP. VI.

## CONTENTS.

*Description of the battle, in which Alexander kills Nicholas, and afterward takes and sacks the town of Carthage.—During his absence Olimpias is accused of incontinence, and thrown into prison by Philip, who, after determining on a divorce, offers his hand to Cleopatra, the rich queen.—Description of the festival in honour of the intended marriage.—Lamentations of Olimpias in her prison.—Alexander returns, proceeds to the palace, walks up to the high table, and places the crown of Nicholas on his father's head.—He is surprised at the absence of Olimpias, and inquires after her, but receives no answer.—A knight, soon after, relates to Alexander the charges against her.—Alexander kills him: sends away Cleopatra, notwithstanding his father's opposition, takes Olimpias out of prison, and restores her to her rank.—Ambassadors arrive from the city of Mentana, and formally renounce their allegiance to Philip.—Alexander undertakes to reduce the mutineers.—The expedition described.—Siege and blockade of the city.—The inhabitants resolve to try the fate of a battle.*

CLERE and faire the somerys day spryng,
And makith mony departyng
Bytweone knyght and his swetyng.
Theo sunne ariseth, and fallith the dewyng;

Digitized by Google

Theo nessche clay hit makith clyng.
Mony is jolif in the mornyng,
And tholeth deth or the evenyng!
N'is in this world so siker thyng
So is deth, to olde and yyng!
The time is nygh of heore wendyng!
Alisaundre, in the mornyng,
Quik hath armed al his gyng;
And Nicolas is nought tarying;
With muche ost he is comyng.
Ther was trumpyng, and taboryng,
Lepyng of stedis, and demaynyng.
Mony a riche gult scheld
That day schon apon the feld,
And mony a baner, of gold and ynde,
That day rotled with the wynde.
With cryende, and stoute wordes,
They metith heom with speris hordes.
Mony doughty yong knyght,
That ilke day, asaiyed his myght,
Eche on othir, with great mayn,
To threst launce in the playn.
Some weore perced in armurès,
Thorugh scheldis, and thorugh armes;
Som the throte, and som the heorte
Hadyn y-perced, and gonne smeorte.
After launces, sweordis they drowe;
And mony knyght othir slowe.

Digitized by Google

Mony ther was that eovel spedde,
For he laide his hed to wedde:
And som armes and hondyn lorn,
Of som legges, with the sporn.
Mony knyght, in litel stounde,
Caughte there dethes wounde:
Mony knyght starf in that pres;
And mony child was faderles:
Mony lady les hire amoúre,
And mony maide her socoúre:
Mony stedis drowen heore bridel:
Who so wolde, myght ride,
Withoute seolvire, withoute gold,
Whiderwardis, so they wold.
On bothe halve, in litel stounde,
Was mony knyght laid to the grounde;
Ac the 'scoumfyt, and the damage,
Feol on heom of Cartage.
Nicolas sygh al this;
He made a neowe just, y-wis,
And slough of Alisaundres men,
Mo than Y you telle can.
Tho Alisaundre sygh this grevaunce,
He tok in hond a styf launce,
And, amydward the place,
He mette with Nycolás.
Heyghe he bar scharpe spere,
Thorugh the scheld he can hit beore;

Digitized by Google

Ac his armure was so strong;
The spere n'olde him aforg;
Alisaundre that spere lette,
And drough his sweord, al so sket:
Nicolas he smot in the sword,
That he laide his hed in wed:
And saide to him, al so sket,
"Thys, yusturday, Y the byhet,
"Tho thou sprettest in my visage!"
That othres flowen with gret rage.
The people tok of the dede
Hors, and armes god at nede.
Alisaundre, quyk withalle,
Of Cartage wan the walles,
And slough doun withoute pité;
The spoile he tok of that cité,
And the croune of the lond,
And bar hit away in his hond.
Gold and seolver, and othir thynges,
They trussed to heore schepynges.
The wynd is ryght god, saun faile;
They setten mast, and halen saile,
And wenten to heore owne lond:
Jesu Crist us sende his sonde!
While Alisaundre was in medláy,
To sle the folk of that contráy,
Come men of Grece, and [on] Alisaundre,
And on Olimpias laide sclaundre;

Digitized by Google

Heo saiden, " With wrong heo was quene,
" For heo had an hore beone."
Heo sweren, and saide veir,
That Alisaundre was fals air.
For this sclaunder that was so fyle,
And eke for the grete perile,
Kyng Phelippe, by al his regioun,
Of-sent, duk, eorle, and baroun,
That jugeth heom alle bytweone,
Olimpias schulde beo quene.
Ac heo no myghte no wors heo het.
In a castel heo was y-set,
And was deliverid liveresoon,
Skarschliche and nought foisoun.
The kyng dude by his counsail;
He sent to Assire, saun fail,
To Clorpatras, the riche quen,
That scheo scholde his spouse beon.
The messangers weore gentil baroun.
Theo lady 'leved heore rounes;
And grauntid, by counsailyng,
To beo spoused to Phelip the kyng.
The day was set, withoutyn assoyne.
The thryttythe day, at Macedoyne.
Tho this message was hom y-come,
Ther was mony blithe gome.
With rose, and swete flores,
Was strawed halles, and bouris;

Digitized by Google

With samytes, and baudekyns,
Weore cortined the gardynes.
Alle the innes of the toun,
Haddyn litel foisoun,
That day cam Clorpatras;
So muche people with hire was.
Upon a mule, whyt so mylk;
Hire harneys gold, beten with selk.
The prynce hire ladde of Sandas,
And of Cydoyne sire Jonatas.
Ten thousand barouns hire come myde,
And to chirche they ryden.
Spoused scheo is, and set on deys.
Now 'gynnith the geste of noblès:
At theo feste was trumpyng,
Pipyng, and eke taboryng,
Sytolyng, and ek harpyng,
Knyf pleying, and ek syngyng,
Carolyng, and turneieyng,
Wrastlyng, and ek skirmyng.
Theo game goth nought ful blyve:
Ther som helieth and som wyve.
Olimpias herde al this
In the tour ther scheo is.
Scheo weopith, and syngeth weil-a-way,
That scheo ever abod that day.
Scheo cleputh hireseolf ofte wreche,
And bad deth scholde hire feche.

Digitized by Google

And saide, " O sone Alisaundre,
" I have for thè gret sclaundre!
" Sore of-thynkith me this cas,
" That thou foughte with Nicolas:
" Hadestow levyd in this lond
" Y no hadde y-had this schond!"
Myghte scheo have y-founde a knyf,
Heo wolde have spilled hire lyf.
" Alas," heo saide, " Y n'ere y-spilled!
" For men me cleputh quene afiled.
" No may Y never eft yelpe,
" Alisaundre, bote thou me helpe!"
Thus heo gradde weyl-a-way,
Til tyme of hygh mydday.
At noon ariseth hire worschipes:
Arived buth hire sone schipes;
He wist nought of this bridale,
No no man tolde him the tale.
He dyghte him in riche wedes,
And dude drawe alond heore stedes.
He leop up, and hadde sone doon,
Apon a stede of faire bon;
He rod forth apon the lond,
Theo riche croune in his hond,
Of Nicolas that he wan:
Byside rideth a gentil man.
To the paleis they gonne ride,
And fonde this feste in alle pruyde.



Digitized by Google

Forth goth Alisaundre, saun fable,
Ryght to theo heygh table:
The croune, of gold byweved,
He set on his fadir heved.
His fader praised his prowesse,
Of the croune and of the richesse.
Alisaundre con aboute seon,
And sygh y-crouned a neowe quen;
And saugh no wher Olimpias,
That his owne modur was.
In heorte he can chaunge mod;
And lokid als he weore wod.
And saide, " Fadir, whan my moder is quen,
" Thou schalt at hire bridale beon."
They wascheth, and sitteth at the fest;
Men him served of the beste.
A duyk ther was, that hette Lifias;
To Alisaundre he cam god pas,
And tolde him of Olimpias.
Alisaundre anvied was;
Over the table he gon stoupe,
And smot Lifias with the coupe,
That he feol doun in the flette:
His eyghnen out of his hed sterte.
For to awreke, kyng Phelip
Over the table gan to schippe;
Ac he laught sone suche qued,
He was y-bore forth for ded.

Digitized by Google

Alisaundre's folk forth gon flyng,
Fyve hundred in a rynge:
The tables weoren overthrowe,
And mony knyght sone y-slawe.
Alisaundre nom Clorpatras,
And out hire hasted a swithe pas;
And set hire upon a mule,
And drof hire out of toun ful foule.
Evel maignè to hire was schape,
Bot tho that myghte the deth aschape.
Clorpatras flough to hire lond,
With gret leore, and with gret schond.
Alisaundre hadde the beste,
That was purveyede to that feste;
Gold and seolver, and riche clothes;
Tho that hit loste weore wrothe.
Thus hit farith by feste unwise:
After mete contek ariseth!
Wel is the modir that may forth fede
Child, that helpith hire at nede.
Olimpias is now awroke,
Ac yet heo is in prison stoke;
And wist hereof no thyng,
Of Alisaundre's comyng.
Ac Alisaundre undurstandt
How al this contek is went.
Hit is no ned here to dwelle,
No longer tales for to telle;

Digitized by Google

His fadir he sette *à reson:*
He is by-knowe he is his sone;
And that he is ryght ayre,
After him to reygne faire:
And makith his modur pes,
And alle sclaunder makith les.
To hire the way he nom,
Joyful is heo of his come.
Heo gan him telle hire ille,
Ac he bad hire beo stille:
Quic he lad hire hom,
And with him mony knyght and grom.
There was 'gynnyng a neowe feste,
And of gleomen mony a geste.
Kyng Felip was in male ese;
Alisaundre heold the deys:
He dude serve Olimpias,
In gold and seolver, in bras, in glas;
So riche a feste no mon no say,
So Alisaundre heold that day.
Kyng Felip theremyd was
Acorded with Olimpias.
Al so they sate at the gestuyng,
Com message to Felip the kyng.
Swithe mury hit is in halle,
When the burdes wawen alle!
Messangeris conne flyng,
Into the halle byfore the kyng,

Digitized by Google

From a cité, on hors and fote,
That was Mentana y-hote.
They saiden him, at a word,
They n'olde him holde for heore lord,
For heom defende he no myght;
Heore kyng and heore dukes wyght,
N'olden more of him holde.
The kynges veynes waxen colde;
And n'uste never what he do myght.
Ac, by counsail of his knyghtis,
He tok Alisaundre this deray,
For to amende gef he may.
Alisaundre hit hath afonge;
At the table him thynkith longe.
After mete, meyntenaunt,
To mouth he set his olifaunt;
He blowith smert and loude sones:
Theo knyghtis armed heom at ones.
They understode that hit was nede,
And comen to him armed on stede;
Ten thousand, al prest and yare,
Into batail for to fare.
And fiftene thousand of fot laddes,
That sweord and boceleris hadde,
Axes, speres, forkis, and slynges,
And alle stalworthe gadelynges.
Whan this was togedre yepe,
On Bulsifall Alisandre leope.

Digitized by Google

He touched him with the spore,
And sprong out at the halle dore.
No scholde foul, gret no smal,
Have y-siwed Bulsifall!
He broughte him al to wil ageyn,
And hardneth al his men;
He touchith his horn, and forth rideth,
Mony mon him went myde.
The ryghte way they nome,
That heo to the cité come.
Heore drawbrugge they drowe ate,
And scheotten faste heore gates:
Alisaundre heom asailed fast,
And with mangnelis to heom cast.
They into the walles stowe,
And defended heom with howe;
With alblastres, and with stones,
They slowe men, and braken bones.
With hot water, and other engyn,
They defended heom therynne.
Ac Alisaundre quic hoteth his hynen,
Under heore walles to myne,
With strong gynnes, and deth werres,
The whiles the mynoris.
Ac, by strenthe no by gynne,
No myghte he heom that day wynne;
No that othir, no the thridde,
No the feorthe he ne spedde.



Digitized by Google

Ac tho Alisaundre seygh this,
He stopped heore way, y-wis,
That ther no myghte, to heore fode,
Come to heom no gode;
Knyght, no swayn, ne heore stren,
No none wise myghte fleon.
The folk, and the poraile,
Weoren an-hungred, saun faile;
And al day on the richer gradden.
Theo riche of heom reuthe hadden,
And saide they hadden, sikirliche,
Leovere steorve aperteliche,
Than thole soche wo and sorwe:
And toke counsail on the morwe,
Clepen batáile to wende to;
Riche and pore wolden so.
Listenith now sire and dame,
Now bygynnith a neowe game.

# CHAP. VII.

## CONTENTS.

*Description of the battle.—Alexander kills the king of Mentana, and destroys his city.—Messengers arrive in Macedon with a demand of tribute from Darius.—Alexander's speech to them.—Pausanias, who had gained the affections of Olimpias, contrives with her the assassination of Philip, and executes his purpose while Alexander is employed in quelling a distant rebellion.—Alexander returns, finds his father dying, wounds Pausanias, and orders him to be beheaded in the presence of Philip.—He then mounts the throne, assembles all the forces of his kingdom, and prepares for an expedition against Darius.—Alexander embarks; sails first to Thrace, which he subdues; next to Sicily, and afterward to Italy, which also he annexes to his dominions.—Then, carrying with him the tribute as well as the numerous levies which he had collected in the conquered countries, he embarks for Lybia.—He stops for some time at Tripoli.—Here he finds, in a temple dedicated to Termagaunt and Baal, a curious statue, inscribed with astrological emblems.—He inquires of the priest of the temple what is the meaning of that figure.—The priest tells him that it is a magical statue, made by Neptanabus in honour of Jupiter.—Alexander then consults the priest respecting his real birth, and is assured that he is the true son of Philip.—For this satisfactory assurance the priest is amply rewarded.*

OFTE springeth the bryghte morwe
Mony to blisse, and mony to sorwe:

Digitized by Google

Qued hit is muche to borwe:
And worse hit is ever in sorwe.
Tho that can nought beon in pes,
Ofte they maken heom evel at ese.
The kyng of Mantona, and his knyghtis,
Buth y-armed redy to fyghte,
In bruny of stel, and riche weden;
They doth gó swithe on steden,
The gate is up and they out-riden.
The stedes ronnon with slak bridel.
With launce they 'gynneth to flyng,
Ac they found harde 'countryng.
Of knyghtis thar was strong metyng;
Harde justes, scharpe brekyng;
In bothe half loude crying,
Knyghtis thorugh stick; steden lesyng.
In litel while was mony y-slawe,
And y-smyte thorugh wombe and mawe.
Alisaundre ful wel say,
That hit was a dedly play.
His horn he bleow thrie,
His knyghtis to hardye.
He seygh the kyng of that cité
Slowe his folk withoute pité;
He griputh in hond a spere:
Ageyns the kyng he gan hit beore.
He smot him on the scheld y-gult,
Thorughout the bord, thorughout the hilt,

Digitized by Google

Thorughout the bruny creopeth the egge;
And thorugh the heorte, Y thè segge,
The spere beorith, the kyng is falle:
His knyghtis flowen swithe alle.
That folk is slawe withoute pité,
And forbrent is that cité.
Alisaundre ageyn heom dyghtis,
Blithe in heorte, and alle his knyghtis.
Kyng Phelip hit undurstand,
Wel blithe is heorte, and his talant.
Men tellen, in olde mone,
"The qued comuth nowher alone."
Now, ye schule undurstonde,
Cometh messangers of divers londe,
And askith of Phelip trouage,
Of lond, and water, and wode, by usage.
Felip sore was anoied:
Ac Alisaundre heom hath y-saide.
"Lordynges, Y you telle,
"He that made heven and helle,
"Aftwardes he made man,
"Oure forme fadir Adam.
"To his ofspryng, so thynkith me,
"Alle he made y-liche freo,
"Watres, wodes, londes, playnes.
"Gef Darie havith hit by maynes,
"When Felip my fadir wrong,
"I am elde more than strong,

" Ageyns Darie him so wreke,
" That the world schal therof speke :
" And Y withclepe and withstonde
" Theo truage of Grece londe
" Whiles Y may hors bystryde
" Schal ther never non abide."
Tho byspak the massengeris,
(Alle weore men of on cheris)
" Alisaundre!" they saide, " y-wis,
" Thow schalt thè holden for unwis,
" Gif you thoroug folye, outher rage,
" Withhaldest the dayes of truage.
" As gret storm is falle by a reyn,
" Sone he wol daunte thy maigne!
" Some dure Darie manace,
" That durre him nought seon in face.
" We rede, thow lete thy maltalent,
" And sende to Darie sum gret rent."
Kyng Alisaundre swithe kene,
Hoteth the messangers of his eyghnen.
Anon they deliverid heom of Macedoyne,
Passith by Tire, and by Cidoyne,
There woned sumwhile kyng Appolyn,
Alle til they come to Babiloyne,
And tolde Darie Alisaundre's yengthe,
His bost, his pruyde, his hardy streyngthe.
Kyng Darie swor by his lay,
He hit scholde abugge sum day.

Digitized by Google

Alisaundre is in his lond,
And hath sone a newe sonde,
From a cité in the Est,
That n'ul no Phelippes heste.
Thider he wendith with gret pres,
This stordy citeis for to dres.
The whiles, herith a cas.
A riche baroun in Grece was,
His name was hote Pausanias,
That loved muche Olimpias.
So he yede, and so he sent,
By writes, and by riche presentis,
That he dude, in bedde stille,
By the lady al his wille.
And bytweone heom heo hadde y-spok,
Of kyng Felip to beon awroke.
Womanis herte is unwreste!
Heo wol beo wroke, othir to-berste!
By heore bothe compissement,
Kyng Felip was wounded, verament,
Dedly woundid thorugh the nape,
That he no myghte deth ascape.
Alisaundre, from his disray,
Was comen hom that ilke day,
And herde of this noise and cry.
To the paleys he com in hy:
He fond ther stonde Pausanias,
By the quene dame Olimpias.

Digitized by Google

A brod gavelock he lette glide;
Hit smot him thorugh bothe side.
The kyng Phelip he ladde him to,
That his hed smot a-two.
He thonkid alle therof, certes,
And starf anon withoute smert.
Philip is ded, as kyng of werre,
And richely is broughte to the eorthe.
Thanne deth no myght he nought fleon,
Seth the quen wolde awreke beon;
And he that the treson dude,
Was forhedid in that steode.
Kyng Philip hath al that ryght
That mon may do kyng or knyght.
Kyng Alisaundre doth of-sende,
Alle his dukes, and barounes hende,
Eorles, knyghtis, clerkis wise,
That of him holden into frise;
Of eche cité the burgeys,
Of whom was name of nobleys;
And, gef ony saide no,
The names they scholde sende of tho.
His messangers, withoute doute,
Rideth and goth ther abowte.
The messangers come weoren ageyn;
Heom siwith mony gentil men,
Bothe on palfrey, and on stedis;
And clerkis eke, in riche wedis.

Digitized by Google

Unto Corinthe alle hy comen,
Both the lord and eke his gomen.
There bare Alisaunder coroune
And to the feste of uche toune
Of duke, erle, knighth, burgeys, baroun,
That longed unto his coroun.
There he made mony a knyght,
That was hardy, strong and wyght:
And gaf eche lordyng gret honour,
And parted heom his fadir tresour.
Feste he made of nobleye,
N'as nowher such y-seyghe.
After mete, anon ryghtis,
He dude noumbre his gode knyghtis;
And sent fiftene thousand and hundredis seven,
Al of Grece y-bore, by heven:
And seven and twenty hundredis asondre,
Strong in felde, apon justers:
And also nyne and fifty thousynd,
And fif hundred fot men, Y fynde.
That was lx. m. and vij. hundred.
Ac yet, me thynkith gret wondir,
That he myghte, with so fewe,
Al the world him undur thewe;
And that he so trust and undurstode,
More a-wondrith al my blod!
Ac, soth hit is, cayser no kyng
No may withstonde Godis helpyng!

Digitized by Google

To bataile-ward he gynneth to yarke:
The somers buth trussed, the schipes buth charged.
His folk, ful of orpedschype,
Quicliche leputh to hepe;
Theo mariners crieth, and taleth;
Ancres into schip they halith;
They drowe sail to top of mast,
And into Trace sailith in hast.
Ther, quik fallith into his hond
Alle the citées of that lond,
Eorles, knyghtis, and the barouns
Of alle Trace regiouns.
Ther he sette his owne acise,
And made bailifs, and justices;
And tok of heom v. m. knyghtis,
And sailed forth anon ryghtis.
The thridde day, withoute gyle,
He aryved at Cysile.
There heo hadde thought to done,
Ac he hit aleyde sone:
Bothe with coyntise, and with vigor,
He wan of that lond the honor,
And mony noble batelur
That dudun sethemis socour.
In the lond he set his lawes;
And, after sojour of fewe dawes,
His ost he encresed with six thousynd
Of noble knyghtis, so Y fynde,

Digitized by Google

And went into Lumbardie.
Helpe us alle seynte Marie!
At Venyse com up Alisaunder;
Pes men blewe and no loud sclaunder,
His lettres he sent, withouten assoyne,
Anon into Grace-Boloyne;
Into Paduie; into Mothun;
And into Parme, that riche ton;
Into Pavie; into Tremoun;
And into Plesance of gret renoun.
Into Novarre; and into Dole;
Into Versens, a cité of Scole;
And into Melane, that the maistrie
Beorith of al Lumbardie.
Heore counsail was sone y-nome,
To wende to that riche gome;
To holde of him al heore lond.
The kaies they toke him in hond,
Of heore citees, of heore honours,
And made him heore eorthliche seignours.
He bad of heom all that he wolde;
Stedis, armes, seolver and golde,
And mony strong weorriour,
That seththe dude him gret honour.
Thannes he sent into Tuskane;
Thennes him com mony a mon,
And from Florence, and from Cene,
Mony knyght with armes schene,

Digitized by Google

From Cortine, and from Ravenne,
Him cam knyghtis muche wone;
From Curcinan, and from Acise,
Him come knyghtis of gret prise.
From Gobyn, and fro Orbenette,
From Viterbe, and fro Aretche,
Him cam richesse, and gret sonde,
And feole knyghtis to his honde.
At the laste, his lettres come
Into the cité of gret Rome.
The riche people, and the senas,
Spak togedre of this cas.
Y yow segge, verrament,
They assentyn, by on assent,
A riche croune of red gold,
For he heore lord beo schold:
And a thousand of noble knyghtis,
That in bataile weore gode and wighte.
Marcus he hette, that heom ladde;
Alisaundre non better no hadde;
And four thousand mark y-sende,
For to beon of his freondreue.
The Romayns him sent this pris,
And gretyng, and redy to his servise.
He gretith the Romayns with chere blithe,
And wendith out of londe blive;
Nul he more beon anoied,
No of his gret ost distruyed.



Digitized by Google

Anon he schipeth into Libie,
With al his faire chivalrie.
In al that grete regioun,
N'is castel, cité, no toun,
That he no nam, by leve of myght,
In lasse than in a fourtenyght.
Seththe passed he, y-wis,
A water that com fro Paradys.
Barouns, and knyghtis of that lond,
Yolden heom to his hond,
Withoute bataile, other dunt,
That lond he wan, verrament,
Heore ehte, and heore chivalrie,
They yolden to his seignorie.
Now hath Alisaundre so muche ginge
That non hit wot bote heven kynge!
Schipes he doth make, snel,
Mony hundred, Y yow tel.
He sojornith, and his folk myd him,
In a cité hatte Tripolyn.
A temple ther was, amydde the market,
Of Turmagaunt and of Balak:
An ymage was therynne,
Y-beten al with gold fyne;
Sonne and mone, steorren seven,
Was purtreyed, and eke heven.
Theo kyng of-sent, Y undurstonde,
Than the bysschop of that londe,



Digitized by Google

And asked him " in whos honour
" Was y-mad that vigour ?"
Theo bysschop weop for ermyng,
And thus he saide to the kyng :
" Ther was sum while, over us,
" A kyng that hette Neptanabus,
" Curteis in halle, in weorre wight ;
" He no gaf nought of no fyght,
" Kyng non, of no londe,
" In batail no myghte him withstonde.
" This ymage he made here,
" In the honour of Jubitere.
" Sonne and mone, that beon in heven,
" And the planetis al seven,
" And the cours of the streorren,
" In heom he juggeth al his weorren.
" When any kyng wolde him asaile,
" He couthe therby seo, saun faile,
" And, by charmes muche wondur,
" How he scholde his foos brynge undur.
" At the last feol a cas,
" Of feole kynges y-hated he was,
" And quyk on uche half asailed :
" He lokid in his ars, saun fable,
" He say he scholde beo overcome :
" By nyghte fley that gentil gome.
" No mon no kouthe for no thyng
" Seththe y-here of him tidyng."

Digitized by Google

Kyng Alisaundre teris gan stoppe,
And thus he saide to the byschope:
" Byschop," he saide, " there is a sclaunder,
" Y-layd on me kyng Alisaunder,
" Y scholde beo bygete amys:
" Tel me who my fadir is,
" Pryvely, bytweone thè and me!
" Thy travaile schal Y yeilde thè."
The byschop graunteth the kynges talént,
And dude him on a vestement,
And made, on a sarsynes wyse,
To Jubiter sacrifise.
After longe the sacrefyeng,
He cam, and saide to the kyng,
How his fadir hette Felip.
Stilliche, bytweone his lippe,
Kyng Alisaundre in heorte lough;
And was in heorte glad ynough,
Tho, aller furst, he undurstode,
That he was ryght kyngis blod.
He gaf theo byschop, to gode hans,
Riche beyghes, besans, and pans,
Clothis, eyghtis, withoutyn eynde.
Now bygynnith geste hende.

Digitized by Google

## CHAP. VIII.

### CONTENTS.

*Alexander meets with no resistance till he comes to Tyre.—Dreadful battle before the walls of that town.—The Macedonians are repulsed, and forced to turn their siege into a blockade.—In the meantime, the ambassadors from Persia return to Darius. Their speech.—Darius summons a council.—His letter to Alexander, accompanied by the present of a top, a scourge, and a purse.—Alexander, perceiving that his men are alarmed by the threats of Darius, and by his emblematical present, comforts them by interpreting it into an omen of success, and dismisses the ambassadors with a contemptuous answer.—Their second speech to Darius, who orders all his subjects to join his army.—Answer of his Lieutenants.—He sends another message to Alexander, which is again rejected with contempt.*

Murthe is gret in halle;
Damoselis plaien with peoren alle;
Teller of jeste is ofte myslike;
Ribaud festeth also with tripe.
Alisaundre is a noble man;
His ost telle no wyght no kan. 1580

Digitized by Google

They schiputh alle, in schipes gode,
The see ferde as hit weore wode.
Kyng, prynces of feole lond,
Anon they yoldyn heom to his hond.
They broughten him jewelis, and riche gold,
And heom to his wille yolde:
So that he com to a cité that hette Tyre,
The beste cité of that empire.
Alisaundre they dispises,
His messangers, and his justices;
Gates they schutte, and barbicans;
They mayntenid heom wel with mayne.
Up they sette heore mangonelis,
And alblastres with quarellis,
And sendith, Alisaundre to say,
" He go to Macedoyne and play!
" His berd schal hore, his folk schal sterve,
" Or any mon of Tyre him serve."
Whan this to Alisaundre was saide,
Out of wit he was anoied:
He hette quyk, without pité,
His men to asaile that cité.
*Dieu mercy!* to mychel harme
Many knighth there gan hym arme.
There me myghte sone y-seon
Many hors with trappen wreon,
And knyghtis beore baner and scheld,
Of heom schon the brode feld!

Digitized by Google

Tho that heo fond withoute the toun,
With scharpe sweord they laide to grounde.
The fotman, and tho on hors,
Travaillid strongly heore cors,
With launceynge and with rydyng,
With throwyng, and with nymyng,
And with wilde fuyr skyming,
Muche wo they duden heore men,
The walles to fallen on the playn:
Ac the cité-men weoren wel wyght,
And ynough couthen of fyght.
With peys, stones, and gavelok,
Heore fon they gave knokk;
With hot water, and wallyng metál,
They defendid heore wal.
With longe billes, mad for the nones,
They carve heore bones;
There lay monye, in litel stounde,
That starf with dedly wounde.
Of sum weore the brayn out-spat,
Al undur theo iren hat:
Som with pays was fronst,
Som with gavelok al to-lonst:
There was, in that pres,
Mony child faderles!
Theo flyght feol, withoute the wal,
Apon Alisaundre folk nygh al.

Tho Alisaundre sygh this,
Aroum anon he drow, y-wis,
And suththe he renneth to his muthe;
(To alle his folk he was couthe)
Alle they lette heore 'sailyng,
And aboute him gan flyng.
He bad heom make paveloun,
Al aboute the riche toun;
Byd heom from the assaut drawe;
Mony of his weoren y-slawe.
So they dude, and maden tent,
Al abowte, riche and gent.
Afterward, tho hit was nyght,
They founde y-slawe, of heore knyghtis,
Ten hundred, and sum del mo:
For heom was mad muche wo;
For they weore knyghtis of gret worthe,
They weore faire brought in eorthe.
Alisaunder heom solaced thus:
" Lordynges, no buth nought in angwysch,
" Though ye have yor freondis lore;
" Lord and freond Y am heom fore,
" Me mot bothe wynne and leose:
" Chaunse no letith no mon cheose.
" Heore thonkyng they mowe beo sikir,
" Y schal heom yelde wel this bykir!"
Now restith Alisaundre in his sigyng;
Ac herith now a wondur thyng;

Digitized by Google

Herde ye havith, Y wol yow reherce,
How messangeris comen from Perce,
For trowage, and Felip anoiede,
And how Alisaundre with-saide.
Now at the erst, the messangers
Buth y-come to heore emperis,
And salued Darie heore lord,
And him saide this word:—
" Lord, we weoren in thy message,
" In Grece after trowage;
" Ac hit is with-saide, in al thyng,
" By a yong knyght, thenkith beo kyng.
" Worth ther non whiles he levith.
" Other thou most hit al forgeve,
" Other, he sent thè to segge,
" Distrene hit with sweordis egge!"
Darie startled for this tydyng,
And makith a grym thretyng.
He tok with him mony a duk,
That byleved on Belsabuk,
And goth with heom to an orchard;
Parlement they holdith hard.
Y you telle, litel (y-wis)
Of Alisaundre he holdith pris.
By alle heore comune assent,
A lettre they havith to him sent,
By riche dukis threttene:
Bowes they bare of olyf grene.

Digitized by Google

A duk ther was, of Ermonye ;
Of Eschanome, and of Sulye ;
Of Pyncenard, and of Mede ;
Tho of Ninivie gode at nede ;
The Duk of Jaspes, and Tabarie ;
The duk of Frise, and of Hongrie ;
The duk of Moreb, and of Calberié ;
And the duk of Palestenné :
Theose comen, hond by hond,
To-fore Alisaundre in Tire-lond ;
And eche, with a braunche of olyve,
That was tokenyng of pes and lyve,
To kenne him, that Darie him sent
Threo thyngis to present :
A scourge, and a top of nobleys,
Ful of gold and an haumudeys,
And a lettre par amours,
Of whiche such was the treowes :
" Darie, the kyng of alle kynges,
" The godis that hath to ederlyng ;
" For his neyce, Syble ; cosynes
" Is Jubiter, and Appolyns ;
" Governor of lewed and lerid,
" That beon with men of myddel erd,
" Sente gretyng, withouten honour,
" To the yonge robbour
" Alisaundre ! thou coinoun wode,
" In thè spillith thy feyre blode,

" That hast withholde my trowage,
" And don me more outrage,
" Brent my townes, my men y-slawe,
" Thow weore worthy to be hongid and drawe.
" Notheles, thou konst no gode;
" Y wyt hit all thy yonge blode:
" Therfore, Y have thè y-sent,
" A top and a scorge to present,
" And with gold a litel punge,
" For thow hast yeris yonge:
" Wend thou hom therwith, and play,
" Y rede thé, yonge boy!
" Other Y schal thé bete and dynge,
" With a fewe gadelyng;
" And, afterward, quyk thè flen,
" And al thy folk with sweord slen.
" Woldust thou have to me peer?
" Nay, y-wis, thou wreche pautener!
" Y have mo knyghtis to weorre,
" Than beon in welkyn steorris.
" And mo men with stronge bones
" Then buth in the see stones.
" Fleo thou now, gef thou beo sounde!
" Other men schull thè dryve with houndes."
This was the writ that Darie sent
To Alisaundre, and the present.
Of Alisaundre ac ye schul here,
How he hit turned in othre manére.

Digitized by Google

Alisaundre ful wel seoth,
That his knyghtis amayed buth :
He laughwith, and swerith by the sonne,
Mede and Peirce he havith y-wonne;
" For this scourge signefieth
" That Y schal wynne the maistrie
" Of Darie, and him so chase,
" And his men, bothe more and lasse ;
" The top, that is round aboute,
" Signefieth, saun doute,
" That the world, that round is,
" Schal beo myn also, y-wis;
" And hit bytokenith by this punge,
" That Y schal, of olde and yonge,
" Of this myddel erd telle and fonge.
" Seggith Darie that songe,
" That Y nul with him acorde,
" Bote with egge of sweorde!"
This messangers herdyn this tale,
Hom heo wendith, by doune and dale.
Alisaundre, his nedes
Ageyn to Tyre wel sone spedes.
Theo misdoers he hath y-slawe,
And to that other he gevith the lawe.
Y-flewe weore the grete lordynges.
To Darie heore lord and kyng.
Alisaundre set ther his bailif,
To Darye-ward, al so blyve ;

Digitized by Google

Ac he was y-lat by the way,
At mony a bataile Y yow say.
Darie sat at mete, the riche kyng,
And holdith riche gestnyng,
Of dukes, eorles, amiraylis,
And of soudans with murie talis,
Theo messangers alyghten alle,
And hond by hond comen into halle.
They gretith Darie, the riche kyng,
And tolde him strong tidyng.
" Sire," they saide, " n'ys no fol sclaunder,
" That goth by way of Alisaunder;
" Hit is an hardy flumbardyng,
" Wis, and war in alle thyng.
" He hath y-wonne Egipte, and Libye,
" Cicile, Rome, and Lumbardie,
" Calabre, Poyle, al to Burgoyne,
" Cipres also, and Aschavoyne.
" Him no may contray withstonde,
" That he wol do to his honde.
" By youre scourge, he saide, in hast,
" That he wol you bete, and chast.
" By the top, and by the purs,
" Yete he saide muche wors;
" That he schal of the world, and thè,
" Take tole, and maister beo.
" Tire is y-fall undur his hond;
" Comying he is to thy lond:

Digitized by Google

" Fuyr and sweord is his acord :
" We no gabbuth thé no word !"—
Darie from him the table schette,
That hit wende into the flette.
He drawith leg over othir,
And makith thretyng ful a fothir;
And of-clepith his chaunselere,
And hoteth him sende, fer and nere,
To his justices, lettres hard,
That the contrais beo aferd,
To frusche the gadelyng, and to bete,
And none of heom on lyve lete.
The lettres to his justices come;
Ac they him sent other sone,
That " Alisaundre hadde, undur his hond,
" Nygh y-wonne al that lond.
" Men dredith him on uche an half,
" So kalf the beore, or schep the wolf.
" Eche man hadde gret throwe,
" For to loke that was his owe;
" To cité, castel, and to tour,
" Uche mon soughte after socour :
" And bote he dude by othir counsaile,
" Alisaundre was at his taile.
" The lond was lorn, saun dotaunce,
" Evermore, with the appertenaunce."—
Whan Darie al this undurstod,
He was nygh of wit wod;

He sent a letter, withoute lesyng,
To Alisaundre in gretyng;
" He scholde come as amye
" And don him in his mercye
" And amende his trespas by juggement
" Goode scholde beo theo acordement."
Alisaundre sende him, to sigge,
" Ord of spere, and ord of egge,
" Schal at heore acordement beon,
" And non othir, kyng no quene;"
And hotith his dukis, and his knyghtis,
To turne on Darie anon ryghtis.

Digitized by Google

## CHAP. IX.

### CONTENTS.

*Alexander (having taken the city of Tyre) proceeds toward Arabia, wasting the country with fire and sword.—The Arabians in vain attempt to resist him.—Their Duke flies with five hundred knights to Darius, whom he finds in Mesopotamia, and implores his assistance.—Darius dispatches Salomé with forty thousand knights against Alexander, and follows with his whole army.—Salomé departs, confident of success; but having reconnoitred the enemy, returns without attacking them.—Archilaus, king of Cappadocia, undertakes to lead the van of the Persian army.—His speech.—The Persian army prepares for a general engagement.*

Mury is in June, and hote, verreyment.
Faire is carole of maide gent,
Bothe in halle, and eke in tent.
In justis and fyghtis n'ys non othir rent,
Bote strokis, and knokkis, and hard deontis;
And that is Alisaundre's entent.
Anon he doth his bemen blowe, 1850
V. C. [500] on a throwe.

Digitized by Google

His chymbe belle he doth rynge,
And doth dassche gret taborynge;
Over all the ost he doth cryghe,
They wentyn on haste to Darie,
And sette fuyre, and wilde bround,
Anon in kyng Darie's lond.
Heo brente castels, and eke cité,
Al ryght doun, withoute pité.
Anon was don the kynges heste,
Y-charged mony a selcouth beste,
Olifauns, and eke camailes,
With armure, and eke vitailes;
Long cartes with pavelouns,
Hors and oxen with vensounes,
Assen and muylyn, with heore stoveris;
The knyghtis redy on justers,
Alle y-armed swithe well,
Bruny, and launce, and sweord of stel;
Mony scheld ther was y-founde,
And mony baner was rotelande;
Mony stede loude neyghyng,
And to Arabie-ward lepyng.
The folk of Arabie lond,
Havith this comyng undurstond;
Heo made diches, and walles,
And scheotte the gate of the cite al.



Digitized by Google

With the power of eche contray
That heo couthe to heom pray,
To Alisaunder they gaven bikir,
And mony bataile sikir;
Ac helpe hit nought no myghte,
For Alisaundre, and his knyghtis,
Heom to sakyn heo gon calle,
So bocher the hog in stalle.
Duyk, prynces, baroun, and knyghtis,
That withstode him to fyghte,
They weore to-froch, fro fot to croun,
So is the hynde apon the lyon:
And, so the tiger, that fynt y-stole
Hire weolp from hire hole,
With mouth heo fretith best, and mon,
Bote they brynge hit sone ageyn.
Alle they sleth doun with sweord,
Bote tho that comen to acord,
And yelde him castel and cité,
Heom they toke into pyté,
And over heom they sette god warde;
The tothre they slewe to deth harde,
With fuyr brennyng, and with sweord,
With ax, and mace, and speris ord.
Sixty citees, in that quarter,
Heo forbrente with wildefuyr;
And mony thousand was y-spillid,
Knyghtis, sweynes, ladies, and child.



Digitized by Google

The duk of that lond, with howe,
To kyng Darie is y-flowe.
Heo maden pleynt, and eke cry,
On Alisaundre heore enemy;
Heo tolde the slaught, and the brennyng,
And biddith him smeortly helpyng:
And he ofsent quyk socour hende
Al into the worldes eynde,
Fyve c. knyghtis, saun faile,
He haveth redy to bataile.
  Who so wol geve luste,
Now bygynnith romaunce best.
  Darie, the soudan, maister of kyng,
Is strongly anoied of this tidyng.
He is y-set in a verger,
And with him mony a kayser;
Alle of Jude into Mount Taryn,
And of Affrik, to the cite Garryn,
Ther was mony a sarsyn,
And long-berdet Barbaryn:
Bytweone Tygre and Eufraten,
Saten alle this hethen men.
There was Jonas of Sclaveyne,
And Joachim, duk of Coloyne,
And Antiphilinus of Barbarie,
Of Capedoce, and Saturnyn;
And of Sab the duk Mauryn;

Digitized by Google

He was of Kaymes kunrede ;
His men no kouthe speke, no grede,
Bote al, so houndes, grenne, and berke,
So us tellith this clerkis.
An hundrid thousand counselers
Weore with Darie in the vergere.
Of he dressed hed and swyre,
And gan speke in this matire:
" *Ore sa, tost,* Salome, my cosyn,
" And Archecan, of Jopes lyn,
" And of Calden the duk Tirine,
" Ye seoth my wo, ye seoth my pyne,
" Takith xl. M. knyghtis,
" Wel y-armed, anon rightis,
" And doth to-fore of ost myne,
" And to the castel of Baryn.
" Gef ye meteth the traitour robbour,
" Geveth him messantoure!
" Smyteth the hed his body fro,
" And muche honour Y schal you do!
" Beoth hardy, and monly doth;
" For after we comuth, forsoth."
Salomè, and his felawe,
This heste undurtoke fawe.
The stedes thai gunnen by mane grope,
And lepen on sadel withouten stirope.
Fourty thousand of Hethen knyghtis
With heore lord to weorre heom dyghtis.

Digitized by Google

Hygh was the bost, and the deray,
That heo maden that ilke day!
There was mony gonfanoun,
Of gold, sendel, and siclatoun:
Mony faire hethen lady
There les sone hire amy!
They wentyn quyk, heom thoughte longe;
They songyn mony joly songe,
And everich saide, so he gan ride,
That Alisaundre no durste heom abyde;
For gef he myghte beo founde,
They wolde him brynge to Darie y-bounde.
Thus they went over the lond,
Till they comen to a strond,
In a medwe, undur a doune;
Ther they teilde paveloune.
That nyght they restid thare,
With wardes, bothe gode and warre.
On morwe, whan the day was clere,
Salomè leop on his juster,
Y-armed with a stelene brond;
And dyghte him quyk over the strond;
And rideth swithe, so foul may fleon,
Alisaundres ost for to y-seon.
He hath perceyved by his syght,
That they no havith ageyns him no myght.
They rideth ageyn to Darie the kyng,
And tolde him neowe tidyng.

Digitized by Google

" Sire, heo saide, Alisaundre thy fo
" Is feol so lyoun, wilde so roo!
" He liggeth nygh, with suche pray,
" That he wrieth al the contray;
" Suche him thretith, no durre him seon.
" By othir red ye mote beon.
" Sendith Ymagu, youre standard,
" And Archilaus in the furst ward!"
Salomè was a faire knyght,
Faire in chaumbre, and strong in fyght,
His hed was crolle, and yolow the here,
Broune thereonne, and white his swere,
Plate feet, and longe honden,
Pase faire, and body long.
Darie was byhynde comyng,
With fif [hondreth] thousyng.
Of Capadoce, Archilaus
Was a kyng, wel orgulous.
Twenty thousand, of that lond,
He hadde knyghtis to his hond.
Thuse comuth to-fore Darie,
And saiden, " Sire, no darst nought tarye!
" Of Alisaunder Y schal thé wreke,
" That the world schal therof speke.
" Y wol him nyme, and faste bynde,
" His honden his rug byhynde;
" And yeilde him tó thy wille;
" Al his folk Y wol spille.

Digitized by Google

" Gef me sire the furste bataile,
" His owne body Y wol assaile;
" And do thyn newe consdillynge.
" Thyn hornes blowe, thy bellen rynge ;
" And Turkeis, and the Arabiauns,
" And let arme the Affrigauns,
" And thy standard to, Amagone,
" And al thyn ost ordeyn anone.
" Fourty thousand, alle astore,
" Olifauntes let go to-fore.
" Apon everiche olifaunt a castel,
" Theryn xii. knyghtis, y-armed wel.
" They scholle holde the skirmyng
" Ageyns Alisaundre the kyng."
Darie was wel apaied
Of that Archelaus haveth y-saide.
Theo glove he geveth, heom bytweone,
Kyng Alisaundre for to slene :
Archelaus therof geveth graunt,
Ac he brak that covenaunt.
Daries folk is all ordeynt,
And y-pavylounded in a pleyn.
Over a water passed they buth,
Every ost othir y-seoth.
Kyng Darie, and Salomé,
Haveth prechid heore maigné,
Wel to fyghte, wel to stonde,
Heore fon to dryve out of londe,

Digitized by Google

And warde setteth til the morwe.—
Jesus shilde us alle from sorowe!
Listenith now, and letith gale,
For now ariseth a noble tale.

Digitized by Google

## CHAP. X.

### CONTENTS.

*Enumeration of the forces in the army of Darius, and of their leaders.—Alexander, while occupied in a game of chess, is informed of the approach of the enemy.—List of his principal officers.—His speech to them.—He begins the battle by killing the king of Tyssile.—General description of the action.—Particular account of the exploits performed by the bravest knights on both sides.—The Persians are at length thrown into confusion.—Darius flies, and, though pursued by Alexander, escapes under favour of the night.—The Persian camp taken.*

In tyme of May hot is in boure ;
Divers, in medewe, spryngith floure ;
The ladies, knyghtis honourith ;
Treowe love in heorte durith,
Ac nede coward byhynde kourith ;
Theo large geveth ; the nythyng lourith ;
Gentil man his leman honourith,
In burgh, in cité, in castel, in toure.
Darie the kyng, and Salomé,
Haveth y-dyght heore maigné :

Digitized by Google

The olifauns to-fore they dyghtis,
Erly, so the sonne him lyghtis ;
xl. M. castelis there ware,
That xii., other xv. knyghtis bare :
This scholde with-stonde hard,
And siwen all the forward.
Archelaus after him cam,
(That of Darie an honde nam,
Alisaundre him dude yeilde ;)
With twenty thousant bryghte scheldis.
Of Aufrik, kyng Tauryn,
Al so feole broughte with him.
Aicoiphilus was next, of Ynde,
And hadde also xx. thousynd.
Saturnus, of Barbarie,
Ladde after him xx. thousand hardy.
Jonas broughte also, of Cartáge,
xx. thousand knyghtis savage.
Mauryn brought after, of Ynde lond
Twenty thousande of felle honde.
Nicosar, prince of Nynyuen,
xxx. thousand ladde after and ten.
Octiatus, Daries' odame,
After theose ostes he cam ;
Sixty thousand he ladde of knyghtis,
In bataile strong and wyghte.
Darye came after blyve,
With his children, and with his wyve,

Digitized by Google

And with his suster, and his menage:
An hondur thousant knyghtis savage
Ridith in his compaignye.
Salomé so doth him gye.
There was gret naygheing of stede;
Of gold and seolver, whit and rede;
There was mony word of pruyde,
There was mony riche wede.
Alisaundre sat in a samyt,
And pleied at ches in his delyt;
Not he nought of this comyng,
Ac a knyght com sone rennyng,
And saide, " Sire, up on hast!
" Here comuth Darie, and al his ost.
" He comuth with so gret here,
" Wondur is the ground may heom beore!"
The kyng cried, " Armes anon!"
To armes they went everichon.
Mony thousant gentil knyghtis
Weoren y-armed, anon ryghtis.
Tolomeus was his styward;
N'as never y-founde coward.
xii. M. he ladde to-fore,
Gode knyghtis and doughty astore.
Antigonus his marchal was,
No bolder knyght non ther n'as:
This broughte, so Y fynde,
After xii. thousand:

Digitized by Google

Mark of Rome, and duk Tybére,
Non better n'ere Y dar swere;
Theose xx. thousand ladde,
N'as ther never on badde.
Of Archade, Perdicas,
Noble knyghtis in every cas,
xx. thousand ladde, saun faile;
Non better was in that bataile.
Permeneo the last was,
With Nyconar, and Philotas,
The fadir and the sones twey;
Was non better in no contráy.
Theose broughte fourty thousand,
And come softeliche byhynde.
Alisaundre was wis, and war,
Now he was here, now he war thar.
He bad heom be hardy, and nothyng drede,
He wolde heom warante in every nede.
" Knutte, youre fomen taile!
" Alle to slaught, and nought to spoile!
" Ye schul have, after bataile,
" Alle the bygates, saun faile:
" Y kepe nought, bote honóur,
" Al the bygate schal beo your.
" Darie trusteth in his bataille,
" Of his olifans, saun faile:
" Let heom passe, withoute assaile,
" And siweth me at my taile.

Digitized by Google

" No schal [scape] non of this ost:
" Siweth me thus al acost.
" All that Y have Darie y-founde,
" Than leggeth on to the grounde."
Thus they passeth ost by ost,
Withoute fyghtyng, other bost,
Till heo comen, saun faile,
To the kynges ost of Tysoile.
This gan Alisaundre segge,
And furst him mette with speris egge;
Through brunny and scheld, to the akedoun,
He to-barst atwo his tronchon;
Ac Alisaundre hutte him, certe,
Thorugh livre, and longe, and heorte.
Areches he hutte; now he is ded,
N'ul he no more ete bred.
Alisaundre'is folk gan crye,
And saiden in gret melodye,
" Oure kyng hath this freke y-felde;
" Oure is the maistry of the felde!"
Now rist grete tabour betyng,
Blaweyng of pypes, and ek trumpyng,
Stedes lepyng, and ek arnyng
Of sharp speres, and analyng
Of stronge knighttes, and wighth metyng;
Launces breche and increpyng;
Knighttes fallyng, stedes lesyng;
Herte and heuedes thorough kerunyg;

Digitized by Google

Swerdes draweyng, lymes lesyng,
Hard assaylyng, and strong defendyng,
Stif witthstondyng, and wighth fleigheyng,
Sharp of takyng armes spoylyng:
So gret bray, so gret crieyng,
Ffor the folk there was dyeyng;
So muche dent, noise of sweord,
The thondur blast no myghte beo herde!
No the sunne hadde beo seye,
For the dust of the poudré! 2180
No the weolkyn seon me myght,
So was arewes and quarels flyght!
Alisaundre ferde on eche half,
So hit wore an hungry wolf,
Whan he comuth amonges schep,
With toth and clawes bygynnyth to frete.
A joly kyng, me clepith Lauris,
Aspieth Alisaundre of pris;
He smot the stede, and lette the bridel,
Ageyns him he gan ride. 2190
Alisaundre he smot with the arme,
That launce paced without harme:
Ac Alisaundre him smot thorugh the brest,
The spere thorugh the body threost;
To the grounde fel the cors;
Nym, who so wolde, his hors.
Alisaundre and Bulsifal
Sleth that heo meteth, al.

Digitized by Google

This batail destuted is,
In the French, wel y-wis,
Therfore Y have, hit to colour,
Borowed of the Latyn autour,
How hent the gentil knyghtis;
How they conceyved heom in fyghtis;
On Alisaundre half, and Darie also.
Gef ye lustneth me to,
Ye schole here geste of mounde,
No may non beter beo founde.
Now tellith the geste, saun faile,
So on the schyngil lyth the haile,
Every knyght so laide on othir:
Mony mon ther les his brothir:
Mony lady hire amye,
Mony maide hire drewery.
Mony child is faderles,
Gret and dedliche was that pres!
Among this tail, Hardapilon,
On of Alisaundres fon,
Saw Tolomé, Alisaundris stiward,
Brynge Daries folk donward;
A riche kyng, so was of Mede,
With sporen he smot his gode stede,
Aside he com, and smot Tholomew,
That he of his hors threow.
Tholomew on fote leope,
Who him threow he nam good kepe;

Digitized by Google

He smot his stede in the mane,
That hed fro the body chane.
Hardapilon leop on fote,
To Tolomew with sweord he smot;
A-two cleved his scheld,
That hit fleygh into the feld.
Tholomè smot Hardapilon;
Helm and basnet, on ovenon,
The scharpe sweord cark bothe,
And thorugh the hed to the tothe.
He leop on his owne stede,
And wyghtly gan abowte ryde;
Mony abowte it theretille
That he of his hors feoll.
Antigone, over al,
Was Alisaundres marchal.
This metith Ardomado,
That mony mon hath don wo.
Ardomado the spere let glide,
Thorugh Antigones syde;
He hurte him sore, sikerliche,
Ac nought dedliche.
Antigone smot him bet:
He hit him thorugh theo heorte put:
His fet he knutte on his owne hors,
And to-drawe dude that cors.
With Alisaundre so was Glitoun,
An hardy duk of gret renoun;

Digitized by Google

He was Antigones felawe,
Monye he brought of lyf dawe.
Now he mette with Tauryn,
A duyk, a riche Sarsyn;
Even togedre they meten bothe,
For whiche thyng they waxen wrothe
Heore hors hedlyng mette,
That heo to grounde y-swowe sletten:
As Y you sey, bothe heore stede,
Feollen to grounde dede.
Glitoun tho gan furst of-dawen,
And his lymes to him drawen.
Tauryn, tho he say that,
He gan drawe up his stat.
Glitoun ros furst, so Y fynde,
And smot Tauryn uprisynde,
On the helm with the sweord,
That the dynt stod at the gird.
With Darie was Nygusar,
Kyng of Nynyve, wis, and war.
The folk to-fore him fleygh, certis,
Tofore the lyoun so doth the hertes.
He smot Jonas apon the mound
In to the sadel at on wounde;
Maglu he tok on the scheld,
Al the syde fley into the feld;
Fulbor he smot on the rugge,
To theo navele cam the egge;



Digitized by Google

Ramel he tok on the wombe,
And rof him thorugh as a lombe:
Ther n'as knyght in that syde,
That his strok durste abyde.
Gysarme and sweord bothe,
Nygusar bar forsothe;
On bothe half, duyk and knyght
He laide on, and slough doun ryght.
Philotas this sygh, and undurstod,
How Nygusar faughte as he weore wod;
He smot a strok dude him harme,
For of he carf his ryght arme:
Nygosar ful wel y-feled
His ryght arme lay in the felde;
With his lyft hand he hef his gysarme,
And thought to do Philotas harme.
A-two peces he hadde him gurd,
No hadde Glitoun y-come, certes,
That pulte forth a stelene scheld,
Nygusars dunt withhuld.
Theo gysarme carf the steil hard,
Feor over the mydward;
Als he hit toggid, out to habbe,
Philot him gaf anothir dabbe,
That in the scheld the gysarme
Bylefte hongyng, and eke the arme.
Nygosar tho from he schette,
And with two knyghtis yet he mette.

Digitized by Google

With his heved, and with his cors,
Yet he bar heom of heore hors.
Ac Philot was at his rugge,
And smot with sweordes egge,
That the hed feol adoun,
N'as in Perce suche a baroun.
Wol he null he, ded he is:
Al Peirce for him sorwith, y-wis.
Permeneo, a duyk of Alisaundris ost,
Byside he aleyde muche bost:
For he smot Fabular, the admirayl,
Thorugh the brest brede, saun faile;
And Magu, with the seolve spere,
Thorugh the wombe he gan him beore.
Theo spere to-barst withoute doute:
Four knyghtis him cam abowte.
Myd launce in hond halle,
He byleved, so a walle.
As Y you sey, saun dotaunce,
Alle foure they brekyn heore launces.
Permeneo his sweord out drough,
And a duyk then furst he slough;
For so he tok his basyn,
That hit clevyd into the chyn.
After he raughte Agyloun,
That he kutte his necke bon:
The thridde, Gildas, faste biked;
Ac thorugh the throte he him styked:

Digitized by Google

The furthe, Marub, a fayr baroun,
He cleved to the breste adoun.
His hors he gaf to Orest,
That was to grounde y-preost:
Orest he broughte on stede,
And bad him don gode nede.
Permeneo, in litel stounde,
To mony on gaf dedly wounde.
Oxiatus hadde sones two,
Fairer no myghte on grounde go.
Darie the kyng was heore eme,
Of his suster was that teme.
Theose flowen fro Permeneon,
Ageyns Nycanor his sone.
That on was clepid Amanas,
That othir hette Aramadas;
Theose braken, at one fore,
Heore launces on Nycanore:
And he hitte Amanas,
With his spere that scharp was,
In the cubur of the eyghe,
That bothe his eyghnen out fleyghe:
Theo tronchon barst in the brayn.
That othir he tok with mayn,
He claf him with his sweord broun,
Into the sadelis arsoun.
Muche wo and gret weilyng,
Was y-mad for the yongelying,

Digitized by Google

Of Oxiatus, and Darie also:
Al Perce made for heom wo.
On either half they laiden on
So the mason on the ston.
Ther was mony stede y-schent,
And mony god hawberk to-rent;
And mony knyght, with dethes wounde,
Guodded gras on the grounde.
Ac Alisaundre, and Tolomeus,
With heom weore so vertuous,
That the ost which they mette
They broughte heom out of the flette,
And, for heore prynces weoren y-swawe,
They gan fleo and withdrawe.
To Ymago they turned pas,
There the kynges standard was,
And maden al aloud crying:
"Socoure ows, Darie the kyng!
"Bote thou do us socoure,
"Alayd is, Darie, thyn honoure!"
Darie herith this tydyng;
His sporis he gynneth in hors thryng,
And twenty thousand knightis with him,
In heorte weore steorne and grym.
Darie, with a styf launce ryt,
Drian, a baron of Grece, heo hitte
Byneothe the scheld into the wombe,
And thorugh him thorlith, so a lombe:

Digitized by Google

With Alisaundre n'ere, y-swere,
Nought feole wyghtyore.
Yete, no more of him to speke,
They nedid heom him to awreke.
Alle that Alisaundre hitte,
Hors and mon doun he smyt.
He rod forth thorugh the pres,
Was ther non to his prowesse.
He hadde y-hud, so we fynde,
Asyden, xx. thousand,
That scholden come, on fresche steden,
Heom to socoure at most nede.
Alisaundre and Tholomous,
With heom weore so vertuous,
That heo weore passed ostis two;
To the thridde they came tho.
Ther was mony baner feld,
And mony bore thorugh the scheld.
Ther was kut mony a kote,
And mony a veyne y-lat blode.
There was thurled mony a syde,
And mony stede drough his bridel.
Salomé sygh, at that on half,
Hou Alisaundre as a wolf,
That feole dayghes hadde y-fast,
Theo scheip to-draweth in the wast;
So Alisaundre, among heore men,
Sleth doun ryght by nyne and ten;

Digitized by Google

With faire ost he cumuth flyng,
And launce arerid to batelynge.
Thorughout he smot a baroun,
That was y-hete Deogmoun;
Ded he threow him to grounde.
He was a baroun of gret renoun;
His men weopith for heore lord.
Salomé quyk drough a sweord;
In litel stounde he slough, y-wis,
Ten barounes of gret pris,
Eche of his men a Gregeis,
That weore knyghtis of nobleys.
N'as ther non of heom that lowgh;
In heorte cam so muche sorowe,
That of felde nygh they flowe,
For fere nygh they weore y-swowe.
So they weore cowardes alle,
So heo ferden so deor in halle;
And flodeden, so faren in feld.
Theo folk of Perce gan abelde.
Ac Tyberye so com acost,
On gode stedis, byfore his ost,
And hutte Salomé with his spere,
That of the sadel he gan him beore,
Over the croupe to the grounde.
Y-swowe he lay longe stounde,
He was y-woundid, nought sore y-hurt.
Ther ros batayle aperte.

Digitized by Google

Ten hundrid weoren to dethe y-dyght,
Or he to sadil lepe myght.
Ac tho he was in sadil y-brought,
In bothe halve hit was ful towh.
Yet n'uste no man in whiche syde
The maistrie scholde abyde.
Hors neyghyng, and cryghyng of men,
Men myghte here myle ten.
Mark of Rome, and Antioche,
Heore gode stedis gonne perche,
With twenty thousant of fressche men,
And ther arerid a neowe teone.
Me myghte y-seo ther knyghtis defoille,
Heorten blede, braynes boyle,
Hedes tomblen, and guttes drawe,
Mony body overthrawe.
Alisaundre wel joly byholdith;
His Gregeys ful faire he boldith,
With Antioche, and Mark of Rome,
That tho him to socoure come.
He so stiketh, and so slen,
That alle Perciens gonne to fleon.
Darie therof was y-war,
So wo no was him never ar.
He leop upon a stede corour,
And flowgh away withoute socour;
He lette mony wyves child,
And fleoth as a best wilde.

Digitized by Google

Tho Alisaundre cried anon,
" Quyk after Darie everychon !"
Men myghte se tho after ryde,
With drawe sweord and slak the bridal,
Kyng and duyk, eorl and baroun,
Prikid the stedis with gret raundoun;
Ac Alisaunder apon Bulsifall,
He passed his people all,
After Darie with al his myght,
Til hit was nygh the nyght.
Darye him hudde undur a lynde,
That Alisaundre no myght him nought fynde;
Myght him nought fynde swayn no grome,
So he was y-hud in lynde and brome.
Alisaundre wente ageyn,
Quyk asiweth him al his men.
He tok Darie's modur, and his wyf,
And his doughter, that leove lyf,
And ladies, and damoselis,
So mony that Y n'ot how feole.
Ther dude Alisaundre curtesye ;
He kepith heom fro vylanye,
Daries modur, and his wif,
And his doughter that leove lif.
Theo othir ladies after that they ware,
To knyghtis weore deliverid there ;
And damoselis to garsounes,
Ther was mad al comunes.

Digitized by Google

Cupis, pellis, broches, ryngis,
Harneys, armes, othir thyngis,
Alisaundre freoly ther dyghtis
After worthe to his knyghtis;
Ther n'as knave, no quystron,
That he no hadde god waryson:
He hadde prisons, so Y fynde,
Gentil men an hundred thousand.
To divers castles he heom sent:
Some to Grece, to present,
Some to Libye, some to Rome,
And swor that heo no scholde out come,
Til he of Darie weore awreke,
That men myghte therof speke.
Now the sonne to the grounde held,
Yet stondith the olifans in the feld;
Everychon bar xii. knyghtis,
Wel arayed so foul to flyghte.
Of heom was fourty thousand,
Theo kyng heom assailed byhynde.
Ther was batayl so strong,
N'as non suche in the day long.
Tolomé ther cam to socoure,
With thritty thousand of gret valoure;
And Antioche, and Tibire also,
Aboutyn heom they can go;
Parforce smyten into the thrynge,
And duden beastes from othir derenge.

Digitized by Google

Thus they come heom bytweone,
And stykid feole al so kene;
And theo knyhtis of the castelis,
Thus they slowe thousand feole.
Derk hit was, men myght nought seon,
Feole ascapith and ȝgen to fleon.
Alisaundre therfore made gret sorowe,
They moste drawe to herborwe.
They wente anon to pavelounes;
With alle duykes and barounes,
With twenty thousand gode knyghtis,
He dude heom wardy that ilke nyght.

Digitized by Google

## CHAP. XI.

### CONTENTS.

*The Greeks bury their dead.—Alexander carries the captive family of Darius to Nicomedia, after which he marches in pursuit of the enemy.—Darius, having escaped to Babylon, again assembles a vast army.—Alexander, on his part, sends in all directions for reinforcements.—In passing Mount Taurus, on his return toward Greece to hasten his succours, he finds a spear fixed in the ground, which no man was able to move; and hearing that the empire of the world was promised to the person who should draw it out, he atchieves the task.—Proceeding in his expedition, he is stopped by the Thebans.—He besieges their town.—The Thebans make a sally, but, after a long and obstinate conflict, are repulsed.—Alexander makes a breach in the walls, and Parmeneon storms the city.—A harper appears before Alexander, and supplicates him to spare the remaining inhabitants; but the conqueror proves inexorable, and Thebes is reduced to ashes.*

In tyme of May, the nyghtyngale
In wode, makith miry gale;
So doth the foules grete and smale,
Some on hulle, som on dale. 2550

Digitized by Google

Theo day dawith, the kyng awakith,
He and his men heore armes takith;
They wendith to theo batail steode,
They fyndith nought bote bodies dede.
Yonge and olde, feole they founde,
Knyghtis dede of grete londe;
Alle they dude brynge heom on eorthe,
After that hy weren worthe,
For heom was y-mad gret deol.
Afterward parted that spoyl,
That eche mon was wel payed,
So Y have to-fore sayd.
Thennes to Nekomedie they turneth,
A strong cité, and sojorneth.
Daries doughter, suster, and wyf,
He kepte, so his owne lyf,
In mete and drynke, and clothyng,
And in all othir thyng:
And spirred whider Darie is went.
God ows geve avauncement!
Mury is the blast of the styvour;
Mury is the twynkelyng of the harpour;
Swote is the smeol of flour;
Swete hit is in maidenes bour;
Appeol swote berith faire colour;
In treowe love is swote amour.
Darie is to Babiloyne went,
And after socour hath y-sent.

Digitized by Google

First to him com, saun faile,
Alle that flowen fro the bataile.
Faire chevalry him cam fro Mede,
Wel y-armed, on heygh stede,
Ther com a faire compaignye:
So him dude fro Asye,
From Saba, and from Pentapolis;
Muche people to him cam, y-wis.
From Pamphile, and from Lyde,
Mony knyght can to him ryde.
Out of Ynde, from Prestre Jon,
Him cam knyghtis mony on.
So muche people cam fro southe,
No mon telle heom no kouthe:
So muche people had never kyng,
On eorthe in the beryng.
Of his people theo grete pray
Laste twenty myle way:
Alle they bostodyn, muche and lyte,
Alisaundres hed of to smyte.
To Alisaundre com tidyng,
Of the people, and of the grete thretyng.
He sent messangers of nobleye,
Into Grece, into Achye,
Into Egipte, into Libye,
Into Cisyle, and Lumbardie,
Into Champayne, into Rome,
And to al that weore at his dome.

Digitized by Google

Quykliche he sent his sonde,
To alle the justices of the londe,
That he hadde, undur sonne,
With dynt of batayle to hym wonne.
They scholde him sende al the knyghtis,
That on hors ride myghte;
And bowe-men, and alblastreris,
And alle that hadde power
To bere weopene to defence:
They scholde him sende with her dispence.
An hundred thousand, and fyfty therto,
Ye and twenty thousand mo,
Knyghtis and men of gret vygoure,
Comen quyk to his socoure.
So sone so they buth alle y-come,
Alisaundre hath the way y-nome,
With al his folk, toward Darie:
No lengur nolde he sparie.
He passeth Tauryn, theo heyghe hul:
Ther stod a spere, so men tellith,
Yn the ground y-stikit fast,
That never more schadue cast;
Who that drough hit of the molde,
The world to wille wynne scholde.
Darie hadde y-beon there,
And mony kyng, and eke kaysere;
Ac non of his myghte up-drawe,
No forth in eorthe hit wawe.

Digitized by Google

Tho Alisaundre this say he lowh,
And at the furste up he drough,
Al his folk myd, y-wis,
Therof hadyn gret blys.
To Thebes hy wendith whate;
They schutten ageyn him every gate:
The kyng hit het of the cité.
So ful he was of iniquité!
Thebes was a cité riche,
Non in the world hit y-liche,
Bote Rome alone,
That pere no hadde none.
xii. gates weore ther abowte,
That no stont none doute:
Everiche gate of the toun,
Lokith eorl or baroun,
That hadde citees, or castelis,
Uudur heom, and knyghtis feole.
To everiche of the xii. gates,
Ther laye to hyghe stretis,
Al so noble of riche mounde,
So is Chepe in this londe.
That cité was ryght fyn and riche;
Wel y-walled, and well y-dyched
Ethmes hette heore kyng,
He was of Edippes ofspryng:
Feol, and fikel, and proud also.
That him feol to muche wo.



Digitized by Google

He of-sente his barounye,
And eke al his bachelrye.
Alle they comen, saun faile,
To give Alisaundre bataile.
Wel they warden gatis alle,
The fortresses and the walle.
Alisaundre hit herde telle;
His ost he hyght thidir snelle,
Quykliche to Tebie toun:
They wenten and segedyn aviroun.
Ther was asawt gret withalle,
Of tho that weore withynne the wallis,
With albristris, and with bowe,
They dude othir wo and howe.
Alisaundre, and his barouns,
Had y-telde heore pavelouns,
And went to Alisaunder sone.
Aboute tyme of none,
(The gate that hette Dardanidas,
That tyme unstokyn was)
Of Thebes come rydyng, tho,
Foure thousand knyghtis, and mo;
Wyght of mayn, and strong of bones,
Y-coled alle for the nones;
Armed alle in gyse of Fraunce,
With fair pencel and styf launce.
For heom alle, on gan crye,
And saide, "Alisaunder!" thrye,



Digitized by Google

" Whar artow, horesone! whar?
" An hore to Amon the bar:
" Thou avetrol, thou foule wreche,
" Here thou hast thyn eyndyng feched!
" Com, and geve us on justyng,
" And thow schalt have hard metyng."
Alisaundre swor, anon ryght,
By him that made day and nyght,
And he myghte heom wynne,
No for love, no for gynne,
He nolde with heom acorde:
Ac heo schole al to the sworde,
And al that cité he wolde brenne.
Forth he is with that y-ronne,
And with his launce metith a duyk,
And sente his soule to Belsabuk.
There was mony pencel god,
Quyk y-bathed in heorte blod.
Mony hed atwo y-kyt,
Mony lym from the body smitte,
And also mony gentil cors,
Was y-foiled undur fet of hors.
Ther lay on grounde mo than ynowe;
Some sterved, and some y-swowe.
Ther was y-come, out of Athene,
A yong knyght, jolyf, and kene:
To Thebes he cam, y-wis,
For to wynne los, and pris:



Digitized by Google

He was an emperouris sone:
Wel to justis was his wone;
Notheles, sone he say
A yong knyght, also of gret deray;
He smot his stede, and lette the bridel,
Ageyns him he gynneth to ride,
A launce was on his spere,
Whiche he can ageyns him to beore.
He smot him thorugh armure, longe, and livere:
The scharpe spere gynneth al to-schivere:
Notheles, sone slayn he is,
Faste by Alisaundre y-wis.
The yonge knyght his bridel turneth,
And to that othir side eorneth.
Tho of Thebes cried, in blisse,
" Alisaundres folk deoleth, y-wis,
" For the knyght that is y-slawe;
" For he was ryght good felawe!"
Yet, this yong knyght of Athene,
Draweth his sweord bryght and schene;
Threo he slough of Grece lond,
And two of Trace, Y undurstond.
Theo sixte he slough of Naverne that was,
The seventhe he slough of Tas.
Alisaundre sygh ful wel,
That he dude his folk quelle.
He tok in hond a styf spere;
Bulsifal gan him swithe beore;

Digitized by Google

He smot Madan, the yonge knyght,
Ageyns the breste, with al his myght,
That thorugh the heorte the launce flang,
And thorugh the chyne an elne lang.
They of Thebes can graden,
And for him gret deol maden.
Hit nas no wondur, in gret stúde he stod:
Among heom alle was non so god;
And toké that he hadde wyght,
Among heom alle, threo hundred knyghtis:
Thai heom hulden al y-lore;
Away heo haveth heore lord y-bore,
To Athenes, wel feor thenne,
And buried him among his kynne.
Tho of Thebes faste foughte;
And tho of Grece as knyghtis doughty.
And, of Thebes, in litel stounde,
Threo hundrod layden to grounde.
This Thebes seyghen how men heom clowen;
To heore gates they drowen;
The gates weoren quyk unschut,
And quyk beon al y-steot.
Ac, ar the gate weore y-loke,
Mony poune was to-broke;
Mony foul crye was y-grad;
And mony brayn was y-schad.
Notheles, at the laste,
The gates weore schut ful faste.

Digitized by Google

Alisaundre, and his folk alle,
Faste asailed heore wallis,
Myd berfreyes, with alle gyn,
Gef they myghte the cité wynne.
Ac tho of Thebes heom steorid,
And heore wallis wyghtly weorred.
With scharpe quarelis, and with flone;
With hot water, and with stone,
And with wildefuyr, that they caste,
They slowe mony, and made agaste.
Ac with targes, and hurdices,
Theo Gregeis heom wryed als the wise.
The kyng hotith all his maigné
Quyk to assaile that cité,
Al abowte, every man,
And everiche al that he can.
Some schote, some threowe,
Theo slaughte myghte mony on rewe!
For they no myghte hed up habbe,
Bote they laughte dedly dabbe.
Vche of hem byment othere,
Frend, felawe, knighth his brothere.
The 'saut com so thikke and swithe,
That no weryng ne myghte heom lithe.
Men myghte ther y-seo hondis wrynge,
Paunes bete, and hors turnyng;
Sway, and gret dismayng;
Women scrike, girles gredyng.

Digitized by Google

The kyng hadde of heom pité non:
He hotith his men everichon,
To geve asaut, nyght and day,
With al that everiche can and may.
He nolde heom geve restyng,
No treowes for no biddyng.
And they weore proude of that cité;
And ful of everiche iniquyté:
Kaucyon they n'olde geve, no bidde.
The kyng saw well heore pruyde;
He hette quyk his fotemen alle,
To brynge of Thebes doun the wallis:
So they dude, and laide hit asyde,
That men myghte theron ryde.
By the coyntise of the kyng,
Was mony on up rydyng.
Mawgre the Thebes everichon,
The gode knyght Permeneon,
Is y-ride up to the wall;
And leop adoun among heom all,
On his stede, and al his armes.
Theo Thebes stoden aboute his harme,
Hasteliche him for to slene;
Ac with his scheld he gan him wren
And with his sword defenden his cors;
Undur him they slowe his hors.
Up he leop on fote, sikir,
And fond heom alle good bikir.

Digitized by Google

He is to-hewe by fyve by sixe,
So the bocher doth the oxe.
Whiles the people of the toun
Ententid to Permeneon,
The kyng dude a noble stake.
The gate parforce up he brak;
In to the cité he con dassche,
And al his people more and lasse.
There quyk yeoden to sweord
Swayn and knyght, with heore lord;
Faire and foule, man and wif,
There loren heore swete lif.
Tofore the kyng com an harpour,
And made a lay of gret favour,
In whiche he saide, with mury cry,
" Kyng, on ows have mercy!
" Hereinne was y-bore Amphion,
" Fadir of godis everychon;
" Aliber, the god of wyne,
" And Hercules of kynne thyne;
" Here hadde the godes of nortoure.
" This toun thow schalt, kyng, honoure;
" Ageyns heom thy wraththe adant
" Gef heom mercy and pes heom graunt!"
Al so quyk, al the contréy,
That weoren of the kyngis fey,
Grad, and gan the kyng preche,
He scholde tak of heom wreche;

Digitized by Google

And saide wel, er that tyme,
Al Grece was of heom venyme.
They him tolde, how Edippus
Hadde y-slawe his fadir Layus;
And, more wo at the laste,
How he weddid his modur Jocast,
And bygate in hire sones two,
None worce no myghte go:
That on was Etheilieches,
That othir was Polonices.
Of pruyde n'as non heom y-liche;
How they stryveden for the kynriche,
And, for heom, was slayn in fyghtis,
Of Grece alle the gode knyghtis:
Ipomidon, and Tideus,
Amphiröe and Adrastus,
And the faire Pertonopus,
And the stronge duyk Capaneus,
Of wimen the iniquitê
In that tyme of that cité.
Tho the kyng had this herd,
He slough dounryght, with sweord,
Mon and wif, child in hond,
Eche lyves body into the ground,
And wildefuyr theron sette,
That brente doun, into the flette,
Tymber, ston, and morter.
He made of Thebes a place cleir:

Digitized by Google

Never siththe that destroying,
N'as in Thebes wonying;
Bote, as a stude for-let,
Is now Thebes, that men of spak.
That was a cité of most worthe,
Of alle tho that weore in eorthe.
For heore sonde that was unhende
Now hit is brought out of mynde.
Thus endith Thebes cité.
God on us have pité!
And leve us so to thrive,
We mote come to his lyve,
When we schule hennes wende,
And libbe with him withoute eynde!

Digitized by Google

# CHAP. XII.

CONTENTS.

*Alexander continues his march, and receives the submission of all the cities on his way, till he arrives at Athens.—Letter of Alexander to the Athenians.—Contemptuous answer.—Second summons on the part of Alexander.—Debates in the city.—Speeches of the Emperor, of Dalmadas, and Demosthenes.—By advice of the latter, the Athenians determine on submission; and he is deputed to convey their message to Alexander, whom he finds engaged at chess.—Address of Demosthenes to the King.—His reply.—Second speech of Demosthenes.—Alexander at length accepts the submission of the Athenians, and continues his progress, but is unexpectedly interrupted by the revolt of the city of Macedonia, which he besieges.—The revolters make a sally and are repulsed.—The inhabitants seize on the keys of the city, and carry them to Alexander, who receives the citizens into his favour and protection.*

MURY hit is in sonne-risyng!
The rose openith and unspryng;
Weyes fairith, the clayes clyng;
The maideues flourith, the foulis syng;
Damosele makith mornyng,
Whan hire leof makith pertyng!

Digitized by Google

The kyng with his ost wendith,
And to mony citees his sonde sendith.
So he wendith by the way,
Homage non withsay;
Ac alle heo duden him feuté,
And swore heom holde, and lewté;
And gave him giftes of gret pris,
And fonden him knyghtis to his servise.
Ac tho he cam nygh Athene,
(That was a cité proud and kene;
Of Grece he bar theo maistrie,
Of marchauns and clergie)
Alisaundre his lettre heom sendith:
Theo messangers thidre wendith.
To Athenis they buth y-take;
Word for word thus they spake.
" Alisaundre, the stronge kyng,
" To Athenis sendith gretyng.
" We weore aslepe, Darie us wight,
" Til he asked with unryght.
" We havith mad his acord,
" With styf launce and scharpe sweord;
" And xv. kyngis, of gret pris,
" We haveth y-wonne to owre servys:
" Of barouns, duykes, grete and smale,
" No conne we nought telle in tale.
" To you we have also y-sent:
" Ye here owre comaundement.

Digitized by Google

" Sendith ows, to gode hans,
" An C. thousand besans,
" From yeir to yeir that heo no faile,
" And a thousand knyghtis to bataile:
" With no more nul Y yow karpe,
" Al quyk Y hote that ye yarke,
" That Y have by lettre yow saide,
" Othir ye schule beo sore anoyed!"
Tho this lettre was rad and herd,
Mony on redid in the berd;
And saide they wolde with him fyght,
Ar they wold thole such unryght:
And maden a lettre of suche spekyng,
Ageyn to Alisaundre the kyng.
And saiden, " Alisaundrè, the kyng,
" Folk of Athenes sendith thè gretyng!
" Sire, so thou art hende and corteys,
" Let us lyve and have oure pes!
" No kyng, of no parage,
" Never of us hadde homage.
" Phelip thy fadir askid that yilde,
" Ac yet we dryven him out of feilde:
" So we haveth alle othir kyngis,
" That ows askid suche thyngis.
" Gef thow wold aske suche a yeld,
" Com and have hit in the feild!
" We schol do thè of londe skyppe,
" So we dude thy fadir Phelip.

Digitized by Google

" He is ded, we beon therof fawe ;
" The sothe we beon byknowe,
" So we wolde that thou ware,
" That mony mon hast don care.
" Now byleve thyn outrage,
" Or thou mygh lache dedly damage !"
Alisaundre herde this writ,
Wod he wax nygh out of wit :
He swor they scholde sore abugge ;
With scharpe sweordis egge,
Bothe theo lewed and the lerid,
He wolde delivere this mydell erid,
So he of Thebes hadde y-do.
Anothir lettre he sent heom tho,
And of a more bitter tenour ;
Herith hit alle, per amour.
" Ye, proude and stoute of Athene,
" Haveth don myn heorte teone !
" Of yow Y wol me so awreke,
" That al the world schal thereof speke.
" Quyk me sendith x. barouns,
" The best of youre regiouns,
" Anon Y wol don heom serve,
" The tonges out of the hed kerve ;
" Heore fet, heore honden also,
" For ye me haveth dispised so.
" Afterward, to-fore my syght,
" On a treo they schole beo pyght ;

" And hongon, in wynd and reyn,
" Heore wickid counsail to abuyn.
" Now, do quykliche myn heste,
" Other Y wol me wreke in mest and lest."
Athenis was ful of riche spyrie,
Of clerkis that couthe muche clergie,
Of knyghtis, and of faire bachelrye,
And mony fair maide and lady;
Of al the world hit was drywery.
A clerk can the lettre unplye; 3000
And so he saide in loud cry,
Byfore al that company.
Hit was ryght after the tenure
That furst spak the emperour;
He was a fair old man;
Tofore heom alle thus he gan.
" Lordynges, Alisaunder the kyng,
" No hath in eorthe non evenyng:
" Hardy is his flesch and blod,
" His ost is muche, wyght, and god. 3010
" Bothe in palys, and in bataile,
" He doth by Aristotles counsaile:
" By him, he is so ful of gynne,
" That alle men he may wynne.
" He hath y-wonne Grece and Lumbardye,
" Akaye, Romele, and Romanye,
" Gene, Provence, Burgoiyne acoste,
" And Saveye, al to ost:

Digitized by Google

" Theo marche of Fraunse, and of Spayne,
" And Tolouse, and eke Almayne;
" And Egipte, and eke Barbarie,
" And dryven out of feild Darie;
" And takyn his children and his wif.
" Hit n'ys nought with him for to stryf;
" He askith ows bote lite tence:
" A fewe besans to his dispence!
" The peny is of riche mounde,
" That makith hol the pounde.
" They beon worthy to have care,
" That nulleth by othre beowar.
" Thebes, Cydoyné, and Tyre,
" He hath distroied with wildefuyre;
" And alle that he rebel founde,
" He hath y-slawe heom to grounde.
" That he askith we wol him sende,
" And make him our freonde:
" Betre is, so Y ow telle,
" Than he ows alle aquelle.
" Who so nul by othir beo chast,
" Overthrowe he schal in hast."
After him spak Dalmadas
A riche almatour he was,
A fair mon, quoynte, and vertuous,
Feol, and hardy, and coragous.
" Emperour," he saide, " thou spekest to deope;
" Ich am so trayed that neegh ich weope!

Digitized by Google

" Nultow never late ne sket
" A goshauk maken of a kete,
" No faucon mak of busard,
" No hardy knyght mak of coward :
" Ac thou konst make, of knyghtis gode,
" With thy prechyng, coward of blode !
" For no povert, no for no wondur,
" Yet weore we never undur :
" Phelip his fadir we overcome ;
" xx. thousand of his we nome.
" The kyng of Peirce, and othir ynowe,
" We overcome heore folk and slowe,
" And certis, the riche kyng of Mede
" Hadde he never suche ferhede
" His ost wried see and lond,
" Yet he crepe undur oure hond.
" His hed we laide tho to wedde ;
" And mony thousand of his we fedde.
" That day thou hadist heorte of pris :
" And now art ful of cowardys.
" Thow woldest geve vyl trowáge ;
" So dude never non of thy lynáge !
" More honour is, faire to sterve,
" Than in servage vyliche to serve.
" Take we mayn in oure honde ;
" And dryve we him out of londe !
" We haveth knyghtis therto ynowe
" Oure is the ryght : his is the wowhe."

Digitized by Google

The foles herte tho gan sprynge,
Ageyns Alisaundre the kynge,
And saide, Dalmadas was god knyght,
He hadde y-said soth and ryght.
Alle they wolde heom bysteorre,
Ageyns him with ryght to weorre;
And gan crye, at on cry,
They weore alle therto hardy.
Ac Demostines, a riche admyrail,
Saide heom anothir counsail.
" Lordynges, he saide, for the emperour,
" No leosith nought youre honoúr!
" And, gef he haveth wel y-saide,
" No buth nought ageyns him anoyed.
" No doth nought by Dalmadas,
" That ye siggen after alas! alas!
" And, for youre pruyde and outrage,
" Leosen wif, child, and heritage.
" The kyng you redith that ye acorde,
" And makith Alisaundre youre lord.
" Gef ye wolen holde him with,
" Ye mowe have pes and grith.
" And thow hast well y-spoke Dalmadas;
" Sum while we toke Margoras,
" And Cornythe, and eke Perce,
" And mo than Y can reherce.
" Whar buth, now, alle tho knyghtis
" That tho weore redy to fyghtis?



Digitized by Google

" In al this cité, no schaltow fynde,
" Of so gode, on thousand;
" And he an c. thousand and mony othen!
" Hold thé in pes, gode brothir!
" Geveth the besaums, and makith pes;
" Than mowe ye beon at ese."
Dalmadas him saide tho,
" Thou art old, and may nought go!
" Thy wordes buth sone y-don:
" Therfore mak thou streynthe non,
" Though we fare longe the wors;
" No schaltow paye, of thy purs,
" Neither besant, no no peny:
" Ac schole the pore eche halpeny!"
Gret stryf was, bytweone the olde,
And the yonge that weore bolde:
Notheles the olde, saun faile,
Wan the maistry of that counsaile;
And dude hit apon Demostines,
That he scholde make heore pes.
Demostines was a baroun of pris
Ful well norysched mon, y-wis:
He tok an honde this message,
And with him faire baronage,
Wise men, wyghte and belde,
And alle nygh of his elde.
He passith bothe dalis and dounes,
Mony citees, mony tounes,

Digitized by Google

Til they come to that plas,
Ther Alisander y-logged was.
He sat, and pleyghed at the chesse,
With o Griffoun of hethenesse.
Threo hundrod to-fore him stode,
Flombardynges, knyghtis gode,
Schreden in selk, of riche pris,
Redy to the kyngis servys.
Demostines is alyght,
And com among heom ful ryght:
Bote he beo wel y-taught,
Withoute skorn passith he nought.
To-fore the kyng, on kneo he dwellith,
And gentiliche his tale tellith.
" Kyng Alisaundre! he saide, kyngis flour,
" God thè kepe, and thyn honoûr!
" The kynge of Athenis regiouns
" Thè gretith, and his barouns.
" They heom yeildith, in alle wise,
" In al thyng, to thy servyse.
" Here this koroune he thé sent,
" Of gold and gymmes, to present,
" And this sweord of steil clere,
" And this launce, and this baner.
" The baner is with gold grave;
" N'is non on eorthe widder y-knawe.
" And a thousand besans of gold,
" Forthy thè faire serve wold;

Digitized by Google

" And hendely they bysechith thé
" That thou beo heore avowé :
" Forgeve heom, sire, thy maltalent ;
" They wol do thy comaundement !"
The kyng let game of the ches,
And lokid on Demostines.
He tok the croune in honde, in hast,
A-two anon he hit to-barst ;
And saide, " wene ye of Athene,
" Yow beo forgeve my teone ?
" Nay ! by my lay Y sigge,
" Ye schole hit ful sore abigge !
" Y wol beo wroke, in alle wyse,
" Of tho that dudyn me dispyse.
" The emperour, and his barouns,
" Alle schule abygge by Dalmadas !"
" Sire, quod Demostines, thy men thou myght spill :
" They yeildith heom to youre will !
" Mercy they biddith the, sire, freo,
" Of that they myssayde to thè !
" The emperour, and his barouns,
" Yeildith heom to thy baundouns,
" With body and chatel, nygh and feorre,
" To helpe thè to thy werre !"
So faire spekith Demostines,
The kyng tho grauntid his pes ;

And sent heom a writ anon,
That thus was rad to everichon:
" Alisaunder forlet his teone,
" Ageyns the barouns of Athene;
" And afongith the croune,
" In the nome of raunsoun,
" And the sweord, and the baner,
" By soffraunce, of such maner,
" That heo makyn amendiment
" Of Beomny, my baron gent,
" That ye slowe, in youre haven,
" Whan Y com fro Perce ageyn."
Him was deliverid, anon ryghtis,
A thousand besans, and a thousand knyghtis.
Dabinadas was heore chevynteyn;
An hardy baroun, of gret mayn,
And Alisaunder, withouten asoyne,
Hath forth his ost to Macedoyne.
Lord! muche bost was thare!
Gret pruyde, and gay gere;
Mony torforth, mony geaunt,
Mony asse, muyle, and olifaunt:
Mony stede, mony palfray,
Mony gentil knyght, mony fole boy:
Mony baroun, ful wel y-thewed,
Mony ledron, mony schrewe:
Mony baner, mony pensel,
Mony sword of broun steil:

Digitized by Google

Mony juster in covertour,
Mony knyght in riche armure:
Mony faucon, mony spere,
Mony goshauk, mony banere,
Muche cry, mony a song;
The ost was twenty myle long.
So they wendith, by way and path,
To Macedoyne they come rathe.
Ther they weoren fouly y-let!
The gates weoren ageyns him scheot,
With magnelis, slyngis, and bowe,
They duden the host much howe.
Ten thousand of armed knyghtis,
On gode stedis, wel y-dyghte,
Comen out in the strete,
With Alisaundre for to mete.
Tho Alisaundre herde telle,
He spak with tonge so a belle.
He hette, quycly, al the rowte,
Bysette the citè al abowte.
So they dude, al so swithe,
And madyn mony mon unblithe.
Heo setten fuyr about the cité,
For gadelynges ful of iniquité,
And toke al the contréy,
Abowte fyve myle wey.
The cité hadde threo hundrod torellis,
The leste was worth a castell.

Digitized by Google

Alisaundre himself gon flyng,
Aller furst, to this justyng.
He smot a duyk hatte Currend,
That gaf heom counsail to withstond,
Thorugh scheld, bruny and chyne:
He moste nedis his lif tyne.
Tholomou smot Taran,
And gaf him a strok of mayn.
Mark of Rome with Morgas met,
Theo spere thorugh his heorte shette.
Permeneo smot Naburell;
Thorugh the heorte brede the steil.
Philotas mette Laban the duyk,
And bathed his spere in his bouk.
Elicus smot Rodulyn,
Thorugh the throte and thorugh the pypyn.
Antigonus smot Maury feloun,
That he feol ded of his arsoun.
Nicanor smot male-aperte,
Thorugh the brunye into theo herte.
The kyng sygh, of that cité,
That they no myghte duyré:
They dasscheth heom in at the gate,
And doth hit schutte in hast.
The tayl they kyt of hundrodis fyve,
To wedde heo lette heore lyve.
Theo othre into the wallis stygh,
And the kynges men with gonnes sleygh.

Digitized by Google

Theo citè upon the see stod;
And hat is al Alisaundres blod:
He het his folk, so a wod wolf,
Asaile the cité on the see half.
So they dude with myghtly hond.
The pore folk of the lond,
And ladies bryght in bour,
Seyen that heo neo myghten dure.
Hy stolen the kayes under their yate;
The kyng there hy leten in whate,
And fellen aknowe in the strete,
Tofore and under his horses fete,
And crieden, "mercy!" The kyng herde;
He het eche mon do in his sweord:
He undurfong heore feuté,
Alle they swore him leuté.
More and lasse, everichon,
The kyng afong heore mone;
And, withoute more tale,
Makith heom alle his speciale.
There he ordeynith his wendyng,
Toward Darie the kyng.
Now, listenith withoute gyle,
How Darie doth the while,

Digitized by Google

## CHAP. XIII.

### CONTENTS.

*Darius assembles his council.—His speech.—Opinions of Dariadas, of Salomé, of Archelaus, of Jerobyans.—The Persians march against Alexander.—Description of their march.—They encamp in a vast plain, on the banks of the Tygris.*

WHAN note brounith in haselrys
The lady is of lemon chis;
The person werith the for and the gris;
Ofte he settith his love amys.
The rybaud pleyeth at the deys.
Ful seilden is the fol wys.
Darie in a yerger ys;
To-fore him mony knyghtis y-wis.
Threo hundrod thousand, so Y fynde,
He ladde of his owne holdyng:
And fourty thousand knyghtis sondres.
N'ot Y the tale of the swyers,
No of velasours, no of bacheleris,
No of bowiers, no of alblastreris;

Digitized by Google

And longe among heom everichon,
Darie makith thus his mone.
" Lordynges," he saide, " Y am aschamed,
" And sore anoyed, and agramed,
" That Alisaundre, with myghty hond,
" Hath me dryven of my lond :
" My modur, my suster y-tak,
" And Floriant my gentil make ;
" My children, and my maigné.
" Myn harm is gret, wite wel ye,
" Ac yet therof he is freo.
" Faire he lokith my maigné,
" At bord, in chaumbre, in curtesye,
" Withowte eny vylanye.
" Wondur Y have of his myght :
" No have I seyghe so hardy knyght ;
" So quoynte, no so malicious,
" So strong on hors, so vertuous !
" Justere he is, with the beste,
" He can his launce thorugh threste :
" Whoso he takith with sweordis egge,
" He clevith hed to the rigge.
" N'as never non better knyght :
" And alle his folk strong and wyght.
" Fonde we, by comsail togedre speke,
" How we mowe us awreke."
Thanne byspak Dariadas ;
The kyngis brothir Darie he was,

Digitized by Google

" Sire, he saide, welcome hom!
" Thow him clepedst an harlot gome:
" Now thow seist he is the beste knyght,
" That may beore armes in fyght.
" Thou saist soth, hardy and hard:
" And thou art as arwe coward!
" He is the furste in eche bataile;
" Thou art byhynde ay at the taile.
" His justis and duntis his folk hardieth;
" And thy tarying thy folk cowardith!
" He makith heom way with scharpe launce;
" Thy men anarwith thy continaunce.
" He is the furste with sweord that remith;
" Thou art the furste with hors that flemeth.
" Of Grece he hath paied thy rente,
" With mony deddly dunt.
" No worth thè of him othir acord,
" Bote mon-quellyng with sweord.
" Acorsed beo Grecis truage!
" Hit hath don ows dedly damáge."
Anoyed was Salomé, and spak tho:
" Sire eorl, no say no more so.
" Y say Darie narwe bylace,
" Among the Gregeis in the place,
" That he was god knyght y-kud;
" For monliche above he ryd.
" A doseyn he slough at a leope.
" Ac, of thyseolf nym thou kepe!

" With deont of spere thou weore y-feld,
" And thyn hors into the feild;
" No had beo oure Tiriens,
" Thou haddest leye ther withoute defence.
" No hadde Y thè with mayn y-holpe,
" No hadestow no more y-yolpe!
" No schaltow wreththe thy lord gent;
" Of him is thyn avauncement.
" Hit is tyme that thow beo stille,
" No sey no more out of skille."
Archelaus him dredith, and askith pays.
" Let beon, he saide, al this noise!
" Forsothe, witeth alle wel,
" That Alisaundre is strong and feol.
" More fair hit is, saun faile,
" That we wende and him assaile,
" Or he come here on ows;
" For he is hardy and coragous.
" N'ul he lete, for no travaile,
" That he n'ul with us have bataile.
" In the cole dawenyng,
" Wende we forth in al thyng.
" Than mowe we, god hit wote,
" Resten our bestis in the hote.
" We darth nought tarie, Y make avow,
" We havith streynthe and folk ynowe."
Tho by spak Jerobyans:
" Here now, Darie, riche soudans!

Digitized by Google

" Now quyk, sire, and snel,
" Do ryng alle thy bellis,
" And do thy seolf thyn fayn,
" Thy folk al to ordeyne.
" Thyn olifans, and thy best,
" Do al ordeyne in hast:
" And do heom in the waye
" That they weoron in feildyn contráye:
" For Alisaundre is passed Akaye,
" And is y-come to Arabye.
" So me saide a drogman,
" He is a this half flum Jordan.
" Have we the feild er than he,
" We schal him wynne maugré."
Quyk was don his counsaile;
And charged olifans and camailes,
Dromedaries, assen, and oxen,
Mo than ye can askyn;
Alle weore dryven athrang:
Ten myle they yeode alang.
After come theo somers,
And thanne knyghtis on heore justers.
Mony stede ther proudly leop:
Stilliche mony on weop.
The recheles and the proude song:
The cowardis heore hondis wrong.
There thou myghtest here bere:
Mony fair pencel on spere,

Digitized by Google

Mony knyght with helm of steil.
Mony scheld y-gult ful wel,
Mony trappe, mony croper,
Mony queyntise on armes clere.
The eorthe quakid heom undur;
No scholde mon have herd the thondur,
For the noise of the taboures,
And the trumpours and jangelours.
To a water they buth y-come,
Ther they haveth herberow y-nome;
For they hath take keip,
The ryver was clere and deop.
At that half, fondith heom no doute
Of Alisaundre, no al his route.
Theo feildes buth brode and wide;
They thenkith to warde wel that tyde,
With cartes, and waynes strong:
xx. mylen they stoden along.
Theo pavelons weoren al withynne,
Strongliche y-tielde with gynne.
Warde they settith by eche syde,
There they wol Alisaundre abyde;
And he is comyng wel god speid.
God ows helpe at oure neide!

## CHAP. XIV.

CONTENTS.

*Alexander proceeds against Darius, and wastes the country with fire and sword.—He attempts to swim a river in complete armour, but is chilled by the water, and brought on shore almost lifeless.—He is recovered by the care of Philip his physician.—The author hints at a story to the prejudice of Parmenion, which he refuses to repeat.—During Alexander's convalescence, Tholomeus crosses the river with a chosen party, and places himself in ambush in a wood near the Persian camp.*

Lordynges, after mete ariseth play;
The coward is ful loth to dye.
Alisaundre comuth, Y yow say,
Al fast as he may;
He passeth Cecile contray,
And Mede, and is in Ermoneye.
There, his folk come wel or weye,
Him tofore n'ys bote deth:
For he spedly brennith, and sleth,

Alle that heo fynde mowe,
Ten myle way, Y wol avowe,
They brentyn doun to-fore the ost,
And al so feole the kyng acost.
They robbedyn tresours and clothes,
And brenten townes, and bothes:
The fuyr was on so gret lyghe,
That Darie hit sone syghe.
With him cam mony stede farant,
And mony faire juster corant,
And mony fat palfray amblant;
And mony armed olifant.
Mony baron, mony sergant,
Mony strong knyght and géant,
Ryden aside so acost,
They mowe kenne Daries ost.
At the othir side akennynge,
They sygh Darie the kyng.
The kyng ther teildid his pavelons;
And his duykis, and barons.
No sygh no mon no where, in no contráy,
So noble asemblaye.
There caste Alisaunder the kyng
For to aspye Daries gylyng.
On a day the kyng nome god kepe,
That the water was ful deop.
He bad his serjans, heom among,
Brynge his armure hevy and strong.



Digitized by Google

So they dude, and he, withoute oth,
Anon he dude of his clothes.
The armure he dude on his liche:
Alle his folk hadde ferliche,
What he wolde armed do.
Into the water he leop tho:
He swam in thilke hevy armes;
A mile waie with strengthe of armes.
Ac, thaugh he ware strong and bold,
Theo water was ful styf and cold;
Maugre him he moste synke.
A bowe-schote fro the brynke,
Tho he felde drenche he scholde,
An hygh he sprong, so God hit wolde,
And huld him abowe, that he no sank,
Til he com to the water bank.
There he levyd unnethe alyve.
To bote his men heom dude blyve.
So sone so they to him come,
Into bote they him nome;
Quyk they ladde him to londe.
In his body tho was litel onde.
Ther was deol, and gret crying,
That ded was Alisaunder the kyng!
Anon ther com a ficicion,
Phelip he hette, a noble man;
He bad heom lete heore waylyng:
He saide, he wolde to lyve him bryng;



Digitized by Google

And dude him beore to pavelouns,
And helid him with pocions,
And made him hol man and fere.
  Now the geste tellith here,
Of this leche Felipoun,
And of a baroun Permeneon,
And of onde, and of wryeng,
That scholde beo saide to the kyng.
Ac, for that lettrure seith ther ageyn,
Nul Y schewe hit to no mon.
For in this boke, feorre Y fynde,
Of Permeneon and of his kynde;
That thorugh heore geste,
The kyngis dedis weore honéste.
  The kyng is hol, may ride and go;
Now other thyng lustneth to.
  Kyng Alisaunder y-logged is,
And his barouns of gret pris,
Upon a water y-hote Tygres.
On that other half is Darie, y-wis,
Wroth and grym, and alle his,
For Alisaunders gret aprise.
The spies on bothe sydes goth,
And tellith tales for soth,
Of Alisaundre, and eke Darie,
How eche schal from othir werye;
How the riche duykis hyght,
And who weore strong and wyght.

Digitized by Google

Thorugh the tidyng of the spie,
Ofte, the yonge bachelrye,
Over Tiger, to othir ferde;
And heom proferid launce and sweorde,
And made mony knyght aknawe,
On medewe, in feld, ded bylaue.
On a day Tholomeus,
An hardy baroun and coragous,
Mark of Rome, clepith to him;
And the savage Salabyn,
And Tibire, and Antigonus,
And Gaudyn and Antiognos,
And ten thousand duykis and knyghtis;
Non in the ost of more myghte.
" Lordynges, he saide, lustneth to me.
" We buth here, so foule in treo:
" Scarseliche we etith and drynkith,
" And nought for oure mete swynkith.
" We beon knyghtis of hygh perage,
" And buth byset, so foul in cage:
" A spye hath y-told me,
" That the admyral, Salomé,
" And the duyk Antoyne of Cartage,
" And Archelaus, of proud corage,
" And the soudan his brothir,
" And mony proud gome, on and othir,
" Wolen come in the morewenyng,
" And on us make skekkyng.



Digitized by Google

" Oure lord is in his reste.
" Wende we, withowte chest,
" Over the water, (Y wot yond is best,)
" And huyde ows in the forést.
" And whan they connith, sodeynliche
" Smyte we on monnyliche!
" Wol ye do by my counsaile?"
" Ya! Ya!" seiden alle, saun faile,
In gode armes they gan heom schrede,
And leope on heore gode stedis.
The pavelouns they rideth acost;
The kyng hit n'ot, no for the ost.
Theo water quycliche they passith,
At on shepe, more and lasse.
On lond they beon, over the brynke,
Mony of heom hit doth of-thynke.
Quyk they 'gynneth thennes ride,
And huydith heom in a forestis syde.
Now bygynneth riche geste.
God in heven geve us reste!

Digitized by Google

# CHAP. XV.

## CONTENTS.

*A strong guard of Persians, who had been going their rounds during the night, are attacked by Tholomeus and his party.—Particular account of this skirmish, the noise of which at length alarms the camp, and brings the whole army of Darius against the Greeks.—They are driven to the water's edge, and in danger of being all cut off, when a wounded knight swims the river, and informs Alexander of their danger.—He immediately hastens to their assistance.—The action becomes general.—Darius, to encourage his troops, promises half of his kingdom, together with the hand of his daughter in marriage, to any man who should kill Alexander.—A Persian knight attempts the enterprise, dresses himself in the armour of a Greek whom he had slain, and, in this disguise, unexpectedly assails Alexander from behind.—The king's life is saved by the strength of his haubert.—He seizes the knight, who, after the battle, is brought to trial.—Speeches of the Grecian generals on the occasion.—Alexander pardons the criminal, and dismisses him with many presents.*

HORS, streyngthe of herte, and hardinesse,
Schewith mony faire prowesse.

Digitized by Google

N'is so fair a thyng, so Crist me blesse,
So knyght in queyntise,
Bote the prest, in Godis servyse!
Sitteth stille in alle wyse:
For here bigynneth gest arise,
Of doughty men and gret of prise.
  Salomé, Archelaus, and Jonas,
Salabyn, Besas, and Barsonas,
And Octiater Daries brothir,
And xx. thousand knyghtis, on and othir,
Hadde warded, saun doute,
That nyght ryght feor abowte.
Now, they cometh homward,
And metith chaunse hard:
For, ryght in the day spryng,
Tholomeus con on heom flyng.
  "Traytours," he saide, "we haveth brought
"The tole ye haveth in Grece y-sought,
"Yeilde yow or ye beon dede!"
And with the sporen smot his stede.
His lonse he can him beode,
And smot a riche prynce of Mede;
Heort and armes, thorugh scheldis bord,
He clevyd with speris ord:
And of the sadil cast him, saun faile,
Over his croupe and his hors taile.
  Percians weore armed wel,
On hygh stede, in hard steil.

Digitized by Google

They withstoden, and wel defendit,
And of heom was xx. thousent.
Loude they can alle cryghe;
Ther ros justis for the maistrye!
Knyghtis y-slawe, stedis y-feld,
Ther was clevyd mony a scheld.
Crye, and noise, and gredyng.
Of strong knyghtis hard metyng!
Tiberie was an hardy mon;
He sygh a prynce, that hette Aufrikan,
To men of Grece don muche wo.
He smot his stede with sporen, tho,
Thorugh scheld and bruny his spere threost,
He smot that duk, on the breost;
Thorugh livre, and his entraile,
His scharpe spere karf, saun faile:
The duyk feol of his stede tho:
His folk maden muche wo.
The kyng of Casedoyse seygh this;
He smot his gode stede, y-wis.
Of Grece he smot a baroun,
That was y-hote Maneloun,
Thorugh the gargaze and the gorger;
Theo knyght feol ded of his joster.
Mark of Rome abyt nought longe;
He slough fyve in that thronge,
And Tigem slough Gildardyn,
And Nepan a strong Sarsyn.

Digitized by Google

Antiochus slough the duk Bardat,
And Madifas, and eke Ballak.
Antigonus, the hardy marchal,
Slough Whandagon, an admyral,
And Dudinas, and Pharaan:
In Perce was no wyghter man.
Gaudyn, that was of Macedoyne,
With his sweord of Coloyne,
He slough Birel, and Nasaran,
And mony another Aufrican.
Ac Tholomé, tofore heom alle,
Fast he gan heom quelle.
Mony he clevyd into the sadel;
He hit byweop that lay in cradel!
Tho of Perce gan heom werye,
And mony of Grece dedly derye.
Notheles Alisaunder, so Y fynde,
Theo Perciens loron six thousand,
And they of Grece hundrodes threo.
Undur scheldis hy gan heom wreo;
Everiche on othir gan to legge,
With maces, and sweordis egge,
That hit denned, so ryght,
As on nayl doth theo schipwryght.
Ac, of Grece the barouns,
Foughte so doth lyounes.
Tho of Perce al arowe
Gan fleo, and heom withdrawe.

Theo othres heo dryve, verrament,
To Daries ost with hard dunt.
Theo noise of heom askaped;
Al that ost was awaped,
And gradde "*As armes*, for *douce Mahons!*
"Lo here of Grece the barouns!"
From on to othir this cry was herd;
They armed heom, and gurd with sweord,
And leopon apon stedis with styf baneris;
With sporen they smyten heore justeris.
Tho they of Grece seyghen this,
A gret queyntise they dude, y-wis.
Scheome heom thoughte for to fleon;
They undurgyngith heom bytweone,
Threo thousand of thoo that comen,
That hy hadden overcomen.
To water-ward, with sweord egge,
Theo othres come at heore rygge.
Thus they folowen and dryven,
Til they come, so I fynde;
Alle they come, Daries and Perseniens,
Strong Turkies, and Arabiens,
Feolle Escleiris, and eke Mediens,
And Capadoces, and eke Suliens,
Caldiens, Ebriens, and Cretiens,
And Partiens, and ek Albaniens,
And Indiens, and Emaniens,
With swordes, lances, and pesens.

Digitized by Google

Al this say Tholomew :
A lite ruwet loude he bleow.
Gregies stodyn alle in doute,
And Tholomew aboute.
They beon byset in water syde.
  Tholomew let gon the bridel,
He smot Aperlicus with his spere ;
Thorugh the heorte he gan him beore :
And anon he smot anothir,
(Y undurstonde he was his brothir)
That he clef his basnet,
At his chyn stod the dunt.
His men, and his amys,
For him maden grete cryes;
And Tholomew saide, " So ho! so ho!
" We beon awreke of dogges two !"
  Sire Dalmadas of Athenis,
Cleputh his felawe, y-hote Messiens,
And Mark of Rome, and Anticon,
And seith to heom, in stille soun,
" Lordynges," he saide " hit is nought to fleon!
" We buth the ost and the water bytwene.
" Schame hit is we weore so faynt,
" That we weore in water dreynt!
" Hit is beter that we to heom schoure,
" So longe so we may dure.
" To Perciens Y wol me seolle,
" Sywe me now wha so wol!"

Digitized by Google

He dasschith forth, so a doughty mon,
And smot a duyk Arabyan;
Thorugh armure, livre and longe,
To the deth he hath him stonge.
Everiche also of his fere,
Everiche on othir on soche manere,
Theo grete ost herde herof speke,
And hyeth heom to beon awreke:
On the Gregies quyk they dasschith,
And feole of heom theo deth lachith.
They no mowe nought assaut stonde,
And fledde forth by the stronde;
And hem biradieth bett,
And gynneth reme manlich flett;
There they holdith heom togedre,
So flok of deor in thondur wedre.
Of Grece a gentil knyght of mounde,
Hadde on him mony a wounde,
And a tronchon in his flank;
He gan in the water launche:
Up he cam in that othir side,
And to-fore Alisandre he can ride,
Ryght as he was aryse,
Of his woundyn he was agrise.
" Alisaundre, Philippes streone,
" Gef thow wolt Tholomew seone,
" Gaudyn, Mark, and Antiochus,
" Theo duyk Tibire, and Antigonys,

Digitized by Google

" And theo noble duyk Gregies,
" Arme the quyk in armes,
" And thy barouns, and hieth bet!
" For all the world hath heom byset.
" Thow myght y-seo, by my lere,
" That Y am a treowe messangere."
" *As armes!*" he cried fast:
Sone was y-armed al the ost.
Quoth Alisaundre, with voys hynde,
" Now Y schal wite who is my freonde!"
They hied heom quykliche,
And that sone and pryveliche.
Tho that up the water fyghtis,
Yet neotith nought of this knyghtis,
That now brought the kyng tidyng,
No of Alisaundris comyng.
No sygh never men beter fyghtors,
Beter stonders, no beter weorryours.
Now is non of heom y-founde,
Withowte threo othir four woundis.
Feole weore on fote, and feole on hors,
With meschef eche askapith othres cors.
Alisaundre to-fore is ryde,
And mony gentil knyght him myde:
Ac, for to abide his maignè freo,
He abideth undur a treo.
xl. thousand chivalrie
He heom takith in his batailè.

Digitized by Google

He dasscheth forth overward,
Theo othres comen afterward:
He soughte his knyghtis in meschef,
He tok hit in heorte agref.
He tok Bulsifal in the syde;
As a swalewe he can forth glide.
A duyk of Perce sone he mette,
With his launce he him grette;
He perced his bruny, and clewyd his scheld,
Theo heorte he carf; so he him yeilded:
Theo duyk feol doun to the grounde,
He starf quykliche of that wounde.
Alisaundre tho aloud saide,
"Other tole nane Y payd:
"Yut ye schole, of myn paye,
"Or Y go hennes, more asay!"
Anothir launce in honde he heat;
Ageyns the prynce of Tyre he went,
And smot him thorugh the breste thare,
And out of his sadel him bare;
And, Y sey, for soth thyng,
He brak his launce in the fallyng.
Octiater, with muche wondur,
Antiochim hadde him undur.
With his sweord he wolde his heved
Fro the body have y-weved.
He sygh Alisaundre, the gode gome,
To him wardes swithe come;

Digitized by Google

He lefte his pray, and fleygh to hors,
For to save his owne cors.
Antiocus on stede he leop,
Of no wounde tok he kep;
And eke he hadde y-mad furford,
Alle y-mad with speris ord.
Tholomeus, and his felawe,
Of this socoure weore ful fawe.
Alisaundre made a cry hardy
"*Ore tost, ore tost, aly! aly!*"
There, knyghtis of Akaye
Justed with heom of Arabye;
Tho of Rome and heo of Mede;
Mony lond with othir yeode.
Egipte justed with Tire,
Simple knyghtis with riche sire;
There was yeve no forberyng;
Bytweone favasour and kyng,
To-fore, me myghte, and byhynde,
Contek seche, and contek fynde.
With Perciens foughte Egregies;
Ther ros cry, and gret noyse.
They kydde there they nere nyce:
They braken speres to sclyces:
Me myght fynde knyghtis there,
Mony on loste his justere:
There was sone, in litel thrawe,
Many gentil knyght y-slawe;

Digitized by Google

Mony arm, mony hed,
Was sone fro the body weved:
Mony gentil levedy
There les hire amy:
There was mony mon killed,
And mony fair pencel bybléd.
There was sweord lakkyng,
There was spere bathyng.
Bothe kynges there, saun doute,
Beoth y-beten, with al heore rowte;
The on to don men of him speke
The other his harmes for to wreke.
Mony londes, nygh and feor,
Losten heore lordes in that weorre.
The eorthe quakid of hir rydyng:
The weder thicked of heore cryeng;
Theo blod, of heom that was slawen,
Ran by flodis and by lauen:
And Y you sigge sikirliche,
Darie faughte wel doughtyliche,
And dude swithe muche wo.
To on side he drough him to;
He blew his horn, saun doute,
His folk come swithe aboute:
And he heom saide, with voys clere,
" Y bidde, freondes, ye me here!
" Alisaundre is y-come in this lond,
" With stronge knyghtis, and myghty of hond.

Digitized by Google

" Gef he passeth with honour,
" Oure is the deshonour!
" Y am of Perce deschargid,
" Of Mede, and of Assyre aquyted.
" Ac, gef there is among us,
" Ony knyght so vertuous,
" That Alisaundre myghte slen,
" We scholde parten ows bytweon,
" Alle my londis even a-two:
" And yet, he schal have therto,
" Cristalme my doughter flour,
" And thorugh and thorugh al my tresour.
" Now let seo gef ony is so hardy
" That durste hit him asyghe."
They thoughten thorugh, notheles,
Gef he myghte come on cas,
Wher hy hym myghte so hound abaye,
Othir bygile othir bytreye.
Lord Crist! that this world eyghte
Is lyf to duyk and to knyghte!
Ther n'ys non so slow withinne,
And he wiste to have muche wynne,
That he no wolde for gret tresour
Don him seolf in antoure!
Among tho of Perce, was a knyght,
Hardy and stalworthe, queynte and lyght.
A knyght of Grece sone he slowe,
And his armure of he drowe,

Digitized by Google

And quyk armed him therynne,
And thoughte Alisaundre wynne.
Alisaundre of him nought gaf,
Ac Perciens to-fore him he drof.
Some he kyt of the arme,
And some the hed, and dude heom harm.
He bad his folk fyghte harde,
With spere, mace, and sweord;
And he wolde, after fyght,
Bonie londis to heom dyght.
This forsaide knyght rod him by,
As he weore his amy.
Whan he Alisaunder besy seoth,
To him anon he geth;
He tok a launce, so Y fynde,
And rod Alisaundre byhynde;
He smot him harde on the hawberk:
Hit was mad of strong werk.
The kyng was sumdel agast;
He huld faste; theo spere to-barst.
He sat faste, and lokid ageyn,
And saw on armed so hit weore his men.
" Fy, he saide, apon thè lechour:
" Thow schalt dye as a traytour!"
" Certis quod the aliene knyght,
" Y am no traytour, ac an aliene knyght;
" Y dude a gyn thé to slene,
" And ded thow hadest forsothe y-beon,

" Ac aventure, for the fyght,
" This victorie is thè y-dyght.
" Of Perce Y am, feor by west:
" This hardinesse Y dude for a byheste,
" That Darie byheyghte to whom that myghte
" Thè to slene in this fyghte,
" He scholde have half his kyneriche,
" And his doughter, sikerliche.
" This was, kyng, al my chesoun: 3930
" No myght thou fynde here no treson;
" Ac that Y me putte in dedly cas,
" For to have that faire byheste."
The kyng by chyn him schoke,
And his serjauns he him toke,
And bad him loke in prisoun:
He n'olde him sle, bote by resoun.
He was don in god warde,
And bounde faste in bondis harde.
The kyng broughte forth Bulaifall, 3940
And metith of Perce an admyrall:
He smot him thorugh body and scheld,
And cast him ded into theo felde.
Ther myghte men in heorte reowe,
How noble knyghtis overthreowe;
Hors to-traden theo boukes
Of noble barouns and dukis:
Thicke weore the stretis of knyghtis y-slawe,
And medewe and feld, hygh and lowe.

Digitized by Google

Non no myghte, heom bytweone,
Wite who schólde maister beon.
In bothe halve, with sweord and spere,
Was y-don wel grete lere.
Mony faire knyght that day was schent,
Hors to-torn, hauberke to-rent:
Mony fair eyghe with deth y-blent,
And mony a soule to helle went.
Theo day failith, theo nyght is come:
Wery buth the gentil gome.
In bothe halve, mony gent,
Wenten hom to heore tent,
And tokyn reste til amorwe;
Makyng ful gret sorwe
For heore lordis and for heore kyn,
That laien y-slayn in the fen.
Alisaundre arisen is,
And sittith on his hygh deys.
His duykes and his barouns, saun doute,
Stondith and sittith him aboute.
He hette brynge forth that felawe,
That him wolde have y-slawe.
He is forth brought, and the kyng
Geveth him acoysyng.
" Thow, he saide, traytour,
" Yursturday thow come in amiture,
" Y-armed so on of myne,
" Me byhynde at my chyne,

" Smotest me with thy spere.
" No hadde myn hawberk beo the strongere,
" Thou hadest me vyly y-slawe.
" Thou schalt beo honged and to-drawe,
" And beo to-brent al to nought,
" For thou soche traytory wroughtest!"
" Sire, quoth theo Perciens knyght,
" Gef ye doth me lawe and ryght,
" No worth Y to-drawe no an-honge:
" For hit weore al with wronge.
" Darie byhette, to eche of his,
" To make pere to him, y-wis,
" Who that myghte thè wynne,
" Othir by gile, othir by gynne.
" Darie was my ryghte lord:
" Y fonded to do his word;
" His fo to quelle in eche manére,
" And of treson me wol Y skere.
" Gef ony wol other preove,
" Ageyns him lo here my glove!"
Antiochus saide, " Thow no myght thè skere;
" Thow hast denied thyself here,
" Tho thow, for mede, or byhotyng,
" Stal byhynde on oure kyng
" Him to slen so theofliche
" Founde thow schalt beon oponliche;
" Thou schalt sterve on soche deth hard
" This dom Y geve to thè ward."

Digitized by Google

Tholomeus, theo marchal, up stod,
Wyght in batáile, and in counsail god,
And saide, " The kyng may do his wille,
" Save that Percien knyght, or spille:
" Ac he no hath no ryght cheson;
" For he no dude no treson.
" His dede n'as bote honest;
" For he dude his lordes hest.
" Every man, to sle his fo,
" Divers gyn he schal do.
" For his lord, nymeth god cure,
" He dude his lif in aventure.
" He nas nought sworn to my lord:
" Bote, with spere and with sweord,
" Lefliche is every fo,
" How he may othir slo.
" Ye mowe wel him do brenne and honge,
" Ac Y sigge hit where with wrong!"
Up stode Sire Mark of Rome,
And entermetyd of this dome.
" Certes, he saide, he dude wowgh,
" That he a knyght of Grece slowgh,
" And dispoyled him of his armes,
" By treson, to oure harmes,
" And joyned him us among:
" So on of al this was wrong;
" And so stal on oure kyng,
" Him to bryng to eyndyng:

Digitized by Google

" Y jugge he schal an-honged beo.
" Barouns of court, what sey ye?"
Everiche saide, " He schal beo slawe,
" For-brent, hongid, and to-drawe."
Non no spak him on word fore,
Bote that he scholde beo lore.
Tho Alisaunder say this,
Herith what he saide, y-wis,
Hit is y-writein, Every thyng,
Himseolf schewith in tastyng.
So hit is of lewed and clerk:
Hit schewith in his werk.
The kyng seeth that no knyghth hende
N'ylle more that Percien defende,
And saide, " Knyght! he weore wod
" That wolde do thè ought bote god!
" Treson thou no dudest, no feyntise;
" Ac hardy dede, in queyntise.
" For that dede, by myn hod,
" No schaltow have bote god."
Richeliche he doth him schrede,
In spon-neowe knyghtis wede;
And sette him on an hygh corsour,
And gaf him muche of his tresour,
And lette him to Darie wende hom,
No gaf he him non othir dom.

Digitized by Google

## CHAP XII.

### CONTENTS.

*Alexander crosses the river with his whole army, and marches through a forest—He directs his cavalry to fasten boughs of trees to their horses tails, and advance against the Persians.—The cloud of dust thus raised makes Darius imagine that the Greeks must have received strong reinforcements.—He therefore breaks up his camp, and retires to the banks of a river called Estrage (*forsan *Granicus.)—Alexander pitches his camp on the spot which Darius had lately occupied.—He assumes the habit of an ambassador, rides to the camp of Darius, and delivers him a challenge to meet Alexander on the plain.—He is invited to table; steals a golden cup, and hides it under his mantle.—Being observed, he attributes this action to an usage of Greek hospitality.—A knight, named Pertage, recognizes his person.—Alexander leaps over the table, forces a passage through the guests, unhorses a knight who endeavours to oppose his escape, leaps on the knight's horse, swims the river, and carries the cup in triumph to his army.*

MURY hit is in the dawenyng, 4060
Whan the foules bygynneth to syng,

Digitized by Google

And jolyf heorte bygynneth to spryng;
To sone hit thenkith theo slowe gadelyng.
In muche love is gret mornyng,
In muche nede is gret thankyng.
A ferly thougth is with the kyng,
How he may best don his thyng:
Erly he ariseth and makith bost,
And hoteth quyk arme al his host.
They beon alle armed quykliche,
And alle him sywith, sikirliche,
Over a water, into a forest,
And alle doth heore lordes hest.
Bowes of divers treoes they kyttith,
And to heore hors tayl kneottith;
To Darie-ward alle they farith,
Theo bowes theo dust arerith.
Of drawying of bowes and stikke,
Theo eyr bycam tho trouble and thikke,
That to Daries ost hit ferde,
So on heom com the myddel erd.
Anon they tolden hit Darie,
And bad him he scholde warye,
For Alisaundre cometh with his pray;
His folk spredith al the contráy.
Darie hyght al his men
Remuwe his tentis of the fen,
And setten his bysyde Estrage;
A cold water and a savage.

Digitized by Google

A castel he hadde in that ryve,
N'as non strenger in al his lyve.
Anon was alle Daries ost
Y-logged by Estrages acost:
There they wolde fonde aspye,
Al Alisaundres folye.
Alisaunder this tellen herd;
With his ost he after ferd,
And there he loggith anon,
Ther Darie hadde beon erst apon.
Now is y-wrye al the contray,
Bytweone heom, as feole myle way.
Ofte ther was bytweone heom rydyng,
And mony a wyght batailyng:
Theo whiles, of Alisaunder the kyng,
Listenith now a woundur thyng.
In a moretyde hit was;
Theo dropes hongyn on the gras;
Theo maydenes lokyn in the glas,
For to tyffen heore fas.
Kyng Alisaundre is out y-ride,
And threo noble knyghtis him myde,
Pryveliche, in a gret myst:
His grete ost hit no wist.
He doth theo threo, withoute reuthe,
Plyghte to him heore treowthe,
" That ye no schal me bywryghen,
" Of that Y wol to yow sayn."

Digitized by Google

They doth all his wille;
And he heom gan telle,
He wolde wende, swithe snel,
To Darye the feolle,
To seo the contynaunce,
Of Daries court, saun demorrance.
No knyght no rod withoute stede,
No withouten yren wede.
To the water they come ryght:
Of his stede the kyng alyght;
And of dude al his armure,
And dude on a robe of peolour.
Apon a palfray he leope,
And saide, "Knyghtis, nymeth kepe
"To Bulsifall my destrere;
"And abideth me ryght here:
"Y wol come whan Y may."
Quyk he doth him in his way.
Theo threo knyghtis of whom Y saide,
That on het Amas of Cartage;
That othir, hette Philotas;
And the thridde, Perdicas.
Ther nere better knyghtis threo,
In al the kyngis maigné.
This threo Alisaundre abyde,
Wel y-armed, by the water syde.
Now sit Darye on an hulle,
Folk of his ost to telle.

Digitized by Google

Alisaunder to him cometh, and nought stet,
And saide, " Kyng Alisaunder thé gret ;
" He is y-come to the perlement,
" For to yeilde thè thy rent.
" Tweyes he hath thè overcome ;
" Thy wif and thy children y-nome ;
" Feole thow hast y-slawe of his.
" He sent thè sigge thus, y-wis :
" Hit schal beo ful deore abought,
" Theo tole that was in Grece y-sought.
" Greytheth armes, and yarkith scheldis ;
" He yow abideth in the felde."
Darie was ful sore anoyed,
Of that Alisaunder hath to him saide,
And saide of tale, " Beo smart,
" Alisaundre thyselfe thow hit art !"
Alisaundre saide, " Hit is nought so :
" He is whitter, withowte no,
" And his lokkes buth nought so crolle ;
" Ac he is waxe more to the fulle.
" Ac Y am hoten Antygon,
" That mony a message have y-don."
Darie saide, " Messanger alyght !
" And gowe eten anon ryght :
" And, after mete, thow schalt beore
" To thy lord ageyn onswere."
Darie to mete yede onon,
With his barouns everychon.

Digitized by Google

Alisaundre, withoute fable,
He set at his owne table.
They weore served with gret plenté,
With fresch and salt, and alle deynté ;
And dronke wyn, and eke pyment,
Whyt and red, al to talent.
There was coppes riche y-wrought ;
Alisaunder him bythought,
How he myght do sumthyng,
Of to speke withoute eyndyng.
Ther of a coppe to him he dronk ;
He hit afongith with muche thonk :
He dronk of that wyn rede,
The coppe he putte undur his grede.
Theo coppe was of red gold ;
A botileir hit hath al byholde,
And tolde Darie al the sothe,
And he bycom ryght wrothe,
And saide, " Hath he do me that schond ?
" Men schal speke of Grece londe,
" Of the vengaunce that he schal thole,
" Have he my coppe y-stole !"
Theo botiler takith up his grede,
And fynt theo coppe of gold rede.
Darie to Alisaunder gan to sigge,
" Fy, felaw, theof, thow schalt abygge !
" Y set thè at table myn,
" For reverence of lord thyn ;



Digitized by Google

" My coppe thow hast y-stole,
" And undur thy barm hole.
" Thow art y-nome hond-habbynde,
" Thow schalt honge with the wynd!"
Quoth Alisaundre, the kyng so heynde,
" Of thefthe Y wol me defende,
" Ageyn knyght, swayn, and baroun,
" That Y no am no laroun.
" Y come to yow on message;
" And wende ye hadde soche an usage,
" So haveth my lord in court his;
" For thy richesse, and for thy pris,
" That thow hast other to-fore.
" Ac that honour thou hast lore.
" For, gef kyng sente, or kayser,
" To my lord a messanger,
" And he beo worthy, saun fable,
" He schal sitte at his table;
" And whan my lord him drynkith to,
" The coppe he schal to wille up-do.
" Y wende ye hadde also, here,
" Of oure court the manére.
" Y am repentand, seth ye no doth:
" For harme no dude Y hit forsoth."
Darie, thaugh he weore agramed,
Of his onswar he was aschamed.
Stille sate yonge and olde,
And heo gonne him byholde.

Digitized by Google

A knyght ther was, that hyghte Pertage;
Alisaundre he kneow in the vysage;
For he had ben in message
At kyng Phelipp for trowage.
He seith it Darie under his hood;
Wel Alisaunder hit undurstood.
Hit ran in Alisaundres corage,
That qued of him reumed Pertage,
And that he of him to Darie spak.
Over theo table he leop arapé;
Quyk in his way he him dyght;
Darie after with al his myght.
A sweord Alisaunder hadde, certes,
That was to him fasté y-gurd:
Out he brayd hit in hond;
Non n'olde in his way stonde.
He mette a knyght, with a spere,
So God wolde, on a justere:
He smot him swyftly in the swyre,
That he laide his hed to hyre.
He schof him quycly adoun,
And leop himseolf in the arsoun.
He smot the stede and he forth glyt.
Alisaunder quyk away ryt:
That day no schole they him take;
Darie gynneth after schake,
Prynce and duyk, knyght and swayn,
Dasscheth after with gret mayn:

Digitized by Google

Everichon they deth for nought;
Alisaunder hath theo water caught.
Hit was brod, and highth Estange;
Deope stremes, and savage.
He smot the hors and in he leop;
Hit was swithe brod and deop.
Hors and kyng, with alle hater,
Was auntred undur the water.
Alisaunder to-fore no seoth:
He was sore adred of deth.
Notheles, his hors was god,
And keoverid up abowe the flod;
And swam to that othir syde,
There his knyghtis him dude abyde.
Thay halp him up and his stede,
And anon chaungeth his wede.
Yette he hadde the coppe in hond,
That he on Daries table fond.
To his ost he farith, good skour,
And tolde heom his aventure.
Theo yonge therof hadden game;
Theo olde wyse nome hit agrame.
And saiden wel, that cas
Of gret folye don hit was!
Darie hath y-lost his pray,
Therfore he went to-day:
Was him never er so wo;
For he hath y-lost his fo.

Digitized by Google

Ageyn they wendith, lasse and more,
For that eschape they beon anoyed sore.
That nyght they token heore rest;
Amorwe ariseth a neowe gest.

Digitized by Google

# CHAP. XVII.

## CONTENTS.

*Alexander encamps close to the river.—Darius determines to attack him.—Alexander, on the approach of the Persians, sets fire to his tents, and retires in apparent confusion.—Having thus drawn the enemy over the river, he suddenly falls on them with his whole force.—A dreadful conflict ensues, which is most minutely described.—The Persians, having lost all their best officers, are totally defeated.—Darius flies, with a few attendants, to a neighbouring castle, from which he sends a submissive letter to Alexander; who neglects to send an immediate answer.—Darius, in despair, writes to Porus for assistance.—Two traitors betray this measure to Alexander, who immediately advances toward the castle.—Darius, sends out his household troops, who readily sacrifice themselves in his defence.—He mounts a horse, and flies toward Babylon, attended only by the two traitors, who wound him mortally, and disappear.—Alexander, having pressed forward in pursuit of Darius, finds him at the point of death.—He makes a supplicating speech to Alexander, and dies in his arms.—Generosity of Alexander.—Punishment of the assassins.*

DAY spryng is jolyf tide. 4290
He that can his tyme abyde,



Digitized by Google

Ofte he schal his wille bytyde.
Loth is gentil man to chyde.
Alisaunder doth crye wyde,
His logges set on the water syde.
Quyk was don his heste;
Ther was mony tent honéste;
Mony gentil tent stod
Bysyde on theo water brod.
Theo kyng dude sette out his dragoun,
And on his tent a gold lyoun:
Every baron, on his tent,
Riche baners, and pencel gent.
Darie hit wot by a spye:
Among his barouns he doth crye,
"*As armes! as armes* everichone,
"And sle we doun ryght oure fone!
"Who so failleth at this nede;
"Mote he never in othir spede!"
The knave greytheth the hors, and scrobbeth;
Theo knyghtis heore body dubbeth;
The waytes bleow, the belle rynges.
Darie makith ten bataylynges:
In every bataile xx. thousand
Wel y-dyght, so Y fynde.
They doth heom forth the contray to wreon,
So that heo mowe heore fon y-seon.
No mowe they firther, saun faile,
Ben to don withoute bataile.



Digitized by Google

Mercy Jhesu! on ows socoure!
Hit farith by a mon so by the floure:
Bote after, no may he dure,
So glyt away, so doth the fure.
Faire is lady in hire bour;
And so is knyght in his armure.
Two hundred thousand buth in Daries oste;
Among heom is muche bost.
Alisaundre hath, saun faile,
Y-clepid to him ten constables;
Antioche, the ostage,
And Gandyn, and Aymer of Cartage,
Tiberye, Julie, and Perdicas,
(Y kan nought all theo names ther was,)
Tholomew theo marchal, and Clitoun,
Mark, and Permeneon, the baroun;
And bad non have the rage
Theo water to passe of Estrage:
For who so passith, knyght or grome,
He schal thole dethes dom.
Ac everiche ageyn scholde renne,
So they hadde take fleme.
" For, gef Darie, of Perce lord,
" With his ost passeth this ford,
" He schal beo kytted so an ape:
" Oure hond schal he never scape;
" Ne non ost ageyns vs
" Gadren more so vertuows."

Digitized by Google

They drowe heom quyk undur a lowe,
So they hadde alle y-flowe.
They setten a-fuyre heore tentis,
And alond drowe heom, verrament.
Salomé theo smoke say;
He gan make gret disray,
And gradde ageyn to Darye,
" Sire, thow myght me here!
" The Gregeys havith heore loggis brent,
" And buth, for ows, away y-eornd.
" Anon passe we this lake,
" Theo cowardes fonde we to take;
" And to-cleove heore rygge,
" With scharpe sweordes egge."
Quyk they smyten over the forde,
Knyght, and swayn to-fore lorde;
Over they dasscheth everichon,
And priked to sywen heore fon.
They wende that they weore y-flowen:
Nay, they fonde heom to heore owen!
Tho Alisaunder heom over hadde,
" Ye beoth dede, traytours! he gradde.
" *Aly!* he saide, *aly* blyve!
" No leteth non skape on lyve."
He smot Persage that him bywryed,
Theo spere was styf, and nought no beyghed:
He karf his heorte and his pomon,
A threow him over arsun;

And saide, " ly ther vyle bay!
" Schaltow never kyng bywrye!"
Ther ros soche cry, verrement,
No scholde mon y-here the thondur dunt.
Theo dust aros heom bytweone,
No myghte no mon the sonne seone.
Ther was many sweord y-drawe,
And many a god knyght y-slawe.
Salomé doth the Gregeys sore:
With his spere he slow sire Nycanore.
In Grece n'as better threo:
Parmenies sone was he.
Philotas that undurstod;
Cold and drury was his blod!
His sweord he bar in hond y-drawe,
With whiche he hadde mony y-slawe;
On his hed smot the egge,
That he him cleof into the rigge.
Ded he is of sadel y-falle;
Perciens hit byweileth alle:
Also Gregeys for Nycanore,
In heorte haveth muche sore.
Octiater sygh Salomé y-slawe,
(He was Daries brother in lawe;
He hadde y-wedded Jemeydas,
Daries suster heo was:)
He was hardy mon, and strong;
He tok a launce, styf and long,

Digitized by Google

He smot Helan, of Mede a duyk,
Even to the navel thorughout.
Theo spere to-barst, the knyght doun feol.
Threo he slow with sweord thertil;
Nepon, and eke Pharmus,
And Godlan; threo riche barouns.
Theo two weore in Grece y-bore amydde;
Of Egipte was the thridde.
This was to Grece a sory fall!
Ac hit saugh Tholomew the marchall,
He tok in honde a red pencel,
With a soket of kene stel,
Octiater in the scheld he gret;
He perced armes and his heorte,
And the pencel riche and god,
Bathed in Octiateris blod.
Tholomew him saide, snell,
" No schaltow more Gregeys quell!
" Octiater, thou hast y-brought
" The tole that was at Grece y-sought!"
Dariadas, Daries brother,
He hadde y-slawe on and othir.
Tauryn, and Hardas he slowe with spere.
With sweord ryden he dud amere,
In this strong fyghtyng cas,
He mette with Dalmadas.
There thou myght y-seo two knyghtis,
Doughtyliche togedre fyghte;

Digitized by Google

With scheld wryen, with sweord assaile,
Bytweone heom was strong bataile!
At the laste, Dalmadas
Wan the hed of Dariadas.
Wel smot Perciens, and wel smot Gregies,
So doth Romayne, so doth Toskanters.
The speris craketh swithe thikke,
So doth on hegge sterre stike.
Ther les child, and eke levedy,
Hire fadir, and hire amy:
Damyseles heore leman:
Theo man his lord, the lord his man.
Meollen myghte, by the blod,
Gryngen corn so by the flod.
Twenty myle weyes and mo
No myghte men astryde go,
Bote he step on dede men,
In dale, in downe, in wode, in fen.
Archelaus, in this fyghtyng,
Metith with Alisaunder the kyng.
With a spere he him grette,
Ac hit brak ageyn his heorte.
Theo hawberk was y-mad ful wel,
That therynne myghte entre no steil.
Ac Alisaundre him hitte bet,
Ryght ageyns theo heorte put;
That the spere karf thorughout,
Also thorugh a wollen clout;

Digitized by Google

And kaste him over the stede croupe.
  Tho gan Darie for to doute:
Thousandes he sygh, him abowte,
Ac none of heom was wounde withoute,
Slayn weoren his freondes of mounde,
And layn ded apon the grounde.
His men conne abowte him flyng,
For to have of him helpyng.
Some byleved al abowte,
Of some theo gottes hongyn oute;
And Alisaunder, on everiche half,
He sleth doun ryght so a raggid wolf.
For muche sorwe him worth so wo,
That his heorte nygh to-barst a-two.
He smot theo stede with the spore,
And fleygh awey so mon forlore:
And whan the lord is y-flowe,
Theo maigné is in much wo!
Everiche fondith, in uche half
Of Daries ost, to save him seolve.
And fleygh hider and thider, by every way,
And sechith divers contray.
Alisaunder wel mony schencheth;
Theo moste perty heom seolve drenchith.
  This cas laste al til nyght:
Alisaunder tho to reste is tyght.
Darie the kyng is y-flowne,
Toward Babiloyne his owne.

Digitized by Google

In a castel he entred thare,
That was y-cleped Melanare.
So sone so he was alyght,
Y-swowe he feol to grounde ryght.
Sawe Y never mon no kyng,
Make so muche mornyng.
For Octiater, and Dariadas,
He saide weyl away! and alas!
For Archelaus, and Salomé,
And for othir pryvé maigné,
He made so muche wo and reuthe,
Y no may telle al in treowthe.
Notheles, tho he up cam,
Counsaile of his prynces he nam,
And sente to Alisaunder a wryt;
How hit saide herith hit:
" O Alisaundre, the riche kyng,
" Of alle kaysers maisterlyng!
" Darie, that was emperour,
" Sendith thè gretyng, per amour.
" Gentil sire, in my sorowe
" Forbeore me a fewe morwe!
" For ageyns thè have Y no vygour!
" Ded buth my prynces be atour.
" Al youre hygh streynthe to honour
" Power me hath made antur!
" Y geve yow Mede, withoute assoyne:
" Theo tour, and the cités of Babyloyne:

Digitized by Google

" Tyre, Numen, and Pamphile,
" And into Ynde xx. score myle:
" My riches, and my tressours,
" And alle hath do myn autors.
" Nul Y here byleve, saun faile,
" Ac fleo into the lond of travaile,
" And there leve in peyne and sorwe,
" With that ye me from deth borwe,
" And forgeve me youre eovel wil,
" And nought for this trespas me spil!"
Kyng Alisaunder him undurstond,
The lettres that come from Daries sond.
Wroth he was, and hadde pyté:
Ac for his grete autorité,
He nolde anon geve men onswere.
That feol Darie to lyves dere!
Theo messangers hem can gone,
And no broughte onswer none.
Tho Darie heold him bycought,
That he hadde him so bysought.
He sente message to Pors,
Bothe on stede, and on hors,
To the kyng of Ynde, and eke salueth,
And on this manere heo doth
Playned on Alisaundre, *per maistrie*,
Hadde him overcome thrie,
And hadde take his londis, and slawe his freondis:
And bysoughte heom, as heo weore heynde,

Digitized by Google

To eche mon on hors geve he wolde,
Fyve mark of red golde:
Tho on fote scholde have threo;
And don he wolde heom fewté:
And have they scholde, notheles,
Al heore wynnyng, and purchas:
" And Y thè byhote, by byleys,
" Bulsifall, with the riche harneys,
" That better is then a thousent mark:
" No kan his worthe discryve no clerk:
" And, al that Y ever welde,
" By trowthe of thè Y wol hit holde."
Whiles the messangeris weoren to Pors-ward,
To Darie feol a chaunse hard.
He hadde norysched traytours two
In his court: so habbeth mo!
That on, was clepid Besas,
And that othir, Besanas:
Theose heore lord bywreyde,
And to Alisaunder saide,
How Darie hadde y-sent to Ynde,
After folk mony a thousand;
From Assire, Egipte also,
Him scholde come people mo:
And that he hadde y-geve the kyng Pors,
Bulsifal his gode hors.
Kyng Alisaunder furst hade y-ment
Him have forgeve his maltalent;

Digitized by Google

And wolde him, with gret honour,
Have y-fonge in his amour.
Now he is strongly with him wroth;
And hath y-swore his grete oth,
No schal he twyes seo the sonne,
Ar he have him per-force y-wonne.
He hotith his folk alle to bataile,
His castel anon to assaile.
Theose two traytours goth to-fore,
And seyn to Darie he is y-lore:
For Alisaunder wol, or nyght,
Breke the castel doun ryght,
And take him with quyk vigour,
For he hath sent after socour.
Tho was Darie sore agast:
He sente out his folk in hast,
His pryvè maignè, for to fyght,
While he myghte him seolf dyght.
They went out and ful wel foughte,
For of lif heom no roughte.
Darie, the while, stal away,
By a postorne, a privé way.
N'uste no mon his deolful cas,
Bote Besas and Besanas.
Theose riden him bysyde.
Eovle chaunse heom bytyde!
Heo bothe, with scharpe speris,
Heore lord gan thorugh beore;

Digitized by Google

And kast doun that gentil cors,
Adoun of his gode hors.
Away thay gan flyng fare,
Also theygh hit nought no ware.
Foundelynges weore they two,
That heore lord by-sayen so ;
Therfore no scholde gentil knyght
Never norische founden wyght,
No beggeris blod brynge on hygh wyke,
Bote he wolde him seolf byswyke !
Darie now lith on grounde,
In his body two dethes wounde.
His folk weore sone, in that medláy,
Parforce y-dryven al away.
Alisander, in his disray,
Fond Darie in a put, ther he lay.
Anon, he lyghte of his hors,
And tok in armes that gentil cors.
Darie sith the kyng hit is :
On kneoes he set up, y-wis,
To him he heold his hondes tweye,
Also wel as he maye,
And saide, " Gentil baroun ! here my cry,
" On me that thou have mercy,
" And graunte me soche beryng,
" So fallith for a kyng !
" No tak thou never wrethe non
" On sunful flesch, no on sunful bon.

Digitized by Google

" Burye me by kynges lawe,
" No let none houndes me to-gnawe,
" No the tyger, no the lyon :
" Y thè byseche, gentil baron !
" And Y thè byqwethe, by my lif,
" To thy spouse, my gentil wif ;
" And Y byqwethe to youre honours,
" Alle my castelis, and my tours."
(Al for nought was that cryeng,
For he starf at the furste tidyng.)
" Sire, he saide, kep childre myne,
" So hit farith to honoure thyne.
" Mede, and Perce, Y thè byqwethe :
" No may Y longer lyve for dethe !
" No so longe hadde Y dured,
" No hadde ye me thus honoured.
" My spirit hath y-had vertue
" And lif, thus longe, for joye of yow.
" Mercy ! he saide, baroun gent !"
With that word theo spirit went.
Ac theo deol that Alisaunder made,
No may Y nought fully rede.
Darie starf in his armes two :
Lord that Alisaunder was wo !
He wrong his hondes, saun faile ;
Ofte he cried, and ofte he uaile,
" Y wolde Y hadde al Perce y-geve,
" With that Y myghte have thy lif !"

Digitized by Google

That ever hem hatid so the feondes,
Now they buth gode freondis.
Alisaundre his clothes to-tare,
And to-drough his yelow here.
His gentil folk aboute him come,
And from theo cors him nome;
And comforted him in faire manère,
And amended his chere.
Pays he dude anon grede
To al Daries manrede.
That body he ladde to Assire,
And gentiliche dude hit atire.
Theo bowelis weoren y-nomen out,
And for-brent, withowte dout.
Theo body was bawmed, and leyd in a schryne,
Of entaile riche and fyne.
Alle his freondis, pore and riche,
Weore ther sikirliche.
Fairer, no with more worthe,
Was never kyng y-brought on eorthe.
Tho he was buried in gret honour,
He nam Daries tresour,
And pertid hit among his kynne,
And among his owne men,
Of heom alle he fong fewté,
Servys, and eke lewté.
What with gefthe and qweyntise,
Al he wan to his servyse.

Digitized by Google

His two dowtren, theo two swetynges,
He maried heom to two riche kynges.
His wif starf at the furste tidyng:
Faire on eorthe he dude bire bryng.
His moder he dude kepe so hende,
Fair to hir lyues end.
Whan he hadde y-stabled that lay,
Thus he saide apon a day:
"Myghte Y wite who hit ware
"That Darie thorugh with spere bare,
"And slow him with double dunt,
"Al for myn avauncement,
"Y wolde avaunce heore cors,
"And sette heom on hyghe hors,
"And yiuen hem stele and baudry,
"As men don the kynges amy,
"And lede heom theo cité al abowte,
"And do the folk to heom lowte."
Tho this traytours herde this,
They wente to keovere honour, y-wis,
They come forth, and weore byknawe,
How they hadde Darie y-slawe.
Kyng Alisaunder heold his word.
He herde how they slowe heore lord,
He dude quyk harnesche hors,
And sette theron heore cors:
Hyndeforth they seten, saun faile;
In heore hond they hulden theo tailes.

Digitized by Google

Of theose bought was heore croune:
They weore y-lad abowte theo towne;
A withthe was heore stole, certes,
With on othir they weoren y-gurte,
As men heom ladde abowte theo toun,
Heo schewed folk heore treson.
Men to heom threowe drit and donge,
With foule ayren, with rotheres lunge.
Tho this dispit was heom y-do,
Heore feet men kneotte theo hors to.
To the gybet al quyk men tare,
Hygh they weore an-honged thare.
Thus ended the traytour Besas,
And the traytour Besenas.
The deuel of helle hem mote stike,
Vche traitour that his lorde byswike!
From prynces may no man hym warie;
And that ye see wel by Darye.
His owen noryes to deth hym broughth,
Sore it myghte hem rewe in her thoughth;
For clerkes seyn, in wrytyng,
That treson hath eovel eyndyng!
Now ye mote undurstonde,
How Alisaunder secheth the londe,
And makith his bailifs and justise,
And takith fewté to his servyse.
Tho that weore Daries freondes,
Loveth him with heorte hende,



Digitized by Google

For the honour, after his lif,
He dude to him, and to his wif;
And for the vengeance of Besas,
That he dude, and to Besanas.
Al aboute the proude riche
He advaunced quykliche,
And maketh pes, maugre to eche,
Dar no man agein hym queche.

Digitized by Google

# KYNG ALISAUNDER.

## PART II.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# KYNG ALISAUNDER.

## PART II.

### PROLOGUE.

Faire ben tales in compaignye;
Mery in chirche is melodye;
Yuel may the slow hye,
And wers may blynde siweye.
Who that hath trewe amye,
Joliflich he may hym in her afyghe.
Y wot the beste is Marie:
Heo us schilde from vylanye!
Now bygynneth the other partie
Of Alisaundres dedis hardye;
How he wan Inde lond,
Egipte, and eke Braumond,
Albayne, and eke Taprobaunce,
And the grete ylis of Meranse;

Digitized by Google

And how he bysette Tamyteys,
With pilers of brass and botemeys;
And two-and-twenty regiouns
Alle Menbrette naciouns;
How he hadde mony batailles
With wormes, and other merveilles;
How he slew Pors in the place,
And how he was bygiled of Candace;
Of selkouth trowis, and of selkouth best,
Al yow schal telle the other geste.

Digitized by Google

# CHAP. I.

## CONTENTS.

*Alexander causes the wonders which he beheld on his march to be described by learned clerks.—He marches in pursuit of King Porus, but is misled into the deserts by his guides.—Description of India; of the islands Gangerides, Polibote, &c.; of the hill Malleus; the country Pandea, inhabited by Amazons; of the Farangos, Maritiny, Orphani, the Houndynges, and numerous other fabulous nations.—The perils of Alexander on his march.—He encamps on the banks of a poisonous lake.—Many of his men die, but are restored to life by a herb pointed out by an angel.—Number of the train and the army, of whom many die of thirst.—They arrive before a town, the inhabitants of which refuse them entrance.—Two hundred young knights, sent by Alexander, are devoured by Hippopotami.—Alexander orders two hundred and fifty of the guides to be thrown into the sea, who are also devoured.—A description of the Hippopotami.—Alexander marches forward.*

THOO Alisaunder went thorough desert,
Many wondres he seigh apert,
Whiche he dude wel descryue
By good clerkes in her lyue;

Digitized by Google

By Aristotle his maister that was;
Better clerk sithen non nas.
He was with hym, and seigh, and wroot
Alle thise wondres, (god it woot!)
Salomon, that al the werlde thorough yede,
In sooth witnesse helde hym myde.
Ysidre also, that was so wys,
In his bokes telleth this.
Maister Eustroge bereth hym witnesse
Of the wondres more and lesse.
Seint Jerome, yee shullen y-wyte,
Hem hath also in book y-wryte;
And Magestene, the gode clerk,
Hath made therof mychel werk.
Denys, that was of gode memorie,
It sheweth al in his book of storie;
And also Pompie, of Rome lorde,
Dude it writen every worde.
Beheldeth me therof no fynder;
Her bokes ben my shewer,
And the lyf of Alysaunder,
Of whom fleigh so riche sklaunder.
Yif yee willeth yive listnyng,
Now yee shullen here gode thing.
In somers tyde the day is long;
Foules syngeth and maketh song.
Kyng Alisaunder y-went is,
With dukes, erles, and folk of pris,

Digitized by Google

With many knighth and doughtty man,
Toward the cité of Facen;
After kyng Porus that flowen was
Into the citè of Bandas:
He wolde wende thorough desert,
Thise wondres to seen apert.
Gyoures he name of the londe,
Fyve thousande I understonde,
That hem shulden lede ryth,
Thorough desert, by day and nyth.
The gyoures loueden the kyng noughth,
And wolden have hym bycaughth:
Hy ledden hym therfore als I fynde
In the straungest peryl of Ynde.
Ac, so ich fynde in the book,
Hy were asshreynt in her crook.
Now rideth Alisaunder with his ost,
With mychel pryde and mychel boost;
Ac ar hy comen to castel, oither toun,
Hy shullen speken another lessoun.
Lordynges, also I fynde,
At Mede so bigynneth Ynde:
Forsothe ich woot, it stretcheth ferrest
Of alle the londes in the est,
And oth the south half sikerlyk,
To the cee taketh of Affryk;
And the north half to a mountayne,
That is ycleped Caucasayne.

Digitized by Google

Forsothe yee shullen vnderstonde,
Twyes is somer in the londe,
And neuer more wynter ne chalen.
That londe is ful of al wele;
Twyes hy gaderen fruyt there,
And wyne, and corne in one yere.
In the londe, als I fynde, of Ynde
Ben citès fyue thousynde;
Withouten ydles, and castels,
And borughs tounes swithe feles.
In the londe of Ynde thou mighth here
Nyne thousynde folk of selcouth manere,
That ther non is other yliche;
Ne helde thou it noughth ferlich,
Ac by that thou understonde the gestes
Bethe of man and ek of beestes,
That vs telleth the maistres saunz faile;
Than mighth thou haue meruaile.
Lete we now Alisaunder in pays ride,
And speke we of wondres that ben biside;
Listneth of wondres, and sitteth in pes.
In Ynde is a water y-hote Ganges;
There ben jnne fysshes of strengthe,
Thre hundreth feet hy ben of lengthe.
In that water an ydle is,
And in that ydle tounes of prys.
To bataile may the kyng of that ydle,
With foure and fifty thousand men ride;

Digitized by Google

Foure thousande on hors of prys,
And the other ben fote men, I wys.
There is another ydle hatt Gangerides
There ben jnne castels and of poeple pres;
Hy beeth also mythel and bolde,
As childe of seven yeres elde,
Hy ne ben no more verreyment:
Ac hy ben of body faire and gent;
Hy ben natheles faire and wighth,
And gode, and engyneful to fighth,
And have horses auenaunt,
To hem stalworthe and asperaunt.
Clerkes hy ben with the best
Of alle men hy ben queyntest;
And evermore hy beth werrende,
And upon other conquerrende.
By the mone and by the sterren,
Hy connen jugge alle werren.
Hy ben the altherbest
That ben from est into west;
For hy connen shete the gripes fleigheyng
And the dragons that ben brennyng.
Hy ben in wode gode hunteres,
To cacche bores and wilde beres,
And ek lyouns and olyfaunz.
The kyng of these sergeaunz
May leden to bataille
Two thousande knighttes saunz faille,

Digitized by Google

And seven hundreth olifaunz
And fourty thousande redy sergeaunz.
Noughth fer than so is Polibote,
The men of the cuntrere ben y-hote;
Hy ben fyne hardy men and wighth,
And mychel connen of werre and fighth.
The kyng of that ydle may, saunz faile,
Thritty thousande on hors lede to bataile,
And sex hundreth on fote folk, non better shotynde,
And olyfaunz y-armed eightt thousynde.
Riche ben the ydles of Yndes cuntreye.
Alisaundres hardynesse may no man seye;
The whiche, oither bi strengthe, or elles by sum gynne,
All that he seeth thencheth for to wynne.
Michel is the wonder that is vnder Crist Jesus.
There biyonden is an hyll is cleped Mallens.
Listneth now to me I praie for my loue!
This hyll is so heie that nothing cometh aboue;
The folk on the north-half in thester stede hy beth,
For in al the yer no sunne hy ne seeth.
Hy on the south-half ne seen sonne non
Bot in on moneth, atte fest of seint John;
Thoo that woneth in the est partie,
The sonne and the hote skye
Al the day hem shyneth on,
That hy ben black so pycches som.

Digitized by Google

Thise nacioums ben outelyng,
And in her owen yemyng.
  Pandea is a land fast there biside.
There-inne is joliffe curteisie and pride;
Alle hy ben maydens that thereinne woneth;
Mannes compaignye certes hy shoneth.
The quene of her londe so is
A damoysel of mychel prys.
Faire and wel thise damoysels
Loketh her cites, and her castels.
The quene may lede to hire baners
Twenty thousande maidens upon destrers;
That conne on felde wel shake a spere,
And stronge knighttes out of her sadles bere.
  A folk woneth biside thoos,
That beeth y-cleped Farangos;
That haunteth wildernesse and foreates,
And nymeth thereinne wilde bestes,
And flesshe hy eten raw and hoot,
Withouten kycchen, God it woot.
  Another folk hem woneth by,
That beth y-hoten Maritiny.
By the water is her wonynge,
And hy libben al by fyssh ynge.
Hy nymeth the fyssh, and eteth it thanne,
Withouten fyre, withouten panne,
Ne hebben hy non other fyre
Bote shynnyng of the sonne clere.

Another folk there is next, as hogges crepeth,
After crabben and airen hy skippen and lepeth;
Of thornes and busshes ben her garnement,
And of holmen leues, I sigge verrayment.
Another folk woneth there biside;
Orphani hy hatteth wide.
When her eldrynges beth elde,
And ne mowen hem seluen welde,
Hy hem sleeth, and bidelue,
And the guttes hy eteth hem selue;
The guttes hy eten, for loue fyne,
And for penaunce and for discipline.
Another folk there is acost,
Stille men, withouten bost;
Whan hy seen seek her vryne,
Hy nylleth seche no medecyne;
Ac from her frendes hy stelen
And gon to wode and maken hem helen,
And crepen thereinne, and steruen so,
Ne ben hy founden never mo.
Another folk there is biside;
Houndynges men clepeth hem wide.
From the brest to the grounde
Men hy ben, abouen houndes.
Berkyng of houndes hy habbe.
Her honden, withouten gabbe,
Ben y-shuldred as an fysshe,
And clawed after hound, i-wisse.



Digitized by Google

In wood hy woneth, god it woot,
And libben by the wylde goot.
Another folk there is ferliche,
Also blak so any pycche;
An eighe hy habbeth and no mo,
And a foot on to goo.
With his foot whan hyt ryneth
He wrieth his body, and wanne it shineth;
For his foot so mychel is,
It may his body wryen, i-wis.
Another folk there is forthers,
That libbeth also palmers.
Ac other mete thai ne habben
Bot hawen, hepen, slon, and rabben.
On the south side, there Ynde maketh ende,
Woneth a folk wise and hende:
Hy clothen hem with grys and ermyne
With golde and siluer and skarlet pers fyne;
Faire vesage, and of face bolde;
Here hy habben yelewe so golde.
Citès hy habben and castels plentè,
And eten and drynken of grete deyntè;
None men in the londe of Ynde
Ne fareth so wel als ich fynde.
Another folk there is bisyde
That habbeth furchures swithe wide;
Eighttene fete hy ben longe,
Swithe lighth, and swithe stronge.

Digitized by Google

In the londe, by the forest,
There hem liketh wonyng best.
Barefoot hy gon withouten shoon,
Michel wightnesse hy mowen don.
Every wilde dere astore,
Hy mowen by cours ernen tofore.
Wymmen there ben mychel and belde;
Whenne hy habbeth ben of fiftene wyntre elde,
Children hy beren verrayment,
That ben of body fair and gent:
Ac no womman of that contrey
Ne lyueth no lenger, *par ma fey,*
Then she be of twenty wyntres age,
For than she gooth to dethes cage.
There biside is a folk ful wys,
And proude men of mychel prys.
Hy connen hem shilde from al sorough;
For hy arisen erly amorwe,
And gon to the sees stronde;
(On on foot al day hy stonde,)
By the wawen, and by the sterren,
Hy juggen thanne alle werren;
And hy connen by swiche boke,
From euery contek her londe loke.
Thise men han selkouthe wyues
And childern bot ones in al her lyues.
Alsone as that childe y-borne is
It hath wytt or har I wys,

Digitized by Google

And may speken to his dame:
Now is this a selkouthe game.
Another folk woneth hem bisyde,
A riche folk of mychel pride:
Of nynetene wyntres and an half,
Hy ben hore al so a wolf;
And when hy ben of thritty yaar,
Hy ben broun of hare, as hy weren aar;
And so ay, by the ten yere,
The coloure chaunges of her here.
None men so longe libbe
As don hy and her sibbe.
Off wonder folk yee habbeth y-hard,
That woneth in this myddelerde,
In a few ydles of Ynde.
Fele moo there beth bihynde.
Ac a few wordes, with youre wille,
Of Alisaunder ich wil telle,
Thoo he rood toward Porus,
His fomen wel malicious:
Of bestes, of wormes in desert
That he seigh with his eighen apert,
And suffred swych batayle so stronge,
That slayn he was neigh hem among,
He and alle his noble men,
Als hy riden from Facen.
Day, and other, and thrid vpon
Mightten hy fynde water non,



Digitized by Google

Bot wildernesse and non othere thing.
Wel sore anoyed was the kyng,
For he seygh his stedes honestes,
Dromedaries, and other bestes,
Toforne his eighen steruen for thurst;
Of all pyne that was hym werst.
Natheles with all peyne,
He fonde therafter ane pleyne.
Amyddes the pleyne was a laak,
And the water thereof was blaak;
The water was ful of longe reede.
The kyng there thoughth to bete his nede.
The sonne gan in the west helde;
The kyng there hete his paylouns telde,
And forbed lowe and heighe,
That non ne shulde, upon her eighe,
Of the water drynk ne taste
Ar he had asked tryacle on haste.
Of this water he proved siker,
Ac there was never galle so bitter;
Ne had he had tryacle thoo
Hadden hy never forther goo.
Natheles al that ilk nighth
He bileued there righth.
Many of his men and bestes,
Agein kyng Alisaunder hestes,
Stelendelich dronken of this lake:
Wel woo was hym for thaire sake.

Digitized by Google

Many there storuen ; so hadden moo,
Ac a palmer there com thoo ;
And taughtte the kyng an herbe take,
With whiche he shulde hem hole make.
The kyng with that herbe onon,
Yaf hem bote everychon.
It was an aungel, so seith the book,
That the kyng the herbe took.
Amorowe the kyng and his baronage
Wenten forth in her viage.
Of al that hy mightten riden ne gon,
Water ne mightten hy fynde non.
The sonne and the dust aroos ;
The kyng of his folk agroos,
And for his bestes, *par ma fey*,
That drowen and ledden his charrey :
For neigh hy weren bothe for thurst
Astrangled, and ek for-prest.
It nas no wonder, als I fynde :
For of olyfaunz two thousynde
The kynges golde and silver bare ;
That was a ryche chaffare.
Foure hundreth olifaunz baren his engynes,
To throwen with magnels to his wetherwynes.
A thousand there drowen cartes longe,
That ledden mete and armes stronge.
Ten thousande mules the kynges tresoure,
On rewe, berande heuy somers ;

Digitized by Google

And fyve hundreth camailes of Asseries,
And two thousande dromedaries,
And a thousand bugles of Ynde,
And two thousand oxen, als I fynde.
Withouten horses, withouten steden,
Of whiche no man ne couthe areden
The nombre bot the heuene kyng,
That woot the sothe of al thing;
Ne of the kynges curreye,
That lasteth twenty mylen weye.
It nas no wonder though the kyng
Hadde doel and grete mournyng;
For of men on fote, als I fynde,
He had thre hundreth thousynde;
And two hundreth thousande of knighttes,
And thretty thousand stronge and wighttes.
Many thousande of them there starf;
That thrust to the herte carf.
Seuen nighth this thrust last,
The more ne drunken ne the lest.
At the seuen nighttes ende
A castel toun the kyng com hende.
Theo he it seigh the kyng was blithe,
And gan thider hyghe swythe.
Men of the castel and wymman
Bihelden that oost that to hem cam.
For drede hy weren out of wytt;
In hy went and her gates shytt;

Digitized by Google

Her brygge hy drowghen blith,
And bothe hem hyd, man and wyf.
The kyng com thider with his oost,
And cleped and made grete boost,
And asked water of the ryuere;
Ac non nolde hym answere.
With mangenels, ne with gynne,
Ne mighth he on word y-wynne.
The kyng hete onon righttes,
Two hundreth of yonge knighttes,
That weren in water wise,
Armen hem in breny of yse,
Withouten sotoned aketoun,
Oither plate, oither gaumbisoun;
With swerd y-gird, and with knyue,
And into the salt water blyue
To the castel, and ouer wynne
For to wyte with sum gynne,
What folk there weren inne.
The knighttes stoden on heighe brymme,
And lepen into the cees arme;
That was bothe reuthe and harme.
Swithe wightlych hy bigynne
The thriddendale, and faire, swymme
Of the water that hy were inne,
Upberande faire chynne.
Ac thoo hem aroos a vyle meschaunce,
Kyng Alisaunder to gret greuaunce.

Digitized by Google

Ypotamos comen flyngynge,
Out of roches, loude nayinge,
Grete bestes and griselich,
More than olifaunz sikerliche.
Into the water hy shoten onon,
And freten the knighttes everychon.
Alisaunder, the riche kyng,
Thoo wep and made grete mournyng;
And of the oost the gentil men
Bigradden, and wepden her ken.
The kyng in wraththe nyme dede
Thrid half hundreth in the stede
Of his gyouours, and therinne he cast.
Hy weren freten alle in hast
Of the wylde bestes ypotame;
So is there hoten her name.
The gode clerk, men cleped Solim,
Hath y-writen in his latin,
That ypotame a wonder beest is
More than an olifaunt, I wis;
Toppe, and rugge, and croupe, and cors,
Is semblabel to an hors.
A short beek, and a croked tayl
He hath, and bores tussh, saunz fayle;
Blak is his heued as pycche.
It is a beeste ferliche;
It wil al fruyt ete,
Applen, noten, reisyns, and whete.

Digitized by Google

Ac mannes flesshe, and mannes bon,
It loueth best of everychon.
In roche is his wonyying,
In water and londe his purchaceyng.
Bothe hy eteth flesshe and fysshe.
Of no beest drad he nys.
Hynd and forth he tourneth his pas,
Whan he gooth on any cas;
That no man ne shulde y-wite,
Whiderward hy were biwite.
Michel was the pleynt and the grade
That the folk hadden y-made.
Ac so he seighe none mendynge
By the heste of the kynge,
Thennes hy wenten withouten duellyng,
And soughtten better soiournyng.

Digitized by Google

## CHAP. II.

### CONTENTS.

*The host encamps near a river.—Description of the feasting, which is disturbed by numerous wild beasts attacking the army. —The King of the Albanyen sends valuable presents to Alexander, amongst which are two greyhounds, who put the wild beasts to flight.—The host is assaulted by dragons, who are defeated by small adders; then by monstrous crabs, lions, tigers, wonderful birds, by fabulous beasts called deutigrans, by foxes, and other animals.*

MERY time it is in May, 5210
The foules syngeth her lay;
The knighttes loueth the tornay,
Maydens so dauncen and thay play.
The kyng forth rideth his journay.
Now hereth gest of grete noblay!
Al day he rideth to mydouer-non;
Water mighth he fynde non;
Bot a fyssher in the cee
He bad hym, par charyte,

Digitized by Google

He shulde hem teche to sum ryuere,
And he shulde have gode here;
And he hem taughtte, ouer a wode,
To fynden watres swithe gode.
Al that day and al that nighth,
Hy riden south-est righth.
Bores, beres, and lyouns,
Olyfaunz, tygres, and dragouns,
Vnces grete, and leopardes,
Youen hem many assaut hardes,
And slowghen many bolde and wighthes
Of kyng Alisaunder knighttes.
Ac so hy comen ouer that wode,
And founden watres swithe gode,
There was talt many pauyloun
Of riche sendel and siclatoun;
Many banere and banerett
Was on pauyloun y-sett.
The kynges ost lasted aboute
Two and twenty milen withouten doute.
The kyng dude onon afelle
Many thousande okes, ich telle;
Beches, birches of the fairest,
And hete sette on fire on hast.
Hy maden fyres vertuous
Fyve hundreth, vche gret als an hous:
For the kynge wolde haue swiche lighth,
He nere bitrayed vpon that nighth.

Digitized by Google

To mete was greithed beef and motoun,
Bredes, briddes, and venysoun.
The kyng of-sent erles and barouns,
For to sopere it was seysouns.
Tofore the kyng honge a charbokel ston,
And two thousande laumpes of gold and on,
That casten also mychel lighth,
As by day the sonne brighth.
The glevmen useden her tunge;
The wode aqueightte so hy sunge.
To a twenty milen aboute
Of barouns and knighttes lasted the route.
Also the kyng, and his meigné,
Gladdest weren and aveysè,
Grete addren comen flynge,
And scorpion with vile whistlynge;
Tygres, olyfaunz, and beres
Comen flynge with grete heres,
And assaileth, with cry and boost,
Al Alisaundres oost.
In this tyme, noughth fer thenne,
Woned a kyng of selkouth menne:
Hy ben y-cleped Albanyen,
Alle hy ben wighth men
Her visages ben blew so Ynde,
Swiche other men ne may me non fynde.
Alle wolden-eighed hy beeth
By nighth als a cat hy seeth;



Digitized by Google

Of foure feet hy habbeth the lengthe,
And ben men of grete strengthe.
The kyng dude by his mennes rede;
And to haue Alisaunder frendrede,
Of golde he sent hym a coroune,
And a swithe fair faukoune,
Tweye hugle hornes, and a bowe also,
And fyve arewen ek therto;
In a cheyne of golde tweie grifhoundes;
Ne haue ich none swiche y-founde.
Hy weren mychel als lyouns;
Of mete neren hy none glotouns.
Thoo that broughtten this present,
With faire giftes ayeine were went.
Now ariseth cry and boost,
Among Alisaunders oost,
Of scorpiouns and addres, with her speres,
Of tigres, olifauntz, lyouns, and beres,
That mychel of Alisaunder folk to-tereth;
And with brondes and swerdes hy hem wereth;
And of the addres and scorpiouns
Hy slowen a gret fuysouns.
Ac the houndes of whiche we spaak
Her cheyne bituene hem hy braak:
That on lep on a lyoun,
And to ground hym threw adoun,
And hym astrangled meigntenaunt.
The other lep on an olyfaunt,

Digitized by Google

And threw hym also to grounde,
And strangled hym in litel stounde;
And with how, and with cry,
The other duden away fleighe.
The kyng, and ek his meignè,
Thereof hadden grete glee.
The smale addren, of whiche we spaake,
Weren bileued att a lake,
And dronke and wesshe hem saunz faile;
The kynge thereof had meruaile.
Also the kyng was meruelynde,
A cry he hereth gret byhynde,
A gret noyse of ful soun,
As al the werlde shulde adoun.
Than comen dragouns flynge.
Non of hem ne lyst synge;
Shelde and spere in honde hy toke,
Euery gan his heuede loke.
Thise dragons weren of dyuers coloure,
And foughtten ayein with grète vigoure,
And slowghen of the kynges men
Moo than an hundreth and ten.
Thus thise dragons with thise knighttes
Foughtten two tydes of the nighttes:
And thoo comen the addren smale,
Of whiche was first our tale,
Ageins the dragons, and helden fighth
Another tyde of the nighth,

Digitized by Google

And ouercomen hem with maistrie.
The kyng onon dude crye,
That non mysdone hem ne sholde,
As he sauen his lyf wolde.
Thus the smale addren yeden and come
Withouten harme of alle and some.
Thoo was the folk to rest-ward.
Ac now hem cometh a wonder hard;
From the mountayn swyche a soun,
As al the werlde shulde adoun;
And fyre flyngynge also clere,
As al the werlde were on fyre.
Thoo nas there non of so good loos,
That in herte hym agroos.
It nas no wonder for dragouns it ware,
Summe two, summe three heuedes bare;
That grisely whistleden and blasten
And of her mouthe fyre out-casten.
Alisaunder and his knighttes of mighth,
Ayeins hem with armes gonne fighth;
And euerychon sloughen to grounde:
That was a dede of mychel mounde.
The kyng there les tuenty knighttes,
And on and thritty of sergeantz wighttes.
Ac joye hy hadden at the frome,
That the deuelen weren ouercome.
The kyng hym seluen seide thoo,
" Here is now mychel woo.

Digitized by Google

" Resten we now for this nighth more,
" Ne shullen we tholen more sore."
Hy token rest a litel wightth,
For-to it were ouer midnighth.
Than there comen by on lowe,
As al the wood shulde ouere throwe,
Of wonder bestes many thousynde,
Crabben hy oten als I fynde.
Hy weren as mychel as bores ;
Thoo was that folk agrised sores.
Twelue feet hadden eueryche,
And als the deuel hy weren griseliche.
Thise bigonnen that folk assayle,
And bigonnen, grete batayle.
Hy leiden hem on on side, on regge,
With axe and swerde of gode egge.
Ac hy ne mightten hem hirt verrayment
Ne with swerd, ne with dent :
For steel, ne yrne, in her swerd,
Ne mighth hem percen hy weren so hard.
Ac natheles in her hondon,
Hy henten grete fire bronden,
And thorough that fyre and goddes mighth,
Hy hem sloughen dounerighth ;
And wolden thoo have y-nome restes.
Ac thoo come flyngende othere bestes ;
White lyouns, than boles more ;
That folk was thoo adrad wel sore.

Digitized by Google

The kyng vp lepeth and helpeth his men,
And slowen hem by twelue and ten.
The mest part thereof hy slowen;
The other flowen away and drowen.
Ac onon after that wonder,
Comen tigres many hundre;
Graye bicchen als it waren,
And fyre in her mouthes baren.
That folk assaileden anon righttes,
And many slowen of the kynges knighttes;
And foughtten with hem, *par ma fay*,
For-to it were almest day;
And flowen thoo to her denne.
Woo was the kyng, and ek his menne,
That ilk nighth, withouten jest,
So woo dude the wilde beest.
Thoo comen there fleyng sory foules
More than colueren, ac hy weren foule,
Hy weren blake fethered on the wombe,
And rough on the rigge, als a lombe.
He weren tothed als a man,
And tressed in the nekkes, as a womman.
Cry hy hadden als a pecok;
Griselich was her flok.
Thise duden the oost mychel noye,
In the gravkyng of the daye.
Thor comen there dasshyng bestes ferlich;
Man ne saugh neuere none swich.

Digitized by Google

Hy ben y-hote deutyrauns;
More hy ben than olyfaunz.
Blake heueded after a palfray;
Ac in the foreheuede, *par ma fay*,
Hy have thre hornes sharp and longe;
And als a stede hy ben stronge.
Thise haue the kyng assayle,
And y-yoven hym grete bataille.
An hundreth knighttes twenty and to
Hy han hym y-slawe, and lesse ne mo.
The kyng and his barouns mightty
Of hem slough two and fyfty.
The othere part away hy dryuen
Into dales and into clyuen.
Hereafter, litel in a stounde,
Comen vp out of the grounde,
Amonge the folk sodeynlich,
Grete foxes, and griselich.
By the membres and by the cors
Hy biten bothe man and hors.
Her bytt envenymed was;
Man ne beest non there nas,
And he were of hem y-bite,
That he nas ded, God it wyte!
No man ne mighth hem sloo
Therefore hy duden mychel woo,
And slowghen bothe man and beest.
The kyng thereof hadde molest.



Digitized by Google

Thoo comen there fleigheyng foules blake,
And houeden on heighe ouere the lake;
And of perches, and of savmouns,
Token and eten grete foysouns.
And thoo hy hadden eten ynowe,
To the est-ward hy drowe;
And seighen these bestes hem amonge.
The foules weren of clawes stronge;
Vp hy spreden, and away hem bare,
And tho delivered that folk of care.
The kyng, and al his meignè,
Thereof hadden joye and glee.



Digitized by Google

## CHAP. III.

### CONTENTS.

*Alexander marches towards Bandas.—He enters the town disguised, and confers with Porus, who delivers him a challenge for himself without knowing him.—The armies drawn out on the appointed day.—Porus is defeated and taken prisoner; but obtains his possessions back from Alexander.—Porus and Alexander march to the world's end, where they see two golden images, denominated Hercules' bounds.—An old man gives him an account of the countries bordering thereupon, particularly of Est-Ynde, which Alexander determines to invade.—His army embarked and landed at Yperoun.—The king of the country makes peace with Alexander.—Account of the kingdom and inhabitants of Taprobane, and of the territories beyond it.—Wonderful adders, producing precious stones.—Farther on the terrestrial Paradise.—Alexander returns into Upper India, where he defeats the inhabitants.—The host attacked by a monstrous beast, and by elephants, which are subdued.*

THE sonne ariseth, the day spryngeth;
Dewes falleth, the foules syngeth.
The oost arist on erne morowe,
That hath had a nighth of sorowe.

Digitized by Google

Nov it is y-passed hy ne don thereof;
Bot gamenen togedres, and ek scoff.
The kyng forth went to Bandas,
Noughth fer thenne to Abocas;
He there was a litel while.
Nou listneth of a queynt gyle.
Porus the kyng had will with the mestre
To wite of Alisaundres estre;
To wite his estre, and his beyng,
Grete wille had Porus the kyng:
So that the tale and the sklaunder
Com to kyng Alisaunder;
And swore onon, so most he thee,
He wolde wite who was he.
The kyng dude of his robe, furred with meneuere,
And dooth on a borel of a squyer,
And a lighth tabard, als I fynde,
And trusseth a male hym bihynde.
Upon a mule he went forth onon,
And gynneth flynge gode score hir vpon,
Forto he com to Bandas,
There the kyng Porus was
In the strete conseilynde,
With his riche folk of Ynde.
Alisaunder cometh upon his mule,
Bishiten and bydagged foule;
His mules sides al blody,
And flyngeth gode skowr hem forby.

Digitized by Google

Kyng Porus by his man
Dude hym swithe clepe ayan;
And asked hym, whennes he was, and whonnes he com;
And he swore, bi Goddes dom,
That he was of Grece a swayn,
And the kyng Alisavndres chaumberlayn,
Wexe to bygge in this cité,
Of whiche hy hadden scarseté.
" Saye," quoth Porus, " what man is Alisaunder,
That of loos bereth so gret sklaunder."
And he ansuered, verrayment,
That he was hendy, wighth, and gent,
And he was a litel man, and an elde,
And had on at the mete, for the chelde,
Twoo thik mantels, y-furred with grys.
" Certes, quoth Porus, ich am unwys,
" Ne habbe ich y-take cité and toune
" To his wille in [h]is baundoune:
" Often ar this me agroos,
" For man leide on hym swyche loos;
" Ac now ne shal I blithe be,
" Forto ich hym mowe mete and see,
" With suerd and shelde in batayle,
" To proue his wightnesse saunz faile."
To hym that rood, he seide thoo:
" Ich me awonder by Seint Bardo,

Digitized by Google

" Siththe that Alisaunder is so elde
" Hou he dar, and is so belde,
" And how he may and is so hardy,
" Other kynges to don foly ;
" Noughth on, ne two, ne thre, ac alle,
" Nymeth perforce, and maketh hem thralle."
The folk seide that abouten stood,
He ne had neuer so hardy blood,
That he durst the kyng y-see.
" Yis, quoth he that rode, so mote I thee,
" He dar with thee speke, and ek y-seen."
Quoth the kyng Porus : " *Jeo croy ben !*
" Ich wil thee yiue of golde a mark,
" And a stede strong and stark,
" By so thou wil, withouten ansuere,
" To youre kyng a lettre bere."
And he hym graunted, God it wyte.
The lettre was onon y-write.
Kyng Alisaunder it underfynge,
And golde and silver to medyng.
He smoot his mule with sporen whate ;
Bot whan he com to the gate
To the porter he yaf the golde,
And lete the mule gon where he wolde.
On the destrer onon he slang,
Als arewe of bowe forth he sprang.
To his folk he com ful swithe,
And of his comyng hy weren blithe.

Digitized by Google

He lighte and told his auenture,
Hy lowghen and maden ennesure.
Alisaunder the wryt behelde,
And saugh therinne thretyng belde,
And defyeaunce, the thrid day.
That was his gamen and his play.
The thrydde day wel sone cam.
Kyng Alisaunder his armes nam,
And armed hym ful wel,
And al his folk in irne and steel.
So dude kyng Porus, saunz faile,
And comen hem to chaumpe bataile.
There was displayed many gounfanoun
Of ryche sendel and syclatoun;
There was many riche stede,
And many knighth wel ful of pride;
There was many faire justynge,
Assailynge and defendynge.
Ac natheles kyng Alisaunder with his man
Of Porus kyng the maistrie wan.
Kyng Porus yalde his swerd to his honde,
And to his wille al his londe.
Kyng Alisaunder was has curteys,
And graunted hym his loue and pays.
Now ben the kynges men euerychon,
And ek Porus al at on.
Ac Porus and al his folk pardè,
Ben of kyng Alisaundres meignee.

Digitized by Google

Now went Porus, so I fynde,
With kyng Alisaunder ouere all Ynde,
To shew hym the merueilynges
Of men, of bestes, of other thinges;
And helpen wynne vnder his honde
All the naciouns of the londe.
Of Bandas wenden thise kynges of prys.
Withouten noumbre her poeple is;
Neuer, in al this myddelerde,
Nas so myche folk in on ferde.
Hy passeden dales, hy passede pleynes,
Wildernesse and mounteynes.
Hy comen to the on werldes ende;
And there hy founden thing of mynde:
Of pure golde two grete ymages
In the cee stonden on brasen stages;
After Ercules hy weren y-mad,
And after his fader of golde sad.
Ercules was whilom a man,
That non ne mighth stonde ayein.
Thider he wan the middelerde,
By maistres, be werres he conquerde.
He sette there ymages of moundes,
That men clepeth Ercules boundes.
The kyng and his folk, saunz faile,
Thereof hadden grete merueile.
Kyng Alisaunder asked onon,
Yif hy mightten forther gon?

Digitized by Google

A cherle him ansuered ayeinward;
(To his nauel penge his berd;
He was also blak as pycche,
And had a face wel grisliche;)
" Sir," he seide, " south hiderward
" Is the ende of myddelerd;
" A west-half, yee mowen y-see,
" The waye lithe into the rede see;
" A north-half ne mowen yee noughth y-passe
" For deserte and wildernesse;
" For tygres, bores and lyouns,
" Addres, quinres, and dragouns
" Wolden this folk mychel and lyte,
" Envenymen and abite.
" Ac hiderward, sir, into the Est,
" The waye is sikerest and best.
" Thiderward is Est-Ynde;
" Foure and fyfty kynges thou mighth fynde,
" That noither of thee ne of Pore,
" Ne helden tale, lesse ne more;
" Withouten ydles that there ben inne,
" That qued and stronge ben to wynne.
" Noither for Ercules, ne for Liber
" Ne dursten neuere comen ther.
" Two somers and two wyntres in on yare,
" Verreyement, hy habben thare.
" Yperens hatte her hauene.
" Alle hei gorgen as a rauene;

Digitized by Google

" Grete men and blake hy ben.
" Yif thou desirest merueiles to sen,
" There yee mowen merueile y-fynde,
" More than o wer elles in Ynde.
" The wynde you may theder blawen,
" In lesse than in twenty dawen.
" An Emperoure y-hete Lybertyne,
" A strong knighth hardy and fyne,
" Thider passed and al this fonde.
" Al it is sooth ich understonde."
Kyng Alisaunder onon heet
Greithen his shippe, swithe and skeet.
Dromuns, botes, and barge
With man and beest he dude charge;
And seileden wel swyftely est:
Al the cee ferd, as a forest.
The fourtenthe day hy comen to Yperoun;
There hy founden a fair citè toun,
There hy founden folk of strengthe.
The londe is seuen thousande mylen of lengthe,
And foure thousande mylen of brede.
The kyng of the londe dude by rede,
And made with kyng Alisaunder peys,
And yaf hym yiftes of nobleys.
Verrayment there ne groweth no whete,
Ne other corne, bot spyces swete.
Thereof hy maken her breed,
And drynken wyne white and red.

Digitized by Google

Eueryche man and eke womman
Of the londe of Taproban
Of an hundreth wyntres ful libbeth the dawe,
Bot hy ben of fomen y-slawe.
Hy ben y-clothed in alle wones,
In golde, and siluer, and precious stones.
It is boystous folk nathelas,
Michel folk, and griselich of faas.
The kyng had with hem many fest,
Swithe riche and ek honest.
Forther than into the Est,
Was no wonyng bot wilde best.
Addres with foure hedes and dragouns,
Gripes, tygres, and lyouns;
And a maner folk there is y-founde,
That men hem clepeth cee-hounde.
The addres shiteth preciouse stones.
Listneth now for the nones.
In shynyng of the sonne, whan Marche blaweth,
The addres upward hem thraweth,
And to-cleueth wombelyng,
Ayeynes the sonne shynyng;
And conceyueth of the sonne, veire,
By nature of the wynde and eire;
And yif of fele hiwe is the eyre,
So shullen the stones ben, in veyre:
Swich is this addres kyndlyng,
Preciouse stones withouten lesyng,



Digitized by Google

Jacynkte, piropes, crisolites,
Safyres, smaragdes, and margarites.
Beyonde the dragouns, gripes, and beste,
Paradys terrene is righth in the Est,
Where God Almightty, thorough his grace,
Fourmed Adam our fader that was.
The kyng thennes went forth,
Ayein into Ynde in the north,
That is y-cleped, als I fynde
In the book, the vpper Ynde.
Thoo he com, with his compaignye
Al the londe he fonde y-wrye,
With armed men, riche and pouer,
Kynges, dukes, on and other,
That hym and hise with swerd gretten
And with sharpe launces metten,
And of yonge knighttes sloughen the floure;
The kyng therfore was in doloure.
Hy maden her armes envenymed;
He that was take of deth was lymed.
Alisaunder waxe wrooth and gan hym bistere,
And eke alle his gode fightteres,
Thise folk to-hewe and sloughe,
Mo thousandes than ynowe,
And ouercomen hem at the last.
The remenaunt than fleigh on hast,
Bisiden into a riche citè.
The kyng hem bishette withoutten pitè;

Digitized by Google

And in on nighth, by on metyng,
Yaf al his folk botyng.
Onon after that citè he feld
And al that folk anon queld.
Childe in cradel, man ne wyf,
Ne lete he neuere on a lyf.
Forth went the kyng wondres sekynde:
A griselich hest he gonne fynde;
So mychel seigh he neuere, ne non swiche;
Two heuedes it had wel ferlich,
To a cokedrill that on was liche,
That othere the moneceros selcouthliche.
His rigge was bristled as with sharp sithen;
Toeth he had so wrethên writhen;
Eighen he had so brennyng bronde;
And two knighttes of Grece londe,
At the first assaut, he slough.
The kyng, ne non of his ne lough.
Ac hy it smyten myche and lyte,
And non arme nolde byte
In that beest, so mote I lyuen;
And hy it away tofor hem dryuen.
Forth went the kyng thennes with hy;
Of the forme-ward he herd grete cry
For hy weren assailed of olifauntz.
The kyng highed, and his sergeaunz;
Ac, so I fynde on the book,
By Porus conseil hogges hy took,

Digitized by Google

And beten hem so they shrightte.
The olyfauntz away hem dightte;
For hy ne haue so mychel drade,
Of nothing as of hogges grade.
Nyne hundreth and eightte hy slowghe;
And quyk thai lokeden therof y-nowe
To seruen hem in batailles,
And to beren her vitailles.
The sonne loweth and west helt,
The kynges pavylouns there men telt,
And token hem there herberewe,
For-to the sonne ryse amorowe.
God make alle soon blithe,
Who so wil lystne and lithe,
The most wonder ye mowen vnderstonde,
That ben y-founde in Ynde londe.

Digitized by Google

# CHAP. IV.

CONTENTS.

*Alexander finds a nation living in the water.—He arrives on the Ganges, and marches to a city, the gates of which are shut against him.—Alexander leaps on the wall to reconnoitre the town, but is pulled in by hooks.—He defends himself, is wounded, and in great peril.—Perdicas leaps from the wall and comes to his assistance.—The city is stormed by the army, taken, and burnt.—Alexander visits all the Indian isles.—Description of the Isle of Bramande.—He is preparing to go against France, Germany, England, &c. when he is informed of the descendants of Nimrod in Taracun, and by an old man advised to march against them.*

In tyme of heruest mery it is ynough ;
Peres and apples hongeth on bough.
The hayward bloweth mery his horne ;
In eueryche felde ripe is corne ;
The grapes hongen on the vyne :
Swete is trewe loue and fyne.
Kyng Alisaunder amorowe arist ; 5760
The sonne dryueth away the myst.

Digitized by Google

Forth he went ferre into Ynde,
Moo merueiles for to fynde.
Hy founden many lake and pett,
With trowes and thornes byshett;
Withinne grene and mychel weed,
Waterkressen and heighe reed.
There hy seighen men, ich wil avowe,
And wymmen as beres rowe;
Bristled hy weren as hogges,
And stynken as water-dogges.
In the water hy swymme and yede;
Ypotami hem leued myde;
Alle hy lyueden by raw fyssh.
Tho hy seighe that folk, I wys,
Hy plumten doune, as an doppe,
In the water, at on scoppe.
Thoo hy plumten the water under,
The folk had of hem grete wonder.
Forth went the kyng and al his folk apert,
Wondres to seen in the desert,
And entreden, toward the west,
Into a swithe fair forest,
And founden appel, trowes, and fygeres,
Peryes, cypres, and olyuers,
That weren thre hundreth feet longe:
There was mery foules songe.
The shadewe cast two mylen wayes;
Thoo weren trewes of nobleyes.

Digitized by Google

There biside, withouten lees,
Hy founden a water y-hoten Ganges.
There ben jnne eles strong,
That beth thre hundreth fet longe;
Hy habbeth in hem hondes two,
With which hy don mychel woo.
Olyfauntz and knighttes in hy drowen,
And in the water som slowen.
There hy seighen a selcouth folk
Al day pouren in the walken,
And al day men on fote stondynde,
And neuere wery so I fynde.
So hy ben delited in that art
That wery ne ben hy neuere cert.
The kyng and hise wenten forth
Into the est, into the north;
Als fer as hy for water mighth,
Ac of wondres nadden hy more sighth,
That any tale be of to telle;
Bot of bestes and wormes felle,
And of the wederes stronge, and tempestes,
That hem duden grete molestes.
The kyng lete the waye of the est,
And by a ryuer tourned west.
He was war of a citè wall,
Swithe fair and stronge withall.
Thider hy drowen lesse and more,
Hem of vitaile to astore.

Digitized by Google

Ac the men of that citè
Weren ful of iniquitè;
And ronnen to her gates fast,
And hem shetten wel on hast.
Alisaundre, and his meygnee,
Comen, and badden hem entree,
Ac non ne welde ansuere a word,
Noither to men ne to lorde.
The kyng of his stede alighth
And steegh on the wal anon righth,
And loked ouer what hy dede.
Hy weren redy in that stede,
Als I fynde on the boke,
And plightten hym in with yrnen hoke;
And laiden hym on with swerd and batt.
The kyng was neigh al to-flatt,
Er he west where he was.
The kyng rekowered nathelas.
Vnder shelde he gan hym were,
And wel swiftely hym bistere;
Smoot and leide on with mayn,
And slough a rawe two duzeyn;
And maugre the teeth of hem alle,
Sette his rigge to the walle.
That folk grete assaught hym yaue,
With swerdes, axes, stones, and staue,
Woundeden, felden, and sore hym hirten:
His woundes bledden, his dyntes smerten,



Digitized by Google

That he grented als a bore,
And deled many a dynt sore.
Of summe he karf heued of, of summe arme,
Of summe foot and legge, it nas non harme.
He slowgh an hundreth in rawe,
That at his feet laien y-slawe.
The prince of the cité seigh this,
And com flynge onon, I wis,
With a launce on his hors,
And smoot Alisaunder thorough the cors,
And braided hym doune on knee to grounde.
The kyng swoghened for that wounde,
And hastilich hymself aweightte,
And the launce out pleightte,
And lepe on fote with swerd of steel,
And gan hym were swithe wel.
Ac vnnethe on his feet he stood,
He had bled so mychel blood;
And the folk hym leide on, ay the lenge the more,
Byhynde, and biside, and also before.
In the ost withoute a noble duk was,
That was y-hote Sir Perdicas;
This on the wal steigh on heigh,
And al his lordes tourment seigh.
Anon he lepe doun of the walle,
Amonge the kynges fomen alle;
And with his swerd, sharp y-grounde,
He yaf many a dedly wounde.



Digitized by Google

Sixty swithe and therto fyue
He byname the dayes of lyue.
Ac for sothe, ne had he so y-come,
The kyng had bien slayn, oither y-nome.
Wharfore kyng Alisaunder ouer than,
Loued sir Perdicas ouere all his man;
And made hym his heire sethe,
Ouere al Grece in his dethe.
The kyng is bicomen fiers and lighth,
And wightly ayeins his fomen gan fighth;
And Perdicas feyned noughth,
For als a wode lyoun he faughth.
The kynges oost that withouten was
Hadden aspyed al this cas,
And broughtten gynnes to the walle,
Houen, shouen, and drowen alle;
And maugre Picard and Bretoun,
Breken there the wal adoun;
And in flunge in litel stounde,
And laiden al that folk to grounde.
Ac Alisaunder his owen honde
Biheueded the prince of the londe;
And sithen, withouten any pytè,
Sette on fyre that citè;
And forbrent it more and lesse,
And made therof wildernesse.
There, beside his pauylouns,
Weren y-tolde by dales and dovnes.

Digitized by Google

The kyng there soiourned to he was hoole.
To hardy man wel ofte is foole :
So had the kyng y-ben neigh ;
Ac God him sent help from heigh.
Tho the kyng was hool, and wel y-doughth,
Mo wondres he hath y-soughth.
Euerych ydle, euerych contrey
He hath y-soughth, *par ma fey.*
An ydle he passeth, y-hote Perfiens,
And Gangeridas, and Gangiens,
An ydle y-hote Cormorans,
And a stronge ydle y-hote Bramans.
Mychel he hym pyned er al this londe
He haueth y-wonne vnder his honde.
Ich wil you telle what men ben in Bramande,
Yif yee willen vnderstonde ;
Hy ben men withouten doutaunce,
Of hard lyf and stronge penaunce ;
Hy ne eten bot gresses rote,
And fruyt of trees and herbes swote.
Thinnelich hy beth y-hatered
And drynken of the broune water ;
Hy ne eten of oxe, ne of swyne,
Hy ne drynken of ale, ne of wyne ;
Ne hy ne han boures, ne halles,
Ne casteles, with heighe walles ;
Bot in trowes, and in denne,
And in roches holed withinne,

Digitized by Google

Thereinne is her wonyghing.
Hy ne eteth non othere thing
Than the erthe youet, withouten tallyng,
Bereth notys, rotys, and other thing.
In penaunce sikerlyk
Hy don hem brenne also quyk,
For her mysdede and for her synne,
The ioye of Paradys to wynne.
  Forth went kyng Alisaunder this vyage;
Ne fyndeth he kyng ne baronage
No whare in the londe,
That he ne falleth to his honde.
Thoo had kynge Alisaunder y-ment,
By al his baronage consent,
The cee haue y-passed ayein,
And werren upon Fraynsshe men,
Alemanns, and ek Englysshe,
Bretons, Yrissh, and Denmarchisshe.
  Tho com there goande a man ferlich,
Also blak as any pycch,
Caluz was his heuede swerd,
And to his nauel henge his berd.
He ne had noither nekke, ne throte,
His heued was in his body y-shote;
An eighe he had in his vys,
And a foot, and no moo, I wys.
He was rughher than any ku,
And spaak als an helle bu;

Digitized by Google

And seide to kyng Alisaunder,
" A pese nys worth thi riche slaunder,
" Bot thou passe here forth,
" Ouer the cee righth in the north ;
" Thou shalt there fynde kynges felouns,
" Ful of malice and traisouns.
" Of the kynde Nebrot the traitoure,
" That in Babiloyne made the toure,
" After the grete Noos flood,
" That fele mylen in heightte stood,
" And thorough Goddes wreche shoten away,
" Into that vile countreye.
" That is y-hote Taracun,
" In the werlde nys non so felun ;
" For hy libben by addren, and snaken,
" And wormes, that hy mowen taken.
" Mannes flesshe, and mannes blood,
" That hem thinketh swete and good.
" Al thing ayeins kynde,
" That hem thinketh good and hende.
" Many man bitwene Gog,
" Thou shalt fynde, and Magog,
" That thou, ne none swyche,
" Neuer [founde] in no kyngriche.
" Mowen hy, and her sybbe,
" Her wille have and longe lybb,
" Alle the werlde ne shull hem were,
" That hy ne shulle hem with tooth tere ;

" Ac yif thou wilt habbe maistrie
" Of loos and prys, thider thou highe,
" And thou mighth there, by bataile and gynne,
" Of al the werlde mest loos wynne !"

Digitized by Google

# CHAP. V.

## CONTENTS.

*Alexander announces to his army his intention of leading them against certain monstrous races of men.—Sends for recruits throughout all his dominions.—List of nations comprehended in his army.—He embarks his troops, and sails to Taracounte.—The inhabitants retreat to the marshes, from whence they slay many of his men.—He prepares hurdles, on which his troops fight to advantage.—He continues his march to Taracounte (the capital of the land of Magogas) and finds the people to be a monstrous species of cannibals.—Being unable to subdue them, he retires to a mountain named Mount Celion, makes a sacrifice, and is inspired with a device for the accomplishment of his purpose.—He is directed to a marvellous people somewhere between Egypt and India, who inhabit the sea, and possess a material for building which hardens under water: the place of their residence is called Meopante.—He descends with them under the sea; stays with them half a year, obtains the miraculous clay, and blocks up the port of Taracounte in the sea of Calpias, (probably the Caspian) so that the various monsters in human shape who inhabit that country shall never break forth till the arrival of Antichrist.—Alexander then proceeds to visit many extraordinary nations in the neighbourhood of Egypt, the Garmacians, the Sorebotes, the Azachy, the Sanberies, the Mauritimi, the Agefagi, the Macropy, the Orisine, the Auryali, the Garranians, &c. all of whom are particularly described.*

MURY hit is in halle to here the harpe, 5990
Theo mynstral syngith, theo jogolour carpith;

Digitized by Google

Yet thoughte mury kyng Alisaunder,
Of uncouth londis to here sclaunder.
Loude he counsailith, anon ryghtis,
To his dukes, barouns, and knyghtis.
" Listenith," he saide, " gode lordynges!
" Ye haveth y-herd selcouth tidynges
" Of the foule folk, and felle,
" That buth of the kuynde of helle;
" And also houndes buth unkuynde,
" That wollith frete monnes kuynde.
" Al that we havith wonne and wrought,
" Y no holde hit for nought,
" Bote we mowe heom wynne,
" With bataile or with gynne.
" Wyde we haveth y-gone,
" And feole londes wyde wonnen:
" Helpeth now, for my love,
" We myghte that folk beo above;
" And youre mede schal riche beon,
" For al Y wol departe yow bytweone;
" Bothe lond, and eke juwel,
" That everiche mon schal beo paied ful wel."
The barouns gaven counsail hende,
And saide they wolde with him wende,
Wyde and syde to his wille,
That wickid folk for to spille.
Here-to-fore ye haveth herd,
Of theo kyngis ost how hit ferd.

Digitized by Google

That amounted fyve hundrod thousand
Knyghtis to armes, so Y fynde,
Withowte pages and skayeris,
Divers gyours, and sumpteris,
That no mo no myghte telle,
Bote the Lord of heoven and helle.
Now wol the kyng eche his ost.
Feorre aboute, and eke acost,
He sente his messangers bet,
Me scholde him socoure sende skit.
Now, ye mowe undurstonde,
That folk of divers londe,
That to him cam, how feole ther ware.
God ows schilde al fro care!
From Mede him cam thousandis ten,
Of armed knyghtis noblemen;
From Capadose, withowte no,
Him cam of knyghtis thousandis two;
And of Assyre thousandis sixe;
(Now bygynneth his ost to waxe,)
And from Aufryk, thousandes seoven,
Of the beste undur heoven;
Of Perce seolf, thousandis eyghte,
Him cam of swithe noble knightis;
Of Babiloyne, and Esclanomye,
Fyf thousand of wyght chivalrye.
Thider cam theo quene of Chichis,
With ten thousand maidenes of pris,

Digitized by Google

That n'as never overcome,
Bote of Alisaunder theo gode gome.
Thider com, withowten assoyne,
Two quenes of Amazoyne,
With twenty thousand to hire banére,
Faire maydenes of whyte chere,
That weore wyght in bataile,
And comly in bed, saun faile.
Of Grece, and also out of Ynde,
Him cam thrytty thousand.
So muche folk, in on ferde,
Was never yet in this myddel erd!
Tho the kyng this of-sygh,
In heorte he hadde joye.
He schipeth heom in schipes cayvars,
In dromondes, and in lumbars.
They drowe up sail, and weate forth,
To Taracounte, ryght north.
Theo folk of that lond herde the sclaunder,
That to heom com Alisaunder;
They haden wallid cité townes,
In dalis, and eke in downes,
And calke trappen maden ynowe,
In weyes undur wode and bówe,
Alisaundris men to aqwelle,
And synfulliche heom to spille.
And into theo mores they heom drowe,
To quede paththes, to quede slowe,

Digitized by Google

For to skyke, and for to slene,
Of kyng Alisaundris men.
Kyng Alisaunder, and his baronage,
Haveth y-take god ryvage.
Whan they hadde reste a lyte,
Theo lond they wente to vysitte.
They fonde narwe pathes, and lite fen;
Ageyn heom, mony thousand men.
Bothe perty flang togedre,
So doth the hail with the wedre.
There was sone mony baner gode
Y-wassche, and bathed in red blode:
And mony corven sweord
Made lady withowte lord:
There was mony knyght y-slawe,
And mony mon y-brought of dawe.
Ac, for they weore in the fen,
Kyng Alisaunder leoseth many men,
Ac, allegate, the kynges
Losen ten ageyns on in werrynges,
This bataile laste a day ryght,
Til hit com to derk nyght.
Theo kyng hette Antiokon,
That was maister of his barouns,
Al the folk to the mont he ladde;
He dude anon by the kyngis rede.
He bleow his horn, his men he knawe,
Theo folk gan to the mont drawe.

Digitized by Google

Of hurdles of bruggen they made flores,
And so they wente into the mores.
Ther they foughte, and they slowe
Mo men then ynowe,
And bynomen that ilke men
Theo mores, theo schawes, and the fen.
Over dales, and over cleven,
To Taracounte, per force, they dryven;
Theo maister that ther was,
Of al the lond of Magogas.
Theo wayes weore so strayte, and fyle,
That mon no hors, by twenty myle,
No myghte come the toun nigh,
To greven, or to don anoye:
And they al day his folk to-drowe,
Soken heore blod, heore flesch to-gnowe.
That ilke men of that lond
Weore blak, so cole brond;
And teth haden yolowe as wax;
Every toth as a boris toxe.
Rowgh they weore so a beore,
They weore mowthed so a mare.
Evetis, and snakes, and paddokes brode,
That heom thoughte mete gode.
Al vermyn they eteth,
Bestes, men, al quyk they freteth.
Everiche of heom lyth by othir,
Sone by modur, and suster by brother.

Digitized by Google

So comyn they buth, y-wis
Non n'ot who his fadir is.
Al that naciour of that lond,
Weore fallen to heore hond.
Two and twenty kynges, fram Gog,
Alle what thon come to Magog.
No mon telle no myghte
Of heore folk, bote oure dryght!
The kyng was sory, saun faile,
That he no myghte geve heom bataile,
Bote here and there, with skykyng;
That was al to his leosyng.
He saide, al that he hadde y-wonne,
In the world undur the sonne,
He n'olde geve a pynne,
Bote he myghte heom wynne,
Other destruye, othir afere,
That they in this world no weore.
For, moste they come to othir londe,
(Corn, mete and drynk, and they founde)
Alle the naciouns of the myddelerd
They wolde do to clethes sweord;
And to-frete with heore teth.
Therof Alisaunder sikir beoth:
Therfore he bythoughte him streyte,
By queyntise to don, other deseyte,
Wher with theo world delivere he myghte,
Of theose feoule unwreste wyghtis.

Digitized by Google

He tok barounes mony on,
And went to an hul they cleputh Celion,
And ther, on Sarsynes wyse,
Maden offryng and sacrefyse:
And so longe criede and bade,
That him com from heven, rade,
How he scholde heom distroye,
That they no scholde this world anoie,
No in this worlde do evel chanse.
Now bygynneth a god romaunce.
A lond ther is, bytweone Egipte and Ynde,
(In maistris bokes as we fyndith)
In an yle of water they wonith;
Queyntaunce of al men they schoueth;
For they woneth in water, y-wis,
With eker and fysch.
A clay they haveth, verrament,
Strong so yren, ston, or syment.
Therof they makith bour and halle,
That never more no mowe falle,
And wyndowes y-glywed by gynne,
Never more water no comuth therynne.
Schipes they haven, y-hote pyrátes.
In the water is heore gates;
Whan hit is ebbe, up they buth:
Whan hit is flod, y-scheot they beoth.
Heo buth y-mad of oysers, Y fynde,
And y-bounde al with tren rynde.

Digitized by Google

Above, and byneothe, is heore heolyng,
With botemay, that wol clyng,
That no water, salt no cler,
Heom to derye hath no power.
So we fyndith in oure bokes,
By heore gynnes, and hy heore crokes,
So wyght undur the water they rideth,
So ony schip above glideth.
This yle is y-hote Meopante.
The kyng thider message sente,
And so spedde with his mede,
That he hadde heore felawrede,
Theo kyng was of hardy blod
With heom he wente undur the flod.
He say the ekeris wonynge,
And the fysches lotynge.
How everiche other mette,
And the more the lasse frete.
Theo botemay of the see ther he kneowe,
How the wynd ros, and how he bleowe,
And the marches of the see y-wis,
From helle al to paradys.
Tho he hadde y-beo thare
The mountaunce of half a yere,
He hadde y-purveyed, of that lond.
Mony thousand schipe, Y undurstond,
Ful y-charged of heore clay,
That me clepith botemay,

Digitized by Google

That water none no may to-dryve,
No iren, no steil, no metal to-ryve;
Ho so hit tempreth, by power,
So hit askith, in suche manér.
Tho he to his folk come:
Ther was joye bytweone lord and gome!
Aswithe, the kyng gaf bataill
Apon the Taracounte, saun faile,
Of half his ost, and sum del mo,
By sixty dawes, fourty and two.
The whiles, he dude his entent,
With help of heom of Meopent,
To stoppe theo see of Calpias,
Wher thorugh heo hadde heore pas,
In and owt for to ryde,
And to robbe schipes in every side,
And other men of divers lond,
For to do wo and schond.
And, owt of the lond no myghte schyp go,
Bote bytweone roches two,
So ahygh so any mon myghte seone,
That two myle was bytweone.
The kyngis knyghtis therwhiles dought,
On the lond every day fought;
And he there caste botemay,
Of Meopante, that towhe clay,
With pilers of matel strong,
That buth an hundrod feet long:



Digitized by Google

And made suche a strong muray,
That nevere, til domes-day,
Ther no schal schip out passe;
Neither more no lasse.
Of that dede he was blithe;
On the lond he wente, swithe,
And dude perforce stoppe the pas,
That goth fro Taracounte to Capias.
For ther was non othir wey,
Bote over a mounteyn to the sky an hygh.
This dude Alisaundre, *per ma fay*,
Thorugh the koyntise of his botemay.
He bysette the see and the lond,
With botemay, and mace strong.
Taracountes, and Magogecas,
And a folk me-clepith Vetas,
Al blak so cole-brond,
And rowgh as beore to the hond;
Turks he bysette with heom,
Grete werriours, and doughty men,
Schorte y-swerred, so Y fynde,
And bouked byfore and byhynde.
Durwes al so he bysette,
Thikke and schort and gud sette;
Ac non so hygh, Y thè telle,
So the leynthe of on elne:
Ac none betre Y no wot,
Than they buth, God hit wot!



Digitized by Google

Wolflynges they byset also,
Merveillouse men buth tho!
Wolfus by the navel donward,
And men thennes upward.
By robbery they liveth, and skickyng;
In cleoves is heore wonyng.
With heom he bysette a folke Gogas;
And al the folk of Crisolidas;
A folk of Griffayn, and Besas,
And xxii. other folk notheles.
Everiche, fouler folk than othir:
By the suster lyth the brother,
And by the moder lith the sone:
That is folk of foule wone!
Al this kyng Alisaundre hath byset;
Mowe they worse, mowe they bet,
No comuth they thennes ay,
Til hit come to domesday.
Antecrist schal come thanne,
And cheose him so feole man,
And schal falle, thorugh blanis myght,
Al Alisaundres werk dounryght;
And alle theose out with him lede,
Al the world to muche quede.
For tho that n'ul his men beon,
With heore teth heo wolith to-teren.
Now hath the kyng this in his rope,
He schipeth swithe to Ethiope:

Digitized by Google

For to seon that folk selcouth,
In diverse londes that buth kouth.
Geveth listnyng, and buth now blithe;
Of wondurfolk ye may lithe.
In Egipte is folk of selcouth kynde,
In oure bokes as we fyndith,
And buth comyn in lechure,
So buth bestes in pasture.
No mon no knowith ther other;
Fadir no sone, suster no brother.
Oure boke saith that ilke men
Buth y-cleped Garmacien.
Heo buth the lothlokest men on to seon,
That in the world may beon.
By heom woneth a folk wel strong,
Everiche of heom xij. fote long.
Wyde and long is heore furchur;
Sorebotes they hotith in lettrure.
Another folk is bysyde this,
That beon y-cleped Cenophalis.
Non of heom never swynkith,
Ac eche of othir mylk drynkith.
No schule they ete elles Y avowe,
So longe so they libbe mowe.
Another folk ther is bysyde,
Azachy men clepith heom wyde.
Lyght men, withoute dotaunce,
Olifans is heore sustinaunce.

Digitized by Google

Olifans they eteth ; therby they libbuth ;
Fadir and modur, and al that sibbe.
Anothir folk ther is, stronge men and foule
They buth long, and blak, and lokith as an houle.
They no haveth camayle, no olifaunt,
No kow, no hors, avenaunt.
On hond they creoputh, at o word,
They n'ul have non othir lord.
To him they makith gret honouryng,
For heore lond and for heore kyng.
Theose beon y-cleped Sanbereis :
So in bok Y fynde y-wis.
Another folk woneth therby,
That beon y-hote Maurityny.
Foure eyghnyn, by Godes grace,
Eche of heom beorith in face.
They buth archeris with the beste,
And scheoteth theo gryp in his neste.
Foul and deor, by nyght and day,
They seoth to scheote alway.
Alle they beon Sarasyns,
And 'leveth on Bakus and Appolyns.
Another folk woneth in the west half,
That eteth never kow no kalf,
Bote of panteris and lyouns,
And that they nymeth as venesons.
Othir flesch, no othir fysch,
No othir bred, heo no haveth y-wis.

Digitized by Google

Feorne men, and othir therby,
Clepeth heom Agofagy.
A folk ther is byside, of swithe gret pris,
They buth y-cleped wide Archapitis.
None no may upryght stonde,
Ac they creopeth on fot and honde.
Also bestis sikir they buth.
And wanne the wenche that they seoth,
They turneoth theo wombe upryghtis,
And so they haveth of the wenche sight.
Anothir folk byside is,
Visege after hound y-wis:
And also bores, they buth rowe,
And berkith as an hound, Y avowe;
Veolthe loveth al heore lynage.
Cinomolgris they hoteth in langage.
Theose woneth in Ethiope west,
Now lusteneth of the est.
Fair folk woneth in the este;
Of al theo lond they lyveth best;
Clothed in scarlet and grene,
Drynkith wyn, bryght and schene.
Corteise they buth of mete and drynke,
Wyght in bataile, and to swynke.
Kyngis they haveth of heomseolve,
And duykes riche mo than tweolve;
Eorles, knyghtis, and burgeys:
Hit is a lond of nobleyes.

Digitized by Google

Macropy is heore name;
Of gret worschipe is heore fame.
In heore lond is a cité,
On of the noblest in Cristianté;
Hit hotith Sabba in langage,
Thennes cam Sibely savage,
Of al theo world theo fairest queme,
To Jerusalem, Salamon to seone.
For hire fairhed, and for hire love,
Salamon forsok his God above;
And dude Mawmetis sothe servys;
Ther [he] dude noght as the wise!
Ac seththe he dude, verrament,
Ageynes God amendement.
Out also of that cité
Comen, on dromedaries, kynges threo,
That folewed Godis steorre,
And broughte gold, encence, and myrre;
And presentid oure Dryghte,
In Cristemasse, on tweolthe-nyght.
Tigris, a flum from Paradys,
Cometh to that cité, y-wis.
There is bysyde an yle wel heyghe,
That brenneth bothe nyght and deyghe.
And hit schal don, *par ma fay*,
Til hit come to domes-day.
Over that lond is bote desert,
To Paradys even apert:

Digitized by Google

And ther byside, on the north-est,
Buth men off selcouthe gest.
The face of heom is playn, and hard,
Al so hit weore an oken bord.
Blak is heore visage, and liche
Al so hit weore grounde pych.
Eyghnen they haveth so arnement,
And no nose, verament:
Mouth they haveth gret, and wide,
And a tonge as a schyde.
So God me helpe at my nede,
Unlossom is that kynrede.
Anothir folk byside is,
With brod vysage, and playn, y-wis.
Eyghnen they haven clere,
In othir mannes manére;
Ac heo no hath nose, no mouth;
No toth, no lippe, (that is selcouth!)
Bote a litel hole undur his chyn,
Wher heore wynd goth out and yn.
When they schule ete ought selcouth,
A reod they putteth in heore mouth;
And they sowketh by the reod,
Ywene hit beo mylk; so God me sped.
Tonge haveth they none, y-wis,
To speke Latyn no Englysch.
Eche of heom othir undurstond,
By tokenyng of the hond.

Digitized by Google

Fyre nys non in that contrey,
Never non of heom fere no sygh.
They buth y-cleped, men telleth me,
In langage, Orisiné.
Another folk bysyde ther is,
Swithe merveillous folke, y-wis.
They haveth visage swithe long,
And fuatted nose, that is wrong.
Eren they haveth an ellen long,
That byneothe theo gurdel hit hongith.
Whan hit snywith, other rayneth,
Other theo sonne to hote schyneth,
Anon ryghtis, his eren with,
Al his body he bywryeth ;
That neither wynd, no sonne murye,
No may nothyng his body derye.
Theose beon y-cleped in Latyn,
Among clerkis, Auryalyn.
Another folk byside wones ;
Y wene hit beoth theo deoveles sones.
So wex yalow is heore visages,
In the world no buth so foule pages !
Ryght they buth as an hound,
From the heved doun to the ground.
Visage after martyn apen :
Folke heo buth ful eovel y-schapen !
Heore mouth is from that on ere to that othir,
Heore nether lippe is a foul fother :

Digitized by Google

For to the navel doun scheo hongith ;
And foule al so carayne fongith.
Alle they beon mysfaryng.
Bothe byfore and eke byhynde,
They haveth clothyng unhonést ;
As a dogge other a best.
They beon y-cleped Garranien ;
Of the world the fouleste men.
  Wel ofte Alisaundre agros,
Er he hadde wonne al thos :
Ac so he chasted heom with sweord,
That he was heore aller lord.
Ac arst, mony of his knyghtis gode
Loren theo balles in heore hode.
  Now hath he in Egipte y-seyghe,
Al that any mon can outwryghe.
Thennes he wente, with al his host,
On a grene wode acost.
Verrament, ther he fond
Wymmen growing out of the ground.
Of some the hed pud owt ;
Somme to the breost, withowte dout ;
And also somme to the knowe ;
And somme to navel y-growe ;
And somme weore y-growe al out,
And yeode, and romed al aboute.
Faire wymmen heo buth, of pris ;
Heore heir heore clothyng ys,

Digitized by Google

Al so yalow so any gold,
S the maistris han us told.
Weore they lad othir y-bore
Of heore lond, heo weore y-lore.
Perforce men liggith heom bye;
And thanne they maken a reouthful crye;
Al so swithe cometh hire felawe,
And al to peces hire to drawith.
Theose wymmen, in letter blak,
Beoth y-cleped Archdrak.
Of selcouthes ye haveth herd,
That dwellen in this myddell erd.

Digitized by Google

## CHAP. VI.

CONTENTS.

*Description of wonderful animals seen by Alexander in the course of his wars, the Cessus, the Rhinoceros, the Monoceros, the Catathleba, emots, dolphins, crocodiles, &c.—Alexander finds a curious volcano in Ethiopia; and, proceeding toward India, passes the dominions of Queen Candace, who sends him a declaration of love.—Alexander thanks her for this declaration, but proceeds on his march.—A famous modeller, who was one of Candace's messengers, takes a correct likeness of Alexander, without his knowledge, and carries it to his mistress.—Alexander meets two old men, who direct him to the miraculous trees of the sun and moon.—He goes to consult the oracle of the trees, and is informed of his future destiny.*

Now ye schule y-here gestes,
Bothe of wormes, and of bestis,
That kyng Alisaunder fond,
Tho he wente in Egipte lond.
Sitteth stille, and geveth listenyng,
And ye schule here of wondur thyng.
Certes, lordynges, Alisaunder the kyng
Wolde y-seo al thyng;

Digitized by Google

Weore hit open, weore hit loke,
That he myght here of spoke.
He fond, as the bok tellith us,
A best in the lond y-cleped Cessus.
Horned hit is, as an oxce :
Berd hit hadde long y-waxe.
Hit hath monnes feet byhynde ;
And his feet to-fore, so Y fynde,
Buth ylicke monnes hond.
Hit nedeth nothyng to wond.
Hit is a best founde in boke,
Wel griseliche on to loke.
Another best also ther ys
That hatte rinocertis, y-wis.
Hit is more than an olifaunt ;
In wilde wode is his hont.
The olifans, in medlé,
And theo lyouns he wol sle.
For, on his snowte, an horn he beres,
That he smyt with lyouns and beres.
Theo horn is scharp as a sweord,
Bothe by the greyn and at ord.
A best ther is, of more los,
That is y-cleped Monoceros.
In marreys and reods is heore wonyng,
No best no haveth his fyghtyng.
To-fore, y-mad is his cors
After the forme of an hors.

Digitized by Google

Fete after olifant, certis:
Hed he hath as an heort.
Tayl he hath as an hog:
Croked tuxes as a dog.
Ther n'ys to hym tygre, no lyoun,
No no best, so feloun.
He hath, in his front strong,
An horn foure feet long,
So as Y in bokes fynde:
No rasour is so kervynge.
He sleth ypotanos, and kokadrill,
And alle bestes to his wille.
Hound no best dar him asayle,
No non armed mon saun faile.
No no mon may him lache,
Bote by that he no snache.
Another best there is, of eovel kynde,
Griseliche hit is, after theo feonde.
He schal sterve anon ryght,
That hit may on have a syght.
Catathleba is hire name:
God ows schilde al fro schame!
Yet ther beon emoten, so Y fynde,
That beon more than grehoundis,
No mon no may heom anoye,
Bote he wol anon ryght dye.
Ethiope and Clante buth two londis;
Ant bytweone heom renneth selcouth strondis.

Digitized by Google

From Nyl, a water of Paradys
Thennes cometh, and hoteth Tiger y-wis.
In tyme of wynter hit is dryhe;
And in somur hit over renneth the contráy.
Heo noriceth delfyns, and cokadrill,
Of whom after telle Y wol.
  Ther woneth a folk, of body lyght;
Broun they beon, and nothyng wight.
For they beon withoute clothes, naked;
Hardy they beon and ful of wrake.
Delfyns they nymeth, and cokedrill,
And afyghteth, to heore wille,
For to beore heom to the flod;
And by lond, gef heom thynkith god.
Theose beon stronge y-wis:
In winter no eteth they flesch no fisch;
No corn, no fruyt, no other thyng:
Ac they liveth, so theo heryng,
By the water, and gendryth therynne.
Feet and hond bath heore vynnes.
They cometh a lond in somer tide,
And makith teyntis wide and side:
And libbeth by flesch and fisch,
So doth other men y-wis.
  Now, listeneth and sitteth stille,
What best is the cokadrille.
He is strong, and of gret valour,
Brode feet he hath four.

Digitized by Google

Ac by kynde he is byreved,
That they no haveth no tonge in the heved,
Ayren they leggith, as a griffon;
Ac they beon more feor aroun.
Twelf fote he is long,
And so olifant he is strong.
In hire mouth buth teth treble set,
None bettre bores y-whet.
He beoreth at ones, there he is good,
Ten men over theo flod.
Theo delfyns woneth hire byside;
A strong best of gret pryde.
They haveth schuldren on the rygge,
Eche as scharpe as sweordis egge.
Whan the delfyn the cokadrill seoth,
Anon togedre wroth the buth,
And smyteth togedre anon ryght,
And makith thenne a steorne fyght,
Ac the delfyn is more queynter,
And halt him in the water douner;
And whan theo kocadrill him over swymmeth,
He rerith up his brustelis grymme,
And his wombe al to-rent;
Thus is the cokadrill y-schent,
And y-slawe of theo delfyn.
God geve ows god fyn!
Monye buth theo merveilles of Ethiope,
That Alisaundre hath y-grope.

Digitized by Google

There he fond a mounte berning,
And tidynges herde of his endyng.
Hit helpeth noght, ay Y saide:
Ac therof he was eovil paied!
Yet in Ethiope is a dych,
Merveillous, and eke gryslich.
Nyght and day there is gredyng;
Ac mon may seo no quyk thyng.
Ac sot, and snow, cometh out of holes,
And brennyng fuyr, and glowyng coles;
That theo snow for the fuyr no malt,
No the fuyr for theo snow aswelt.
This is now a wondur thyng,
That last to theo worldis endyng.
Now Alisaunder hath y-grope
Alle the merveiles of Ethiope,
And taken feuté of the men,
To Ynde yet he wol ageyn.
Blithe therof is kyng Pors.
His baner takith Antiocus;
On stede leop Philotas;
His spere tok Perdicas;
His mule sporeth Emudis;
His scheld enbraceth Antiocus;
His juster takith sire Cliton;
Nought byhynde n'ys Salamon.
Duyk and prince, eorl and knyght,
To Ynde-ward dasschith ryght.



Digitized by Google

To Facen-ward theo way they holdis,
By waies, wodis, and over feldis.
Heo passeden by a quenes lond,
That hette Candace, Y undurstond.
Of the world scheo was richest;
Of alle wymmen scheo was fairest.
Heo lovede Alisaundre previliche;
And he hire sikirliche;
Ac non of heom no hadde other y-seyghe,
In halle, in bour, no in weye.
In this vyage he hadde y-ment,
He wolde to hire have y-went;
Ac he lette, for suspecioun;
And yet more for treson.
Ac forth he wente Y undurstonde,
And passed the qwenes londe.
Tho the qwene undurstod,
For ferd of love heo was nygh wod;
Heo greithed noble messangers,
And sette heom on noble justers,
And tok heom a lettre, and bad heom beore
To Alisaundre and brynge onswére.
Theo messangers to the kyng went,
And broughten theo lettre that scheo sent.
They weore swithe welcome;
The kyng hath the lettres y-nome,
And brak the sel, the lettres say:
This was the tenour, *per ma fay*.



Digitized by Google

" To Alisaundre, the emperour,
" Of alle kayseris pris, kyng, and flour,
" The quene Candace, with alle honour,
" Sendith thé gretyng *per amour*.
" O Alisaundre! dure sire,
" Over alle men Y thè desyre!
" Tak me, to-fore alle, to thy qwene;
" Riche schal thy mede beone!
" Y wol charge, sum faile,
" With besauns, a thousand camailes;
" Y wol geve thè gymmes, and byghes,
" Ten thousand caries.
" Y wol chargen al the bestis
" With pellis, and siglatoune honeste.
" Y wol thè geve gentil men,
" Ten thousand wyghte Ethiopen;
" Yonge knyghtis, flumbardynges,
" Wyghte in every batalynges:
" And an c. thousand noble knyghtis,
" To thy servyse gode and wyghte:
" And of gold a coroune bryght,
" Ful preciouse stones y-pyght;
" Gold no seolver, so Y sigge,
" No myghte the stones to worth bigge.
" Yet thou schalt have six hundrod rinoceros;
" And v. c. olifauns, and vij. c. perdos;
" And two hundrod unyeornes;
" And fuf M. boles with on hornes;

" And four hundrod lyouns whyte ;
" And a thousand, that wel can byte
" Olifauntz, and lyouns on playne,
" Stronge houndis of Albayne ;
" And fyf hundrod ceptres of gold ;
" And my lond to thy wold :
" And an c. thousand gentil sqwyers,
" That konne thè serve in eche mæsters :
" And thrytty thousand maidenes bryght
" For to serve thyne knyghtis :
" Alle eorlis, duykes, and barouns,
" Ful of cortesy wones :
" O Alisaundre, riche kyng,
" Beo my lord and my derlyng !
" Y wol thè serve to hond and fot,
" By nyght and day, yef Y mot !"
Of this lettre was muche pris,
With Alisaundre and alle his.
The messangers ageyn heom dyghtis,
And gaf heom riche geftis,
And with wordes bonére,
Heom answerith swithe faire.
Ther was y-come with the messangers,
A queynte mon, a metal geoter ;
That couthe caste in alle thyng.
He avysed than the kyng ;
And tho he com hom, sykirliche,
He caste a forme the kyng y-liche,

Digitized by Google

In face, in eyghnen, in nose, in mouth,
In leynthe, in membres, that is selcouth!
The qwene sette him in hire boure,
And kepith hit in gret honoúr.
Now rideth Alissaunder in jurnaying,
With riche pruyde, with muche syngyng,
In gret delit and solasyng.
Listenith now of his metyng.
As the kyng rod with duykes and eorlis,
He mette with two olde cheorlis.
To the navel theo berd heng:
Thus aresoned heom the kyng.
" Sey me now, ye olde hore!
" (Mony day is seothe ye weore bore,)
" Wite ye eghwar by my weyes,
" Any merveilles by this wayes,
" That Y myghte do in storye,
" Othir men han in memorie?"
" Ye, *par ma fay*, quoth heo,
" A gret merveille we wol telle thé;
" That is, hennes, in even way,
" The mountas of ten daies jornay,
" Thou schalt fynde trowes two:
" Seyntes and holy they buth bo.
" Hygher than in othir contray all.
" Arbeset men heom callith.
" Yef thou wolt thè thider dyght,
" Thou most lede fourty thousand knyghtis;

" With heom, thou myght wel werye
" That wilde bestis thè no derye.
" Mo no myghtow lede, saun doutaunce,
" Bote thè faille sustinaunce."
" Sire kyng," quod on, " bymayn eyghe,
" Eythir trough is an hundrod feet hygh;
" They stondith up into theo skye.
" That on to the sonne, sikirlye,
" That othir, we tellith thè nowe,
" Is sakret, in the mone vertue.
" Go to heom and aske, in heorte,
" Al that thou wolt wite certis.
" Of thè, of freond, othir of kynne,
" Othir of othir stronge men,
" And thou schalt here the sothe anon,
" And thou wolt thider gon."
The kyng, by god counsáile,
Dyght him thider saun faile;
And sente, with Pors, al his men
Into theo cité of Facen.
Bote fourty thousand with him he tok;
So we fyndith in the bok.
Forth Alisaundre gan wende,
Til he com to theo trowes ende.
Notemugge, and the sedewale,
On heom smullith, and the wodewale,
Theo canel, and the licoris,
And swete savour y-meynt, y-wis,

Digitized by Google

Theo gilofre, quybibe, and mace,
Gynger, comyn gaven odour grace;
And, undur sonne, of alle spices
They hadden savour with delices.
That lond was holy they undurstode;
And lyghten of heore justeris gode;
And yeoden on fote: Men they metten,
And everiche othir faire gretten.
Of lyouns, and of pantoren,
Al heore wedes, certeyn, weoren.
They haveth no wolle to spynne;
Heore clothis buth of bestis skynne.
Theo byschop that was of that lond,
He haveth of the kyngis come sond.
Herith now of a selcouth man!
He greythed him, and went the kyng ageyn.
Theo bysschop hette Longis, sikirliche,
He was bothe blak, and gryseliche,
And rough y-schuldreod also.
His on fot was more than othir two.
He hadde boris teth, and wyde mouth;
The kyng of him hadde selcouth.
He hadde in leynthe ten grete feet;
In a lyons skyn he was y-shred:
Of a best that hyghte pantere
His hod was, that heng aboute his swire.
Theo kyng wel faire he grette,
Al so sone so he him mette:

Digitized by Google

And the kyng say, by god reson,
Of his comyng theo encheson.
What helpith al to telle?
Theo bysschop granted al his wille,
And schryved heom alle tho
That scholde with him to the trough go.
Now is the sonne gon undur;
The bischop ladde the kyng to the wondur;
And foure c. knyghtis him myde,
To the trough after yede.
No saughe he never so fair atoure,
No feled such a savour.
At the trough of the sonne,
Heore sacrefyse they haveth bygonne.
The bischop to the kyng seide,
And to al theo felawrede,
" Kyng, he saide, this trowe honest,
" Asketh offryng of non beeste;
" Neither of broches, ne of rynges,
" Ne of mony crieynges;
" Bote in thyn heorte thenk al thy wille,
" And thou schalt y-wite snelle!
" For, byhold, up thy steovene
" Ys y-herd into the heovene."
Theo kyng sygh a lem, so a fuyrbrond,
And from the trough a stern to heven stond.
On kneo he gan doun falle,
And with him his knyghtis alle,

Digitized by Google

And thoughte, yef he scholde wynne the world thorugh,
Est and west, south and north :
Yef he scholde to Grece ageyn wende,
And seon his modur and his freondis.
The trough him onswerid ageyn,
In langage of Indien,
" Kyng Alisaunder ! Y telle thè certis,
" Of al the world theo thridde partys
" Thou schalt wynne and beon of kyng,
" Ac selcouth worthe thine endyng.
" To my langage thou undurstond :
" No comustow never in Grece lond.
" Modur, no suster no thy kynne,
" Schalt thou never in Grece y-seon.
" Er thou weore in thy bygetyng,
" Of God hit was thy destenyng.
" For al this world, Y telle hit thè,
" Otherwise no myghte hit beo !"
Tho the kyng herde this,
For deol he chaungith colour, y-wis.
Wo was heom for that onsware
And that hit herde so feole.
Ac tho me myghte y-seo ynowe,
Duykes and barons, felle y-swowe !
Heore heir heo taren, lasse and more,
And wrongen heore honden, and weopen sore,

Digitized by Google

And byweyled his prowès,
His youth, his streyngh, his largenesse.
The kyng syghte swithe sore ;
And bad heom beo stille, lasse and more :
He solaced heom, and bad heom beo stille ;
He moste suffre Godes wille !
He highth hem aughtte and gret nobleys
He schulden hit hele and ben in peis.
- He tok the bischop, anon ryght,
For hit was after the mydnyght,
And wente him, also sone,
To the trogh of the mone.
Threo knyghtis he hette with him go,
Of his preovest, and no mo.
That het Ditonas, Philotas, and Perdicas,
Ther nere nowthir more no lasse.
The kynges knyghtis kneoled, certis,
And thus he saide in his heorte.
" Trough faire ! Y byseche thè,
" By thy leve, tel thou me,
" Whan Y schal sterve, yn god fay,
" Whare, and in what contray ?"
Theo treo him onswerid, in gret resoun,
" Thou schalt steorve in Babiloyne ;
" Thorugh envye and by traisouns,
" To-fore alle thy barouns,
" In the next yer her afterward,
" Thou schalt suffre deth ful hard."

Digitized by Google

Tho weopte the kyng and his y-fere,
And made swithe reowly chere.
His wit he forgat for sorow
And yede ligge forto amorow.
His knyghtis of Grece and of Perce,
Wo and sorwe gan reherce,
Weopen and heore clothes taren;
Nomon sygh never men so faren!
Philotas tho to the kyng cam,
Theo tale of heom all he nam.
" Sire! he saide, undurstond,
" We buth with thè in divers lond.
" Heo buth nought alle oure freondis
" That now is us hende.
" We habbeth mony a pryvé fo,
" That wolde of on harme have two,
" And wol fonde to greven us.
" Let thou thè make vigorous!
" That thou herdest is fairye:
" No shaltow heorte and flesch hardye?
" Let beo, sire, such mornyng,
" And go comforte thy derlyng!"
Kyng Alisaundre, though him weore wo,
He tok him god heorte to.
Up he ros, to his folk he goth,
And makith heom blithe, and nothyng wroth;
Eteth and drynkith, and geveth no skof,
Als he yaf nothing therof.

Digitized by Google

For he made him blithe and lyght,
Muche joye maden his knyghtis:
Al was forgete; sorwe and care,
That day they letten forth fare.
Tho hit was eft nyght,
The kyng went to the bisschop ryght,
And saide, he hadde forgete
Thyng that he wolde y-wite
The thridde tyme, and to him saide,
He scholde him to the trough lede,
That was y-cleped of the sonne:
More fayn he wolde konne.
The bisschop graunted al his wille,
And ladde him thider stille.
Creature with him non n'as,
Bote the treowe Perdicas.
Tho he com to the treo,
He feol sone on his kneo,
And thoughte in god fay,
"Trough! thou to me say,
"Which day Y schal hennes teon,
"And who schal my bale beon?"
The trough onswerid, in gret yre,
"Perfay! thou art a selcouth sire!
"Thou askest thyng ageys skyll!
"Now is the tyme in Averill;
"Nought, withoute gret care,
"Thou schalt lyve al this yere!

Digitized by Google

" Thou schalt wel overcome ;
" Ac, thyn endyng schal beo nome
" In the nexte yeir, as Y thè teche,
" Theo xxiiij. day of Marche.
" Thou schalt beo poysond, and deth thole ;
" Thy traitour schal beo forhole.
" No most thou witen thy fo ;
" For Cleth, Lachosis, and Antropo,
" Thyse sustreon hit schopen thè :
" No more, Y hote, thou aske me.
" No more Y dar thè telle :
" Go out of oure wode snelle !"
The kyng amonestement herde ;
Quykliche thennes he ferde ;
As we fyndith in oure boke,
At the bysschop leve he toke.
For he wot his certeyn day,
He wolde fonde, gef he may,
Thaugh hit beo to him y-schape,
In som maner for to ascape :
And makith heom a riche feste,
As wel to leste as to meste ;
And anon, loude dude crye,
" No mon no 'leve that fairye !"
Everiche mon hit nom askof,
For he no tellith no tale therof.
Tho thou myghtest, in mony gyse,
Y-seo solas and game arise.

Digitized by Google

Murye they syngyn, and daunces maken;
Dysours dalye, reisons craken.
Suche chaunce theo world kepith!
Now mon laughwith, now mon weopith:
Now mon is hol, now mon is sek.
N'is no day othir y-lyk:
No no mon may fynde borowe,
Fro even to lyve til amorwe!

Digitized by Google

## CHAP. VII.

### CONTENTS.

*Alexander marches to the valley of Jordan, which he finds filled with adders and dragons.—He suffers great distress; is relieved by the Sereeys, a nation who are here described.—Alexander arrives at Capias.—The guides whom he takes here lead him into a desert, where he loses great part of his army from the attacks of wild beasts.—He sends for fresh succours, and, in the mean time, builds a city in the desert, which he names Alexandria.—Porus emboldened by Alexander's distress, renounces his allegiance, and sends him a message of defiance.—Alexander answers by a challenge to single combat, which is accepted by Porus.—Preparations for the battle.*

Averel geveth mury schoures;
The foulis syngith, than spryngith the flouris.
Mony hoket is in amours; 7000
Stedfast seldom ben lechoures;
Hot love after wil soure;
Fair jewel ys gode neyghbour;
The best thing is God to honoure.

Digitized by Google

Alisaundre hotith quycliche al his men,
Trussen to grete Facen,
And saide, " Lordynges, makith no tale
" Of theo trowes wode gale !
" Ye witeth wel that Pors, certis,
" Beorith to me eovel heorte ;
" He beorith to me none amour,
" For Y bynam him his tresour.
" Quede and harme he wil me spye
" Or, par aventure, me to defyghe ;
" Gef he wot of this sygaldrye,
" That this trowes kan lye.
" Alle the men that buth of Ynde,
" Weneth me a god to fynde :
" Therfor no dar they, saun faile,
" Ageyn me geve bataile.
" Gef they wiste a mon Y ware,
" Ageyn me to fyghte they weore yare.
" Therfore holdeth yow stille,
" And ye schule have youre wille."
Forth they wente, grete and smale ;
Passeden downes, and mony dalis,
And in the valey of Jurdan,
They founden eddren mony on :
Grete drakis also ther ware,
That emeraundis in mouth bare.
Of heom is gret ferly ;
Theo whyt peopur they liveth by.

Digitized by Google

Here herd Pors to him unwren,
That Alisaundre no scholde Grace y-seon;
And on this tidyng tok counsaile,
That him n'as neither god ne haile:
For thorugh that ilke tidyng,
He forsok Alisaunder the kyng.
Alisaundre soffred gret payne,
In valeys, and on mountayne.
Theo path on mount was narwe and stepe,
In valeys, dark and deope.
The way was ever up and doun,
Among the eddren and dragons.
At the seovenyghtis eynde,
He fond a folk gent and hende:
Seresys is heore name,
They conne none schame;
They beon treowe, and steodefast,
Mesureabele, bonére, and chest.
No schal ther non othir y-knawe,
Bote hit beo by the ryght lawe.
Heore mete is bred, herbes, and water,
Naked they goth, withowten hater.
Ther is none of othir agramed,
No for the nakedhed aschamed.
Withoute lost of synne they streoneth.
Alisaundre heom bymenith
That they no hadde worldis manhede,
To heore othir godhede.



Digitized by Google

This undurfong the emperour,
And dude don him al honour:
And fond heom alle to dispence
In mete and drynke for reverence,
And ladde him, sikir pas,
Al to the gates of Capias.
Theose Seresys, as Y fynde,
Uppurest folk buth of Ynde.
They haven seolk, gret plenté,
And maken clothis of gret deynté,
And goth heom seolf y-liche bare:
This is now a selcouth fare!
Whan ther comes marchaundise,
With corn, wyn, and steil, othir other assise,
To heore lond any schip,
To house they wollith anon skyppe.
Ac theygh the marchaunt sette out his ware,
In the stret, and away fare,
Amorwe, gef he come ther ageyn,
Al away he schal fynde hit clene;
Ac of pellis, and of bawdekyns,
And riche clothis of seolk fyne,
He schal fynde worth treble pris,
For his owne marchaundise:
To schip he may hit beore anon,
No schal he heom more y-seon.
Alisaunder is at Capias;
Ther he 'gynneth a selcouth pas:

Digitized by Google

For ther he fond latimeris,
That ladde him to hyghe rocheris.
To rocheris and wildernes,
He fond hard way, and gret distresse!
Ther he fond addren, and Monecores,
And a feolle worm, Cales, and Manticores;
Broune lyouns, and eke white,
That wolden fayn his folk abyte.
Unicornes they fond in that wastén,
Feolle bores, and eke wilde awyn;
And crochedragons, saun faile,
That alle heom gaf bataile.
Thaugh me slowe feole of heom,
They slowe mo of the kyngis men.
Bestes ther ware that todes eten,
And the kyngis men faste they fretan.
Alisaunder, as Y fynde,
Les ther thrytty thousand
Of his knyghtis, mo than ynowe,
That wilde bestis to-drowe and gnowe,
Fyue hundred also, sixty and fyve,
That ther lasten heore lyve:
For Cadace was a ferly best,
Thries set teth was in his teste;
Al that he tok he schent,
Slough, othir freet, othir al to-rent.
Alisaunder and his folk alle
No hadde nought passed theo halvendall,

Digitized by Google

For he hadde, in that rocher,
Y-lore mony a counceiler,
Mony duyk, mony eorl,
Mony baroun, knyght, sweyn, and cheorl.
Alle they liggen, in the wastyn,
Y-slawe with bestis and with vermyn!
Theo kyng no hadde nought so muche damage,
No wer in al his viage.
To a wode they flowe, unnethe,
For to askape theo dethe.
Ther he dude his men alle,
Al aboute make a wall,
And holde heom in with gret wardyng,
For doute of the foule thynges.
Whiles, the kyng, in tapnage,
Sente after Antioche theo ostage,
And his marchal Tholomew,
That mony prynce wyde kneow;
And bad, he scholde brynge to him anon,
His maigné everychon;
And tolde him al his damage,
That he hadde y-tholed in that vyage.
When the kyng hath message y-sent,
Theo contray to seon he is y-went:
On his on hond stond a spervyrs.
He seygh faire medes, and eke ryvers,
Large, wyde, and eke hygh,
God lond, and esy contray.

Digitized by Google

On a pleyn he chese a place,
That byclupputh a muche space;
Sixe and sixty myle aboute:
Hygh contray, saun doute.
Aboute they maden a wal strong,
That sixe and fourty myle was long,
Withynne the walles he made houses,
And made the stretes merveylouse.
Of his gentil men he enherited there,
And tho that of the lond ware;
And gaf theo toun a name of prys,
Alisaunder, after himseolf, y-wis.
Now is y-come tidyng
To Tolomé from the kyng.
Muche deol they maken alle,
And trussuth bothe in bour and halle;
And, in the deyes dawenyng,
Doth heom toward heore kyng.
So they riden, bothe day and nyght,
That nyght they buth to the kyng y-tyght.
Tho they to Alisaunder come,
(More and fairer than is Rome,)
And the kyng hit undurstode,
Much blisse was in his mode.
He made him fair welcomyng:
Ther was cluppyng, and kussyng,
Ther was fair hostell, and lyvereyng,
And of al neowe bygynnyng:

Digitized by Google

Other telleth other tithing
Of her fare, of her libbyng.
They reste heom longe tydes,
And wel ofte on ryver rydes.
Pors byleved at Facen,
And of-sendith al his men;
Bothe duykes, and barouns,
Of al Yndeis regiouns;
And saide, " Y pleyne me, lordynges,
" To yow, of Alisaunder the kyng!
" He hath y-falle myn honour;
" He hath y-robbed myn tresour;
" He hath take my castelis;
" He hath falle my townes.
" Now is him falle a chaunce hard;
" He hath y-lore mygh al his ferd.
" Wilde bestis han y-slawe
" His gode knyghtis, and to-drawe.
" Fourty thousand, almast,
" They haveth y-slawe, al in hast.
" Now Y wol him defye,
" And have of him theo maistrye;
" With sweord him sle, or with knyf,
" Or out of my lond him dryve.
" Y thè hote, sire Torold,
" And thou Faras, that art so bold,
" Yeldith him my feuté:
" I no kepe with him have no lewte.

" Syggith him Y him defyghe,
" With sweord and with chyvalrye!
" Of him more holde Y nulle:
" Y him defyghe goth him tellith!"
Theose dukis rideth in heore way
By dounes and dalis, mony jornay.
Alisaunder rometh in his toun,
For to wissen his masons,
The touris to take, and the torellis,
Vawtes, alouris, and the corneris.
Tho come theose dukis swiftly flyage,
And brought Alisaunder tidyng.
They weore men of gret perage;
And haden fourty wynter in age.
Togeder they token heore hondis,
And wente ther the kyng stondis,
And saide furst with mury chere,
" Sire, we beon messan eris;
" We no scholde, by ryghte lawe,
" Have non harm for oure sawe."
Kyng Alisaunder knowe wolde
Bothe Phares and eke Torold;
He saide to heom, " Freondis honést,
" Tellith youre lordis heat!
" Beon they fole, beon they wyse,
" No schole ye me fynde bote corteise!"
Torold saide, " Pors wroth is,
" And seith, ye don muche amys,

" That makith you lord and sire,
" Nygh and feor, of his empire;
" Citeis makis, wallis thare,
" Ye dreden him al to his care!
" Ye haveth him twyes overcome;
" And all his tresour him by-nome.
" He with-seith alle homage;
" And sendeth you, by sonde, gage,
" And defence by oure hond,
" And bad you remeve out of his lond!"
Alisaunder bygynneth to laugh smale,
And thus he 'gynneth to heom his tale.
" Y wol preove, with spere and sweord,
" Of this lond that Y am lord.
" Pors weneth that Y am amaied,
" For his gwinris ne han bytraied,
" And of my people hath forlore.
" In that he is forswore,
" Al theo lore in him Y rette:
" Y schal yeilde wel his dette!
" Yet Y have on lyve, saun fable,
" Alle my xii. constables.
" He hath y-sponne a threde,
" That is y-come of eovel rede.
" Yet Y have an c. thousant,
" Better knyghtis neo buth in Ynde.
" Redy to preove, with vigour,
" That he is a traitour!



Digitized by Google

" Ac, gef he doth so as Y wil,
" His, no myn, no schole nought spill,
" For aqueyntaunce that hath beon,
" Ferre and neor, heom bytweone;
" And take we, bothe, spere and scheld,
" And flyng on stede into the feld;
" And who that may othir wynne,
" Do there bothe streynthe and gynne.
" For his barouns and for myne
" This weore the ryghtest lyne."
Theo two barouns he kneow by eyghe,
And schewed heom alle the contreye,
Of his folk theo pytè,
And theo atyr of the citè.
He heold heom there daies foure;
And sent heom hom with gret honoûre.
The messangeris swithe wendith.
Alisaunder his barouns of-sendith;
This defyeng he heom tellith,
They him counsailith also snelle,
To wende swithe after heom,
" That ye weore at Facen!"
They trussen alle in the dawenyng,
And makith, swithe after-wendyng.
Thorold and Phares buth y-come home;
Ageyn heom come bothe lord and grom,
For to here what tidyng
They broughte fro Alisaunder the kyng.

Digitized by Google

Theo messangers come into the halle,
To-fore Pors and his barouns alle,
And saiden, " Sire! we beon y-come
" From Alisaunder, the riche gome;
" He hath afonge thy deffying,
" And sent thè, by ous tidyng,
" He n'ul that youre barouns, no his,
" No beore charge of all this.
" Yet he may to bataile fynde
" Fourty hundred thousant.
" He n'ul nought that ye demere,
" No that his, no thyn no dere,
" Ac ye two, with hors and scheld,
" Comen armed wel into the feld,
" Gef he wynneth ther the maistrye,
" Of us he have the seignory:
" Gef thou him myght perforce aquelle,
" His folk wolen don thy wille.
" Ye chalangith al to habbe.
" Bytweone you delith hit with dabbe;
" And with spere, and sweordis dunt!
" This is Alisaundris juggement."
Prynce, duk, baroun, and knyght,
Saiden the juge was ryght,
And that hit was never y-dyght,
Withoute heorte of noble knyght;
And, who so ware ther ageyn,
He no hath heorte of wyght man.

Digitized by Google

Pors stont, and is agramed;
He n'olde nought beo blamed;
Colour him chaungith sumdel for drede,
And with gret ire to heom he saide:
" Lordyngis, he saide, gef ye woore gent,
" To me feol the juggement:
" Ac, for ye recheth of me lyte,
" Of me ye haveth you aquyt!
" Ac notheles, Y wot y-wis,
" Stronger Y am then he is;
" And more in everiche bon also.
" Ageyns him Y dar me do.
" Falle hit to nesche or to hand,
" Schal Y never beo cowárd."
By that this was fulliche saide,
Alisaunder is yn a maied
Y-come boldelíche, with al his men,
To-fore the cité of Facen.
Ther quyk mony tent is y-set,
Mony corde to paveloun knut,
Mony a baner up y-pult,
And mony a scheld with best y-gult.
They ete and drank, forsothe, aplyght,
And rested heom that ilke nyght;
And buth so warded al abowte,
That heom no stod no doute.
Amorwe, as Y have saide,
This covenaunt bytweone heom was made;

Digitized by Google

That the bataile scholde beon
Pors and Alisaunder bytweone.
Who so othir wynne myght,
In bataile, by streynthe of fyght,
He scholde have al Ynde lond,
And alle folk undur his hond.
Alisaunder him gan affye
In his owne chivalrie;
And wiste wel in soth for hole
That he no scholde the deth thole.
Pors afyed in his streynthe,
In his muchehed, and in his leynthe.
This dereyne, by the barouns
Is y-mad, by alle bothe regiouns,
Have who so the maistry may,
Afeormed faste is this deray;
Hostage y-take, and treuth y-plyght.
Now herith of the kyngis fyght!

Digitized by Google

# CHAP. VIII.

## CONTENTS.

*Description of the combat, in which Porus is ultimately killed by Alexander, who takes possession of the throne.—Candulake, a son of Candace, comes to request the assistance of Alexander against a tyrant who had carried off his wife.—Alexander thinks fit to pass for Antigonus, and invests Ptolomy with royal robes.—Ptolomy hears the complaint of Candulake, and directs the feigned Antigonus to redress his wrongs.—The enterprise is successful, and Candulake returns to court to swear fealty to the king.—Ptolomy now pretends a great curiosity to know whether the reports of Candace's beauty be not exaggerated, and directs Alexander (still under the name of Antigonus) to go on the embassy.—He and Candulake arrive at the court of Candace, who instantly recognizes his person, and entices him to her bower and chamber, where he is induced to gratify her passion.—Alexander is discovered by the younger son of Candace, and, returning to his army, marches to Babylon.*

GODE hit weore to beo knyght,
No weore turnement and dedly fyght!
With marchauns to beon weore hende,
No weore acountis at the bordis eynde!

Digitized by Google

Swete is love of damosele;
Ac hit askith costes feole!
Beter is, lyte to have in ese,
Then muche to have in malese.
Who so is of dede untreowe,
Ofte hit schal him sore reowe.
Alisaunder com into the feld,
Wel y-armed undur scheld;
And syt, so a noble knyght,
On a stede wel y-dyght:
He ryt his spere braydyng.
Pors also, com flying,
Y-greithed so a riche kyng.
Y-armed wel in knyghtis wise,
N'is no nede heore armes to devyse.
Ac eythir lette go theo reyne,
And smyten togedre with gret mayne.
Heore speris barsten ageyn theo scheldis,
They dasschen over into the feldis.
They turned ageyn, doughtiliche,
With drawen sweordis sikirliche.
Eythir on other laith on,
So doth the mason on the ston;
Ac as they skirmed to the cors,
Ayther slough otheris hors.
Tho they were on fote bothe,
They foughte togedre with heorte wrothe.



Digitized by Google

Getith nought of reste to preche;
Aither gan so areche,
With 'saylyng, and with smytyng,
And keputh heom with fair werryng.
Wel they foughte in the playn,
With target, and with reremayn,
With overhed, and with stoke,
Ayther on othir sweordis schoke;
Yet wiste no mon, heom bytweone,
Who scholde maister beone;
For heore armes, riche of mounde,
Hole they weoren in that stounde.
Ac listeneth now! After restyng,
They bygynneth togedre flyng.
To kerve heore armes, and heore schelde,
Theo peces flowen into the feldis.
No say never men yet knyghtis two
So manliche togedre go!
Aither othir faste gan spye;
To don othir vilanye,
Othir with stoke, othir with dunt,
Therto is al heore entent.
While they weore so in mangle,
Theo Yndiens gan gangle;
Pors gan abak renne,
And nom thiderward yerne,
And loked toward heore crye.
Alisaunder was sone him bye;

Digitized by Google

And smot him, in the discovérte,
Ryghte with the strok into the heorte,
Faste by the chyne bon:
Pors theo kyng feol ded anon.
Indiens comen, with drawen sweord,
For to socoure heore lord.
Alisaunder gan loude crye,
" Beo non of you so hardye,
" Ageyns covenaunt me to assaile,
" Bote ye wole neowe bataile,
" And youre ostage to-drawe;
" For that is ryght lawe.
" For ben yee sele, ben ye wrothe,
" Ynde and Perce buth myn bothe.
" Yeildeth me homage alle,
" Other ye schole eovel deth byfalle!"
Prynces and duykis token heore red,
Tho they syen Pors ded,
Heo token Alisaunder by the hond,
And yolden him theo croune of Ynde-lond.
They duden him alle feuté,
And sworen him alle leuté.
Now is ded kyng Porus,
Alisaunder is kyng glorious.
He geveth londis, he geveth rentis,
Stedis, tresours, warentmentis,
And makith justice and constable,
And over al his lawe stable:

Digitized by Google

And wente out of Facen,
To Neowe-Facen with al his men.
And doth ful make the stronge walles,
Castelis, touris, bouris, and halles,
And stretes, brode and riche,
That non is othir y-liche.
On a day, sone after than,
Cam Candulake, a gentil man,
Candaces sone kyng of Urye,
With ful fair chevalrye.
With Alisaunder he wolde speke,
For to beon, thorugh him, awreke
Of a prynce, that by stryf
Hadde bynomen him his wyf.
Ac kyng Alisaunder hadde a wone,
Theygh to court come kyng, or gome,
Prynce or duyk, or gret kayser,
Knyght or sweyn, or messanger,
He scholde nought the kyng y-seo,
Bote hit weore by a troué.
Now is him told, that with him speke
Wolde theo kyng Candolek.
Tolomew, that is next the kyng,
So him seith this tydyng;
And Alisaunder makith a stille crye,
" That non no beo so hardy,
" To beo-knowe to Candacis sone,
" Who beo the kyngis persone.

" Ac they scholde, everichone,
" Clepe the kyng Antigone."
He dude on Tolomew, verrament,
Quyk al his vestement;
And sette him on the kyngis deys:
And he tok Tolomews harnéys,
And made him chef mesteir,
Theo kyngis furste conseiler.
They cleputh anon Candelek,
He scholde with the kyng spek.
He cometh quyk on bothe his kneoes,
And kneoled byfore Tolomeus:
Ac, for he was a gentil gome,
He was sone up y-nome.
His pleynt he tolde in this manér
As ye mowe now y-here.
" Alisaunder! thou riche kaiser,
" Thou no hast in eorthe no pere!
" Mony is the riche lond
" Thou haste y-wonne into thyn hond.
" In thè they buth wel byset,
" For thou art ful of thewes pett.
" Thow 'batest wrong, and hauntest ryght,
" Thow art fader of alle knyghtis.
" Thow lovest alle gentil men,
" And abatest alle tyranne.
" Y me yeilde to thyn hond,
" For thow art kayser of this lond,

Digitized by Google

" Amendyng, Y bidde thè to,
" Of unryght that me is y-do !"
" Tel on thy wrong !" quoth Tolomey,
" We schole thè helpe, gef we mey !"
" Sire gent, mercy ! whiles Y was y-far,
" On pilgrimage to Jerusalem and Indar,
" Theo duyk Hirant, a tirant of Urye,
" Cam, with gret chyvalrye.
" He robbed me of my make Blasfameye,
" Al so bryght as daies-eyghe !
" Heo is my qwene ; Y hire chalenge.
" Help me of this dispit to defende !"
" How feole knyghtis, as thou wenes,
" Myghte awreke thy teone ?"
" On foure thousand Y hadde ynowe,
" To awreke my wowe."
Tolomeus saide anon,
" What seistow here Antigon ?"
Alisaunder saide, " For this gome
" Is from feor to us y-come,
" And in youre freondhed trust ;
" Y rede you, by counseile best,
" That ye leve, to his socoure,
" Soche folk that beon to your honour,
" And faileth him nought at this nede !"
" Nay," quoth Tolomew, " so God me spede !
" Wend with him, he saide, Antigon,
" And help to wreke him of his fone ;

Digitized by Google

" For thou art whyght, hardy and strong,
" Y n'ot non better us among.
" Y thè bytake my bailye,
" My folk with him to coverye."
Alisaunder is fayn to afonge;
He n'olde nought abyde longe;
Y-greithed beon alle his foure thousent,
Quycliche to hors heo went.
With Candelek they wendith swithe;
His knyghtis maden chere blithe,
For heore lord, in tapnage,
Was y-went in that vyage.
So they rideth dale and doune,
That heo syghen a cité towne;
Where hym holdeth the duk Hircan,
That hath Candalekes lèman.
Candeleke saide, " Sire Antigon,
" How schole we now taken on?"
Alisaunder saide, " Here and there
" To-fore ows sette al a-fuyre;
" Til he come to ows in feilde;
" And that lady to ows yelde!"
They sette a-fuyre, withowte pyté,
Al the lond to that cité;
And byset hit al abowte,
That non no myghte yn no owte.
Theo burgeys syghe heore wyues berne,
Everiche gan otheris harm werne;

Digitized by Google

And seiden wel her was the gult,
To ben forbarnd, to ben forswelte,
That soffred theo duyk Hirkan
To have yn demayn othir woman.
Alle the burgeys of the toun,
Duden by on rede comyn;
To the palys they wente alle,
And anon beoten doun the wallis;
They toke and slowe Hirkan,
And yolde Kindeleke his woman.
Thus come this burgeys,
And haveth of werre pes.
After sojour of fourtenyght,
To kyngis court they doth heom ryght,
And fonde Tolomeus, so he was yn bedde,
And sit in Alisaundris stude.
Candeleke on kneois set,
And the kyng ofte he grette;
And thankid him of his socour,
Thorugh whiche he hadde his honour,
And y-conquered his qwene then.
He was up-take of gentil men,
And y-set on hyghe benche,
Wyn and pyment gan they schenche,
And wyne clarrè and wyne greek.
And tho saide Tolomew to Candeleke,
" Sire," he saide." men tellith me,
" Thou hast a modir faire and freo.

" Scheo is y-hote dame Candace,
" Faire and whyt is hire face.
" N'is in this world so fair a qwene;
" Fayn Y wolde hire y-seone,
" Hire castellis, and hire touris,
" Yef hit ware to myn honouris."
Quoth Candeleke, " Leove sire,
" Al so muche heo you desirith!
" Y thè seyghe, by Godis ore,
" Heo desirith nothyng more,
" Than to beo to you aqweynte.
" Haveth now non heorte feynte!
" Now is theo tyme hit to done;
" Y wol you brynge thider sone.
" No beo hit you for my brothir loth,
" Thaugh he beo with you wroth,
" For ye duden Pors of lyve,
" Whos doughter he hath to wyve:
" For on hond Y wol him take;
" He schal dò yow no wrake."
Tholomé gaf onsweryng,
In the name of the kyng:
And saide, " Y n'ul come hire nere,
" Ac, by special messangere,
" Y wol sende hire love-drewry,
" And hire hestris eke aspye."
He cleputh Alisaunder, Antigon,
And bad him wende with him anon,

Digitized by Google

And rowned with him a gret while,
And al hit was for a gyle.
And after this qweynte rownyng,
Alisaunder spedde in his doyng;
And qwyk on horse with him eke
Tho that he hadde, with Candelek.
Kandeleke was ful blithe
Faire he heom ladde and swithe.
When hy into Saba come
To the paleys way they nome.
Theo lady romed in a plas,
And syngith of Dydo and Enyas,
How love heom ladde by strong bride.
Candelek con to-fore ride,
And saide, " Madame, buth redy;
" Welcometh here myn amy,
" Kyng Alisaundris messanger,
" A noble knyght of god maner!
" He hath y-yolde me my wyf,
" And duyk Hircam y-brought of lyve.
" Kyng Alisaunder ne hath to gye,
" Non fewer of chyuellerye."
Alle her tale were at the ende;
Kyng Alisaunder was heom hende.
Anon they buth of hors alyght:
The lady come, anon ryght,
And clupputh him in armes tweye,
And he hire with gret joye.

Digitized by Google

Heo thanked him of Kandelek,
And of his gentil wif eke;
And he brought hire mony a gretyng,
On Alisaundris half, theo kyng.
" Do 'way! quoth the qwene Candace,
" Y undurstonde, by thy face,
" That thou Alisaunder beo;
" No hele thou nought for me!"
" Nay dame; nay, by Godes ore! 7650
" Alisaunder is well more;
" Redder man of vysage,
" And sum del more of age:
" And that ye schal certeyn beon,
" Sum day whan ye him y-seon."
" *De per Deus*," quoth the qwene,
" Go we now myn esteris to seone!
" Oure mete schal, ther bytweone,
" Y-graithed and redy beone."
Scheo ladde him to an halle of nobleys, 7660
There he dude of his harneys.
Of Troye was therin al the storye,
How Gregeys hadde theo victorye.
Theo bemes ther weore of brus;
Theo wyndowes weoren of riche glas;
Theo pynnes weoren of evorye.
Theo kyng wente with the lady,
Himseolf alone, fro bour to bour,
And syghe muche riche tresour.

Digitized by Google

Gold and seolver, and preciouse stones,
Baudekyns, mad for the nones;
Mantellis, robes, and paveloúnes;
Of gold and seolver riche foysons:
And hèo him asked, *per amour*,
Yef he syghe ever suche a tresour?
And he saide, in his contráy,
Tresour he wiste of gret noblây!
Heo thoughte more than heo saide.
To anothir stude hèo gan him lede,
That hire owne chaumbre was;
In al this world richer non n'as.
Theo atyr was therein so riche,
In al this world n'ys him non liche.
Heo ladde him to a stage,
And him schewed one ymage;
And saide, "Alisaunder, leif thou me,
"This ymage is mad after thè:
"Y dude hit in ymagoúre,
"And caste hit after thy vygoure,
"This othir yeir; tho thow n'olde
"To me come for love no for golde.
"Hit is thè y-liche, leove brothir,
"So any faukon is anothir.
"O Alisaunder, of gret renoun,
"Thou art y-take in my prisoun!
"Al thy streynthe helputh thè nought,
"For woman thè haveth bycought:

" Woman thè haveth in hire las !"
" O !" quoth Alisaunder, " alas !
" That Y nere y-armed wel,
" And hadde my sweord of broun steil !
" Many an hed wolde Y cleove,
" Are Y wolde in prison bileve !
" Ac no man no may him wite
" From theose wymmennes disseyte !"
" Alisaunder," heo saide, " thou saist soth.
" Beo nowthir adrad no wroth !
" My tale thou myght leve :
" Adam was byswike of Eve ;
" And Sampson theo fort, also,
" Daliada dude him wrong and wo ;
" And Davyd the kyng was brought of lyf,
" Thorugh the gyle of his wyf ;
" And Salamon, for a womanis love,
" Forsok his God that syt above :
" And thou art y-falle in hond myne,
" Thè to solace, and no pyne !
" For here, undur this covertour,
" Y wol have thè to myn amour.
" Now thou art in my baundoun, leove sire!
" Longe hit hath beo my desire,
" No schaltow have othir lathe,
" Bote mete and drynke, late and rathe."
Tho Alisaunder gan y-seo
That hit n'olde non othir beo,

Digitized by Google

He dude al the ladyes wille,
Undur covertour ful stille.
Mony nyght, and mony day,
Thus they duden heore play.
In halle, a-day he sat hire by,
And anyght in bedde, sikirly.
Antigon he hette in halle;
And kyng Alisaunder undur palle.
So longe they hadde thus y-plaied,
Apon a day hit was saide
To Candidus, by a losenger,
That was Candaces sone theo yonger,
That hadde y-weddid Porsis doughter,
A well fair lady and a cleir,
That Alisaunder sat at his bord,
And hadde y-slawe Pors his lord,
And dude him clepe Antigon.
To theo qwene he sterte anon,
And saide, "Madame, thou hast wrong,
"That thou holdest Alisaunder heir so long!
"He hath y-slawe my lord Pors, forsothe.
"Myn hond scapith he nought nouthe."
"Pes!" quoth Candace, "thou konioun!
"Hit is Antigon; a gentil baroun,
"That is y-come to me on message,
"No bidde thou him non outrage!
"Gef thou dost, by God above,
"Thou schalt leose al my love!"

Digitized by Google

" Dame, whomsoever Y serve ;
" In myn hondyn he schal sterve!
" Alisaunder himseolf hit is,
" And hath chaunged his name, y-wis."
" Beo thou nought so hardy," quod Candace,
" More to seo Alisaundres face !
" Hadestow don him ought bote gode,
" He wolde seo thyn heorte blode ;
" And Y my seolf, for that wrong,
" Hyghe wolde do thè an-hong !
" For, messanger that is to me sent,
" Schal her have no comburment."
Candidus, wel wroth, went away,
Ageyn cam he nought mony a day.
When theo table was y-drawe,
Theo wayte gan a pipe blawe.
Tho Alisaunder and Candace,
To a chaumbre tokyn a trace ;
And, also Y fynde yn oure bok,
That nyght Alisaunder leve tok ;
And went to Ynde, to his barouns,
By wodis, dalis and downes.
Leve he tok with muche mournyng ;
And wente forth in the dawenyng,
By a pryvé way that he knoow,
Til that he cam to Tolomew.
He welcomode him mony a sithe,
And al his oste weore ful blithe,

Digitized by Google

Whan they hadde of him a syght.
No dwelled he there bote o nyght,
On the morwe they weynt, withoute assoyne,
To the grete borwgh of Babiloyne.
Antioche hadde the former-warde,
And Tolomè the reirwarde;
And Alisaunder, the riche sire,
Passed Perce, and eke Assire,
To Babiloyne; ther men heom tolde
That Daries tresour was theryn holde.
Nenbrok furst, a geaunt fell,
Made Babiloyne, and eke Babell:
And he no moste, for God Almyght,
Fulliche hit up dyght:
For ther feol furst, for his outráge,
Two and sixty divers langáge;
And siththe, a lady that hette Amyramis,
Alaide his bost and his prys,
And that cité wan with honour,
And xv. kyngriche, *tout entour*.
Theo cité is, so seyn men,
Bytweone Tiger and Aufrîten.
An c. pas is hygh the wal;
And an c. gates al of metál.
Alisaunder, of al his regioun,
Thoughte ther make his maister-toun:
Into al the world he sent messáge;
A thoughte arere a neowe trowáge.

Digitized by Google

Of kyngis, dukis, barouns, and eorlis,
Of prynces, knyghtis, freomen, and cheorlis ;
And gedren ost so grete,
Was never y-seyghe non such yette.
For he thoughte to Aufryke wende,
Nexte after that somer eynde.
Ac him was erst sent a sonde,
Of a justise of his londe,
Antipater was his name ;
Mony a mon he dude scheome.
Theo lewed folk prayed theo kyng,
Of him to make remuwyng.
Theo kyng dude [him] anon depose :
That feol him to harm forsothe !
Antipater was to court went.
Now herith the kyngis encombrement !

Digitized by Google

## CHAP. IX.

CONTENTS.

*Antipater, who had been accused of mal-practices, and dreaded the just resentment of Alexander, resolves to poison him, and sends him a present of medicated wine.—Alexander drinks it, and immediately perceives his death approaching.—He swoons. Grief of his army.—He makes a long speech to his generals, among whom he divides his dominions, and dies.—Moral reflections, with which the poem concludes.*

In this world fallith mony cas ;
Bothe lite blisse, and schort solás !
Ipomydoun, and Pallidanas,
And Absolon, that so fair was,
They lyved here bote lite ras ;
And sone echon forgete was !
Theo ladies schynen, so the glas ;
And this maidenes, with rody face,
Passen sone so flour on gras !
So strong, so fair, never non n'as,
That he no passith with allas !

Digitized by Google

Aventure so hath turned his pas,
Ageynes the kyng his mas.
That undurstod dame Olimpias,
And sendeth to Alisaunder warnyng,
As to her owen swete darlyng;
" That he him werye, in alle wise,
" Fro Antipater his justise."
Antipater undurstod wel
That the kyng is ful crewell.
Adrad he was, and wod nygh;
Ac yet he was of heorte slygh,
How so hit ever beo,
The kyng scholde dyghe or he.
Venym he tok, and tempred hit with wyn,
The wyn hette Elboryn;
(In this world above the eorthe,
N'is wyn of so muche worthe:)
And to the kyng he hit sent.
The kyng askid drynk of that present.
Me broughte hit him in a coppe of gold
The kyng therof drank, that he no schold!
Away he threow the gold rede.
" Alas! he saide, Y am dede!
" Drynk ne schal neuer efte more,
" Do to this werlde so mychel sore,
" As this drynk shal do!
" Alas, alas! that me is wo,



Digitized by Google

" For my modir, dame Olimpias,
" And for my suster that so fair was!
" And for my barouns, al above,
" That Y myghte in heorte wel love!
" They beon lordis, now Y am ded
" Thorugh a traitour ful of quede.
" What helpeth it lenger y-teld,
" His poyson present me hath aqueld:
" No mon, that wol this day passe,
" No drynke therof mor no lasse."
With that word he gan to swowe:
And aboute him come barounes ynowe,
And toke him up in heore arme,
And weopten sore for his harm.
There men myghte reouth y-seo,
Bytweone theo barouns of gret pousté!
Mony on wrong heore honde,
And mony a robe ther to-ronde.
There was mad muche gredyng,
Much weopyng, muche waylyng,
Ofte they bymeneth his prowesse,
His youthe, and his hardynesse;
His gentrise, and cortesye.
Alle they gan aloud crye,
Apon Alisaundris name that was.
Mony crieden, " Alas! alas!"
Riche and pore, lasse and more,
Wrongyn heore hondyn and wepten sore.



Digitized by Google

Two myle aboute, men myghte here
Of gentil men a reoutheful chere.
The kyng rovertid of his gredyng,
And gaf heom alle comfortyng.
He saide, " Bryngith forth my maigné !
" Er Y in this world fyné,
" Y wol byqwethe my gode freo,
" To heom that haven served me."
He was y-brought to bedde anon, 7900
Aboute him barouns mony on.
" Lordyngis," he saide, " of this contráy,
" Of Tyre, and Mede, and of Sydonáy,
" That wide haven served me,
" And in muche travaile for me haveth beo :
" Londis, and rentis, as Y heom fond,
" Ageyn you Y geve, hol and sound.
" And everiche knyght a thousand pound, or more,
" Youre harmes to restore.
" *O bel amy !* sire Perdicas, 7910
" For my love, in mony a cas,
" Thou hast y-tholed mony a stryf,
" And treowe beon in al thy lif !
" Y thè byqwethe Grece, myn heritage,
" Corinthe, Macedoyne, and Cartage,
" Tebie, and tho othir londis :
" Kep my modir, and wrek my schondis !
" Tholomew, my marchal,
" Thou schalt have al Portyngale,

Digitized by Google

" And Egipte, to flun Jordan :
" For better baroun no wot Y non !
" Antiochus, ostage by dome,
" Thou schalt have the lond of Rome,
" And al Romayn, and Lumbardye,
" For thou kanst ful wel heom gye !
" Aymé of Cartage, so God me 'soile,
" Thou schalt have Calabre and Poyle,
" And theo riche lond of Laboure,
" And beo Antiochus neyghebourè !
" Tyberye, with flesche hardye,
" Thou schalt have Sullye,
" Acres, Jafes, and Jerusalem,
" And Nazareth, and Bedlehem ;
" Al theo lond of Galyleo,
" Ryght now Y byqwethe thè !
" Mark of Rome, *bel amy*,
" Esclaveyn that is so freo,
" And eke Constantyn theo noble,
" And Limochius that is noble,
" And Griffayne, the riche pece,
" That lith to the seo of Grece.
" Philo, thou schalt have Caucàs,
" And all theo lond of Caspias,
" And al the lond of Melonas,
" To theo riche cité of Bandas,
" And al the ylis of Taproban,
" That Y of Pors the kyng wan.

Digitized by Google

" Sampson theo vetuse for myn amour
" Thou hast y-tholid mony hard schour :
" Thou schalt have al Albyenne ;
" And Armonye, into theo fenne ;
" And Orcanye, and Neowe-Alisaunder,
" My neow cité, theo riche sclaunder.
" Salomé, sith Darie was dede,
" Thou hast served me in mony stude,
" In noble servise, wel redy,
" And treowe in bataile, and hardy.
" Thou schalt have Perce, and Mede,
" And Babiloyne, theo riche thede.
" Daries blod thou art next,
" Wyght and gentil, y-bore hext.
" Daries eire Y make thè,
" And seise thè with al his feo.
" This venym creopith undur my ribbe,
" That Y no may no longer libbe."
In al this grete doloure,
He made to fette his tresoure,
And gaf to knyght, swayn, and knave,
As muche as they wolde have
Of hors, and clothis, and seolver won,
And made heom riche everichon :
And ryght as he hadde y-do,
Theo lif of body he lette go.
Ac never man, in soth treowethe,
No say never so muche reowthe,

Digitized by Google

Of weopyng, cryeng, and hondis wryngyng,
As was y-made for Alisaunder the kyng!
Now is the kyng out of lyf.
Swithe ariseth gret stryf,
For the body beoriing:
And, after gret crying,
Salomé saide, with al that fare,
He wolde his body burye thare:
And him wolde duk Sampson
To Alisaunder theo neowe toun.
Philot also Y fynde,
Him chalangith into Ynde.
Perdicas, withoute assoyne,
Him chalangith to Macedoyne.
Aymés, with gret honour,
Him askith to theo lond of Labour.
Antioche, by hygh dome,
Wolde him lede to riche Rome,
Everiche baroun sette on him hond,
And wolde him lede to his lond.
In all this stryf that was heom myde
Over heom con fleo a gentil brid,
And said, "Barouns! letith your stryf,
"And doth Godis heste blyve!
"Of his beoryng no thyng no dredith;
"Into Egipte his body ledith,
"Into Alisaunder, that cité apert,
"That he made in desert,

" Tho he hadde destruyed theo vermyn.
" Swithe, Y you hote, doth heste myn."
As sone as theo foul was out of syght,
Theo barouns dude as he heom hyght:
Theo body richeliche they kepte,
And ladde hit into Egipte;
And layden him in golde fyn,
In a temple of Appolyn,
N'uste mon never hethen kyng
Have so riche a buryeng.
Now Tholomew hath theo sesyng:
God geve alle good fynyng!
Whan theo kyng was bydeolve,
Everiche duyk went to him seolve,
And maden wo and contek ynough.
Everiche of heom, nygh, othir slough.
For to have theo kyngis qwede,
Muche bataile was heom myde.
Thus hit farith, in myddel erd,
Among lewed and lerid!
Whan theo heved is doun y-falle,
Acombred buth theo lymes alle!—
Thus eyndith kyng Alisaunder,
Of whom was so muche sclaunder.

Now ye haveth al y-herd.
God, that made the myddel erd,

Digitized by Google

Geve ows alle his blessyng,
And graunte ows alle god endyng!
Amen, Amen, Amen, &c.

Alisaunder! me reowith thyn endyng,
That thou n'adest dyghed in Cristenyng!

EXPLICIT ALISAUNDER.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# SIR CLEGES.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# SIR CLEGES.

WILL ye lystyn, and ye schyll here
Of eldyrs that before vs were,
  Bóthe hardy and wyght:
In the tyme of kynge Vter,
That was fadyr of kynge A[r]thyr
  A semely man in sight.
He hade a knyght, that hight Sir Cleges,
A dowtyar was non of dedes
  Of the rovnd tabull ryght:
He was a man of hight stature,
And therto full fayr of feture,
  And also of gret myght.

A corteysear knyght than he was on,
In all the lond was there non;
  He was so gentyll and fre;

Digitized by Google

To men, that traveld in londe of ware
And weren fallyn in pouerte bare,
He yaue both gold and fee:
The pore pepull he wold releve
And no man wold he greve;
Meke of maners was hee;
His mete was fre to euery man,
That wold com and vesite hym than:
He was full of plentè.

The knyght hade a gentyll wyffe,
There might neuer better bere life,
And mery sche was on sighte:
Dame Clarys hight that fayre lady;
Sche was full good sekyrly,
And gladsum both day and nyghte:
Almes gret sche wold geve,
The pore pepull to releue;
Sche cherissched many a wight:
For them had no man dere,
Reche ar pore, wethyr they were,
They ded euer ryght.

Euery yer Sir Cleges wold
At Cristemas a gret fest hold,
In worschepe of that daye,

Digitized by Google

As ryall in all thynge
As he hade ben a kynge
  Forsoth as I you saye.
Rech and pore in the cuntrè abought
Schulde be there wythoutton dought;
  There wold no man say nay.
Mynstrellis wold not be behynde;
For there they myght most myrthis fynd,
  There wold they be aye.

Mynstrellys, whan the fest was don,
Wythoutton yeftes schuld not gon,
  And that bothe reche and good:
Hors, robis and reche ryng,
Gold, siluer and othyr thyng,
  To mend wyth her modde.
Ten yere sech fest he helde,
In the worschepe of Mari myld,
  And for hym that dyed on the rode.
Be that his good began to slake
For the gret festes that he dede make,
  The knyght gentyll of blode.

To hold the feste he wold not lett;
His maners he ded to wede sett,
  He thowght hem out to quyghtt.

Digitized by Google

Thus he festyd many a yere,
Many a knyght and squire,
  In the name of God allmyghtt.
So at the last, the soth to say,
All his good was spent awaye:
  Than hade he but lyght.
Thowe his good were ner and leste,
Yet he thowght to make a feste:
  Yn God he hopyd ryght.

This rialte he made than aye,
Tyll his maneres were all awaye,
  Hym was lefte but on;
And that was of so lytyll a value
That he and his wyffe trewe
  Might not leve thereon.
His men that weren mekyll of pride
Gan slake awaye on euery syde;
  With hym there wold dwell non,
But he and his childyrn too:
Than was his hart in mech woo
  And he made mech mone.

And yt befell on Crestemas evyn
The kyng bethowght hym full evyn;
  He dwellyd be Kardyfe syde.

Digitized by Google

Whan yt drewe toward the novn
Sir Cleges fell in svounyng sone,
  Whan he thowght on that tyde,
And on his myrthys that he schuld hold,
And howe he hade his maners sold
  And his renttes wyde.
Meche sorowe made he there,
He wrong his hand, and weped sore,
  And fellyd was his pride.

And as he walkyd vpp and dovn
Sore syghthyng, he hard a sovne
  Of dyvers mynstrelsee;
Of trompes, pypes, and claraneris,
Of harpis, luttis, and getarnys,
  A sotile, and sawtrè;
Many carellys, and gret davnsyng;
On euery syde he hard syngyng,
  In euery place trewly.
He wrong his hondes, and wepyd sore;
Meche mone made he there,
  Syghynge petusly.

" Lord Jesu! he seyd, hevyn kynge,
" Of nowght thou madyst all thynge:
  " I thanke thè of thy sond.

Digitized by Google

" The myrth that I was wonte to make,
" At thys tyme, for thy sake,
" I fede both fre and bond;
" All that euer cam in thy name
" Wantyd neythyr wyld nor tame,
" That was in my lond,
" Of reche metis, and drynkkys good,
" That myght be gott, be the rode,
" For coste J wold not lend." 120

As he stod jn mornyng soo,
His good wyffe cam hym vnto,
And jn hyr armys hym hent;
Sche kyssyd hym wyth glad chere:
" My lord, sche seyd, my trewe fere,
" J hard what ye ment:
" Ye se will yt helpyth nowght
" To make sorowe in your hart,
" Therefore J pray you stynte.
" Let your sorowe awaye gon 130
" And thanke God of hys lone
" Of all that he hath sent.

" For Crystis sake J pray you blyne
" Of all the sorowe that ye ben jn,
" In onor of thys daye.



Digitized by Google

" Nowe euery man schuld be glade,
" Therefore J pray you be not sade ;
" Thynke what J you saye.
" Go we to oure mete swyth,
" And let vs make vs glade and blyth,
" As wele as we may.
" J held yt for the best trewly
" For youre mete is all redy,
" I hope to youre paye."

" J asent," seyd he tho,
And jn with hyr he gan goo,
And sumwatt mendyd hys chere ;
But neuertheles hys hart was sore,
And sche hym comforttyd more and more,
Hys sorowe away to stere ;
So he began to waxe blyth,
And whypyd away hys teris swyth,
That ran dovn be his lyre.
Than they wasschyd, and went to mete,
Wyth sech vitell as they myght gett,
And made mery in fere.

Whan they had ete, the soth to saye,
Wyth myrth they droffe the day away
As will as they myght :



Digitized by Google

Wyth her chyldyrn play they ded,
And after soper went to bede,
  Whan yt was tyme of nyght:
And on the morowe they went to chirch,
Godes service for to werch,
  As yt was reson end ryght.

Sir Cleges knelyd on his kne
To Jesu Crist prayed he,
  Becavse of his wiffe:
" Gracius Lord, he seyd thoo,
" My wyffe and my chyldyrn too
  " Kepe hem out of stryffe!"
The lady prayed for hym ayen,
That God schuld kepe hym fro payne
  In everlastyng lyf.
Whan service was don hom they went,
And thanked God with god entent,
  And put away penci.

Whan he to hys place cam
His care was will abatyd than,
  Thereof he gan stynt:
He made his wife afore hym goo,
And his chyldyrn both to;
  Hymselfe alone went



Digitized by Google

Jnto a gardeyne there besyde,
And knelyd dovn in that tyde,
And prayed God veramend;
And thanked God with all his hartt
Of his disese, and hys pouertt,
That to hym was sent.

As he knelyd on hys knee,
Vnderneth a chery-tre,
Makyng his preyere,
He rawght a bowe on hys hede,
And rosse vpe in that stede;
No lenger knelyd he there.
Whan the bowe was in hys hand
Grene leves thereon he fonde,
And rovnd beryse in fere.
He seyd: "Dere God in Trenytè,
"What manere of beryse may this be
"That grovyn this tyme of yere?

"Abowght this tyme J sey neuer ere
"That any tre schuld frewght bere,
"As fer as J have sowght."
He thowght to taste, yf he cowthe,
And on he put in his mowth,
And spare wold he nat.

After a chery the reles was
The best that euer he ete in place
  Syn he was man wrowght.
A lytyll bowe he gan of slyve,
And thowght to schewe yt to his wife,
  And in he yt browght.

" Loo dame! here ys newelte!
" In oure gardeyne of a chery-tre
  " I fond yt sekerly.
" J am aferd yt ys tokynnyng
" Of more harme that ys comynge,
  " Forsoth thus thynkkyth me:
" But wethyr wee have les or more,
" Allwaye thanke we God therefore;
  " Yt ys best trewely."

Than seyd the lady with good chere
" Latt vs fyll a panyer
  " Of this that God hath sent:
" Tomorovn whan the day dothe spryng
" Ye schill to Cardyffe to the kynge,
  " And yeve hym to present;
" And seche a yefte ye may haue there,
" That the better wee may fare all this yere;
  " J tell you werament."

Sir Cleges gravnted sone thereto :
" To morovn to Cardiffe will J goo,
" After your entent."

On the moroun, whan yt was lyght,
The lady had a panere dyght ;
Hyr eldest son callyd sche ;
" Take vp thys panyer goodly
" And bere yt forthe esyly
" Wyth thy fadyr fre."
Than Sir Cleges a staffe toke ;
He had non hors, so seyth the boke,
To ryde on hys jorny ;
Neythyr stede, ner palfray,
But a staffe was hys hakenay
As a man in pouertè.

Sir Cleges, and his son gent,
The right waye to Cardiffe went
Oppon Cristemas daye.
To the castell he cam full right,
As they were to mete dyght,
Anon the sothe to say.
In Sir Cleges thowght to goo ;
But in pore clothyng was he tho,
And in sympull araye.

Digitized by Google

The porter seyd full hastyly,
" Thou chorle, withdrawe thè smertly,
" J rede thè, without delaye!

" Ellys, be God and Seint Mari,
" J schall breke thyne hede on high;
" Go stond in beggers rowght!
" Yf thou com more inward
" Jt schall thè rewe afterward,
" So J schall thè clowght."
" God sir, seyd Sir Cleges tho,
" J pray thou lat me in goo,
" Now without dowght:
" The kyng J haue a present browght
" From hym that made all thynge of nowght:
" Behold all abowght."

The porter to the panere went,
And the led vppe he hentt;
The cheryse he gan behold.
Will he wyst for his comyng
Wyth that present to the kyng,
Gret yeftes haue he schuld.
" Be hym, he seyd, that me bowght,
" Into thys place comste thou nott,
" As J am man of mold,

Digitized by Google

" The thyrde part but thou graunte me
" Of that the kyng will yeve thè,
" Wethyr yt be syluer or gold !"

Sir Cleges seyd, " J asent."
He yaue hym leve, and in he went,
Without more lettyng.
Jn he went a gret pace :
The vsscher at the hall dore was
Wyth a staffe stondynge,
In poynte Cleges for to smyght.
" Goo bake, thou chorle, he seyd,
" Full tyghte without teryyng !
" J schall thè bette euery leth,
" Hede and body, wythout greth,
" Yf thou make more pressynge."

" Good sir, seyd Sir Cleges than,
" For hys loue that made man,
" Sese your angrye mode !
" J have herr a present browght
" From hym that made all thynge of nowght,
" And dyed on rode tre :
" Thys nyght jn my gardeyne it grewe ;
" Behold wethyr it be false or trewe
" They be fayre and good."

Digitized by Google

The vsscher lyfte vp the lede smartly,
And sawe the cheryse verily;
He marveld in his mode.

The vsscher seyd, " Be Mari swet,
" Chorle thou comste not jn yett,
" J tell thè sekyrly,
" But thou me graunte, without lesyng,
" The thyrd part of thi wynnyng,
" Wan thou comste ayen to me."
Sir Cleges sey non other von;
Thereto he grauntyd sone anon;
Jt woll non othyr be.
Than Sir Cleges with hevi chere
Toke hys son and hys panere;
Into the hall went he.

The styward walkyd there withall,
Amonge the lordes in the hall,
That were rech in wede.
To Sir Cleges he went boldly,
And seyd, " Ho made thè soo hardi
" To com into thys stede?
" Chorle, he seyd, thou art to bold!
" Wythdrawe thè with thy clothys olde
" Smartly, J thè rede!"

Digitized by Google

" J haue, he seyd, a present browght
" From our Lord that vs dere bowght,
" And on the rode gan blede."

The panyer he toke the styward sone,
And he pullyd out the pyne
As smartly as he myght.
The styward seyd, " Be Mari dere,
" Thys sawe J neuer thys tyme of yere,
" Syn J was man wrowght!
" Thou schalt com no nere the kyng,
" But yf thowe graunt me myne askyng,
" Be hym that me bowght:
" The thyrd part of the kynges yefte,
" That will J haue, be my threfte,
" Ar forthere gost thou nott!"

Sir Cleges bethowght hym than,
" My part ys lest betwyxt thes men,
" And J schall haue nothynge;
" For my labor schall J nott get
" But yt be a melys mete."
Thus he thought syynge.
He seyd, " Harlot, hast noo tonge?
" Speke to me, and terye nat longe,
" And graunte me myn askynge;

Digitized by Google

" Ar wyth a staffe J schall thè wake,
" That thy rebys schall all to-quake,
" And put thè out hedlynge."

Sir Cleges sey non othyr bote,
But his askyng graunte he most,
And seyd with syynge sore:
" Whatsoeuer the kyng reward,
" Ye schall haue the thyrd part,
" Be yt lesse or more."
Vpe to the desse Sir Cleges went,
Full soborly and with good entent,
Knelynge the kynge before.

Sir Cleges oncowyrd the panyere,
And schewed the kynge the cheryse clere,
On the grovnd knelynge.
He seyd, " Jesu our savyor
" Sent thè thys frewght with honor
" On thys erth growynge."
The kynge sye thes cheryse newe:
He seyd, " J thanke Cryst Jesu;
" Thys is a fayre neweynge."
He commaundyd Sir Cleges to mete,
And aftyrward he thowght with hym to speke,
Wythout any faylynge.

Digitized by Google

The kynge therof made a present,
And sent yt to a lady gent
  Was born in Cornewayle:
She was a lady bryght and schene
And also ryght will besene,
  Wythout any fayle.
The cheryse were servyd thorowe the hall;
Than seyd the kynge, that lord ryall,
  " Be mery, be my cunsell;
" And he that browght me this present
" Full will J schall hym content;
  " Yt schall hym wyll avayle."

Whan all men were mery and glade,
Anon the kynge a squire bade,
  " Brynge nowe me beforn,
" The pore man that the cheryse browght."
He cam anon, and teryde natt,
  Wythout any skorn,
Whan he cam before the kyng,
On knese he fell knelynge,
  The lordes all beforn.
To the kyng he spake full styll:
" Lord, he seyd, watte ys your will?
  " J am your man fre born."

Digitized by Google

" J thanke thè hartyly, seyd the kynge,
" Of thy yeft and presentynge,
" That thou hast nowe i-doo.
" Thowe haste onowryd all my fest,
" Old and yonge, most and lest,
" And worschepyd me also:
" Wattsooeuer thou wolt haue,
" J will thè graunte, so God me saue,
" That thyne hart standyth to."

He seyd, " Gramarcy, lech kynge,
" Thys ys to me a comfortynge:
" J tell you sekyrly,
" For to haue lond or lede,
" Or othyr reches, so God me spede!
" Yt ys to meche for me:
" But seth J schall chese my selfe,
" J pray you graunt me strokys twelve,
" To dele were lykyth me:
" Wyth my staffe to pay hem all
" To myn adverseryse in the hall,
" For send Charytè!"

Than aunsswerd Hewtar the kynge:
" J repent my grauntetynge,
" That J to thè made.

Digitized by Google

" Good, he seyd, so mott J thee
" Thowe haddyst be better haue gold or fee;
" More nede therto thou hade."
Sir Cleges seyd, with a waunt,
" Lord yt ys your owyn graunte,
" Therfore J am full glade."
The kynge was sory therfore,
But neuerthelesse he grauntyd hym there;
Therefore he was full sade.

Sir Cleges went into the hall,
Among the gret lordes all,
Without any more.
He sowght after the prowghd styward,
For to yeve hym hys reward,
Becavse he grevyd hym sore.
He yaffe the styward sech a stroke,
That he fell dovn as a bloke,
Before all that therin were:
And after he yafe hym othyr thre;
He seyd, " Sore, for thy corteci,
" Smyghte me no more!"

Out of the hall Sir Cleges went,
Moo to paye was hys entent,
Wythout any lett.

Digitized by Google

He went to the vsscher in a breyde:
" Haue here sum strokys he seyde,"
Whan he wyth hym mete;
So that after and many a daye
He wold warn no man the waye,
So grymly he hym gretl.
Sir Cleges seyd, " Be my threft,
" Thou haste the thyrd part of my yefte
" As J thè behyght."

Than he went to the portere,
And four strokys he yaue hym there;
His part hade he there [too],
So that after and many a daye,
He wold warn no man the waye,
Neythyr to ryde nether goo.
The fyrste stroke he leyde hym on
He brake in to hys schuldyrbone,
And his on arme thereto.
Sir Cleges seyd, " Be my threfte,
" Thowe has the thyrd parte of my yefte;
" The couenaunte we made soo."

The kynge was sett in his parlor,
Wyth myrth solas and onor;
Sir Cleges thedyr went.

Digitized by Google

An harpor sange a gest be mowth
Of a knyght there be-sowth;
  Hymselffe werament.
Than seyd the kynge to the harpor;
" Were ys knyght Cleges, tell me herr,
  " For thou hast wyde i-went.
" Tell me trewth yf thou can,
" Knowyste thou of that man?"
  The harper seyd, " Yee, J wysse:

" Sum tyme forsoth J hym knewe;
" He was a knyght of yours full trewe,
  " And comly of gesture.
" We mynstrellys mysse hym sekyrly,
" Seth he went out of cuntrè;
  " He was fayr of stature."
The kynge seyd, " Be myne hede!
" J trowe that Sir Cleges be dede,
  " That J lovyd peramore:
" Wold God he were alyfe!
" J had hym lever than othyr fyve,
  " For he was stronge in stowre."

Sir Cleges knelyd before the kynge,
For he grauntyd hym hys askynge,
  He thanked hym cortesly.

Digitized by Google

Specyally the kynge hym prayed
To tell hym whye tho strokes he payed
To hys men thre.
He seyd, " That he myght nat com inward,
" Tyll euerych J graunttyd the thyrd partt
" Of that ye wold yeve me:
" With that J schuld have nowght myselfe;
" Werefore J yaue hem strokes twelve:
" Methowt yt best trewly."

The lordes lowe both old a[nd] yenge,
And all that weren with the kynge,
They made solas inowe.
The kynge lowe so he nott myght:
He seyd, " This ys a noble wyght,
" To God J make a-wowe!"
He sent after his styward,
" Hast thou, he seyd, thy reward?
" Be Cryst, he ys to lowe!"
The styward seyd, with lok grym,
" - - - - the dewle hym
" Born on a lowe!"

The kynge seyd to hym than,
" What is thy name tell me, good man,
" Now anon rygh[t]?"—

Digitized by Google

" J hight Sir Cleges, soo haue J blysse!
" My ryght name yt ys, i-wysse;
" J was your owyn knyght"—
" Art thou Sir Cleges, that servyd me,
" That was soo jentyll and soo fre,
" And so stronge on fyght?"—
" Ye, sir, lord, he seyd, so mott J thee,
" Tyll God in hevyn had vesyte me:
" Thus pouerte haue me dyght."

The kynge yaue hym anon ryght
All that 'longed to a knyght,
To rech his body wyth.
The castell of Cardyffe he yaue hym thoo,
[With many other yeftes moo,
Miri to lyue and blyth.
The knyght rode to dame Clarys his wyue,
Fairer ladie was non olyue;
He schewyd his yeftes swyth:—
Now to Mari that hende may,
For all yowr sowlys Y her pray
That to my talys lythe.]



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# LAY LE FREINE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# LAY LE FREINE.

We redeth oft, and findeth y-write,
And this clerkes wele it wite,
Layes that ben in harping,
Ben y-founde of ferli thing:
Sum bethe of wer, and sum of wo,
Sum of joie and mirthe also,
And sum of trecherie and of gile,
Of old auentours that fel while;
And sum of bourdes and ribaudy,
And many ther beth of fairy;
Of al thinges that men seth,
Maist o loue forsothe thai beth.
In Breteyne bi hold time,
This layes were wrought, so seith this rime:
When kinges might our y-here
Of ani meruailes that ther were,

Digitized by Google

Thai token an harp in gle and game,
And maked a lay and yaf it name.
Now of this auentours that weren y-falle,
Y can tel sum, ac nought alle:
Ac herkeneth lordinges sothe to sain,
Ichil you telle Lay le Frain.
Bifel a cas in Briteyne,
Whereof was made Lay le Frain,
In Ingliche for to tellen, y-wis,
Of ane asche, forsothe it is,
On ensammple fair withalle
That sum time was bifalle.
In the west cuntrè woned tway knyghtes
And loued hem wele in al ryghtes;
Riche men, in her best liif,
And aither of hem hadde wedded wiif.
That o knight made his leuedi milde
That sche was wonder gret with childe;
And when hir time was comen tho,
Sche was deliuerd out of wo.
The knight thonked God Almight,
And cleped his messanger an hight.
" Go, he seyd, to mi neighebour swithe,
" And say, Y gret him fele sithe,
" And pray him that he com to me;
" And say he schal mi gossibbe be."
The messanger goth and hath nought foryete;
And fint the knight at his mete,



Digitized by Google

And fair he gret in the halle
The lord, the leuedi, the meynè alle:
And seththen on knes doun him sett,
And the lord ful fair he gret:
" He bad that thou schult to him tè,
" And for loue his gossibbe be."—
" Is his leuedi deliuerd with sounde?"—
" Ya, sir, y-thonked be God the stounde!"—
" And whether a maiden child other a knaue?"—
" Tvay sones, sir, God hem saue!"—
The knyght therof was glad and blithe,
And thonked Godes sond swithe;
And graunted his erand in al thing,
And yaf him a palfray for his tiding.
Than was the leuedi of the hous
A proude dame and an envieous,
Hokerfulliche missegging,
Squeymous and eke scorning;
To ich woman sche hadde envie.
Sche spac this wordes of felonie:
" Ich haue wonder, thou messanger,
" Who was thi lordis conseiler
" To teche him about to sende,
" And telle schame, in ich an ende,
" That his wiif hath to childer y-bore.
" Wele may ich man wite therfore,
" That tvay men hir han hadde in bour;
" That is hir bothe deshonour!"

Digitized by Google

The messanger was sore aschamed.
The knight himself was sore agramed,
And rebouked his leuedy,
To speke ani woman vilaynie.
And ich woman therof might here,
Curssed hir alle y-fere,
And bisought God in heuen,
For his holy name seuen,
That yif hye euer ani child schuld abide,
A wers auentour hir schuld bitide.
Sone therafter bifel a cas,
That hirself with child was.
When God wild sche was unbounde,
And deliuerd, al with sounde:
To maiden childer sche hadde y-bore.
When hye it wist, wo hir was therfore:
" Allas, she seyd, that this hap come!
" Ich haue y-youen min owen dome:
" For boden bite ich woman
" To speken ani other harm opon.
" Falsliche another Y gan deme:
" The selue happe is on me sene.
" Allas, sche seyd, that Y was born!
" Withouten ende ich am forlorn,
" Or ich mot siggen sikerly,
" That tvay men han y-ly me by;
" Or ich mot,—that God it schilde!—
" Help to sle min owhen child.

Digitized by Google

" On of this thre thinges ich mot nede
" Sigge, other don, in dede.
" Yif ich say ich hadde a bi-leman,
" That ich leighe meselue opon :
" Than ich worth of old and yong
" Be hold leighster and fals of tong.
" Yete me is best take mi chaunce,
" And sle me childe, and do penaunce."
Hir midwiif hye cleped hir to ;
" Anon, sche seyd, this child for-do,
" And euer say thou, wher thou go,
" That ich haue o child and na mo."
The midwiif answerd thurchout al
That hye nil, no hye ne schal.
[The levedi hadde a maiden fre,
Who ther y-nurtured hade y-be,
And fostered fair ful mony a yere ;
Sche saw her kepe this sori chere,
And wepe, and syke, and crye, " Alas !"
And thoghte to helpen her in this cas.
And thus sche spake, this maiden ying,
" So n'olde Y wepen for no kind thing :
" But this o child wol I of-bare
" And in a covent leue it yare.
" Ne schalt thou be aschamed at al ;
" And whoso findeth this childe smal,
" By Mary, blissful quene aboue,]
" May help it for Godes love,"

Digitized by Google

The leuedi graunted anone therto,
And wold wele that it were y-do.
Sche toke a riche baudekine
That hir lord brought fram Constentine,
And lapped the litel maiden therin;
And toke a ring of gold fin,
And on hir right arm it knitt
With a lace of silke therin pilt:
And whoso hir founde schuld haue in mende,
That it were comen of riche kende.
The maide toke the childe hir mide,
And stale oway in an euentide,
And passed ouer a wild heth;
Thurch feld and thurch wode hye geth
Al the winter-long night.
The weder was clere, the mone was light,
So that hye com bi a forest side:
Sche wax al weri and gan abide.
Sone after she gan herk
Cokkes crowe, and houndes berk.
Sche arose and thider wold;
Ner and nere she gan bihold.
Walles and hous fele hye seighe;
A chirche, with stepel fair and heighe;
Than nas ther noither strete no toun,
Bot an hous of religioun:
An order of nonnes, wele y-dight,
To seruy God both day and night.

Digitized by Google

The maiden abode no lengore;
Bot yede hir to the chirche-dore,
And on knes she sat adoun,
And seid wepeand her orisoun:
" O Lord, he seyd, Jesu Crist,
" That sinful man bedes herst,
" Vnderfong this present,
" And help this seli innocent,
" That it mot y-cristned be,
" For Marie loue, thi moder fre!"—
Hye loked vp, and bi hir seighe
An asche, bi hir, fair and heighe,
Wele y-bowed, of michel priis;
The bodi was holow as mani on is.
Therin she leyed the child, for cold,
In the pel as it was bifold;
And blisted it with al hir might.
With that it gan to dawe light;
The foules up, and song on bough,
And acre-men yede to the plough.
The maiden turned oyain anon,
And tok the waye he hadde er gon.
The porter of the abbay aros,
And dede his ofice in the clos;
Rong the belles and taperes light,
Leyd forth bokes, and al redi dight.
The chirche dore he vndede,
And seighe anon in the stede

Digitized by Google

The pel liggen in the tre,
And thoughte wele that it might be,
That theues hadde y-robbed sumwhare,
And gon therforth, and lete it thare.
Therto he yede and it vnwond,
And the maiden child therin he fond.
He tok it up bitven his hond,
And thonked Jesu Cristes sond:
And hom to his hous he it brought,
And tok it his douhter, and hir bisought,
That hye schuld kepe it as sche can,
For sche was melche and couthe theran.
Sche bad it souke and it nold,
For it was neighe ded for cold.
Anon fer sche alight,
And warmed it wele aplight.
Sche yaf it souke opon hir barm,
And seththen laid it to slepe warm.
And when the masse was y-don,
The porter to the abbesse com ful son:
" Madame, what rede ye of this thing?
" To-day, right in the morning,
" Sone after the first stounde,
" A litel maiden-childe ich founde
" In the holwe assche therout;
" And a pel him about;
" A ring of gold also was there:
" Hou it com thider Y not nere."

Digitized by Google

The abbesse was awonderd of this thing:
" Go, hye seyd, on heigheing,
" And feche it hider, Y pray thè:
" It is welcom to God and to me.
" Ichil it help as Y can,
" And sigge it is mi kinswoman."—
The porter anon it gan forth bring,
With the pal, and with the ring.
The abbesse lete clepe a prest anon,
And lete it cristin in fun-ston:
And for it was in an asche y-founde
She cleped it Frain in that stounde.
The Freyns of the asche is a *freyn*
After the language of Breteyn,
Forthi, *le Frein* men clepeth this day
More than asche, in ich cuntray.
This Frein thriued fram yer to yer:
The abbesse nece men wend it were.
The abbesse her gan teche and beld.
Bi that hye was of xii. winter eld,
In al Inglond ther nas non
A fairer maiden than hye was on.
And when hye couthe ought of manhed
Hye bad the abbesse hir wis and rede,
Which were her kin, on or other,
Fader or moder, soster or brother.
The abbesse hir in conseyl toke:
To tellen hir hye nought forsoke,

Digitized by Google

Hou hye was founden in al thing;
And tok hir the cloth and the ring,
And bad hir kepe it in that stede;
And, ther-whiles she liued, so sche dede.
Than was ther in that cuntrè,
A riche knight of lond and fe,
Proud, and yong, and joliue;
And had nought yete y-wedded wiue.
He was stout, of gret renoun
And was y-cleped Sir Guroun.
He herd praise that maiden fre,
And seyd, he wald hir se.
He dight him in the way anon,
And joliflich thider he come;
And bad his man sigge, verrament,
He schuld toward a turnament.
The abbesse and the nonnes alle,
Fair him gret in the gest-halle:
And damisel Frein, so hende of mouthe,
Gret him faire as hye wele couthe;
And swhe wele he gan deuise
Her semblaunt, and hir gentrise,
Her louesum eighen, her rode so bright,
And comenced to loue hir anon-right:
And thought hou he might take on,
To haue hir to his leman.
He thought, "Yif ich com hir to
"More than ichaue y-do,

Digitized by Google

" The abbesse wil souchy gile,
" And voide hir in a litel while."
He compast another enchesoun
To be brother of that religioun.
" Madame, he seyd to the abbesse,
" Y-loui wele in al godenisse:
" Ichil yiue on and other,
" Londes and rentes to bicom your brother,
" That ye schul euer fare the bet,
" When Y com to haue recet."
At fewe wordes thai ben at on:
He graythes him and forth is gon.
Oft he come, bi day and night,
To speke with that maiden bright,
So that, with his fair bihest,
And with his gloseing atte lest,
Hye graunted him to don his wille,
When he wil, loude and stille.
" Leman, he seyd, thou most lat be
" The abbesse thi nece, and go with me:
" For icham riche, of swithe pouwere;
" Thè finde bet than thou hast here."
The maiden grant, and to him trist,
And stale oway that no man wist;
With hir tok hye no thing
Bot hir pel and hir ring.
When the abbesse gan aspie,
That hye was with the knight owy,

Digitized by Google

Sche made morning in hir thought
And hir biment, and gained nought.
So long she was in his castel,
That al his meynè loued her wel.
To riche and pouer she gan hir dresse,
That al hir loued more and lesse;
And thus sche lad with him hir liif
Right as she hadde ben his wedded wiif.
His knightes come and to him speke,
And holy chirche comandeth eke,
Sum lordes douhter for to take,
And his leman al forsake;
And seyd, him were wel more feir,
In wedlok to geten him an air,
Than lede his liif with swiche on,
Of was kin he knewe non:
And seyd, "Her bisides is a knight,
"That hath a douhter fair and bright,
"That schal bere his hiritage;
"Taketh hir in mariage."
Loth him was that dede to do
Ac atte last he graunt therto.
The forward was y-maked aright,
And were at on, and treuthe plight.
Allas! that he no hadde y-wite,
Er the forward were y-smite,
That hye, and his leman also,
Sostren were and tvinnes to,

Digitized by Google

Of o fader biyeten thai were;
Of o moder born y-fere.
That hye so ware nist non,
Forsoth Y say, bot God alon!
The newe bride was grayd withalle
And brought hom to the lordes halle.
Hir fader com with hir also;
The leuedi hir moder, and other mo.
The bischop of the lond withouten fail
Com to do the spusseayl.
[That maiden bird in bour bright,
Le Codre sche was y-hight:
And ther the guestes had gamen and gle,
And sayd to Sir Guroun joyfully:
" Fairer maiden n'as neuer seen,
Better than ash is hazle Y ween!
(For in romaunce *Le Frain* ash is,
And *Le Codre* hazle, y-wis.)
A gret fest than gan they hold
With gle and pleasaunce manifold;
And mo than al servauntes, the maid
Y-hight Le Frain, as servant sped:
Albe her herte wel nigh to-broke,
No word of pride ne grame she spoke.
The leuedi marked her simple chere,
And gan to love her, wonder dere.
Scant could sche feel more pine or reuth
War it hir owen childe in sooth.



Digitized by Google

Than to the bour the damsel sped,
Whar graithed was the spousaile bed;
Sche demed it was ful foully dight,
And yll besemed a may so bright;
So to her coffer quick she cam,
And her riche baudekyn out-nam,
Which from the abbess sche had got;
Fayrer mantel n'as ther not;
And deftly on the bed it layd;
Her lord woulde thus be well apayd.
Le Codre and her mother, thare,
Ynsame unto the bour gan fare,
But whan the leuedi that mantyll seighe
Sche wel neighe swoned oway.
The chamberleynt sche cleped tho,
But he ne wist of it no mo.
Then came that hendi maid Le Frain,
And the leuedi gan to her sain,
And asked, whose mantyll it ware?
Then answered that maiden fair:
"It is mine without lesing;
Y had it, togeder with this ringe.
Myne aunte tolde me a ferli cas,
Hou in this mantyll i-fold I was,
And hadde upon mine arm this ring,
Whanne I was y-sent to norysching."
Then was the leuedi astonied sore:
"Fair child! my doughter! Y thè bore!"



Digitized by Google

Sche swoned and was wel neighe ded,
And lay sikeand on that bed.
Her husbond was fet tho,
And sche told him al her wo,
Hou of her neighbour sche had missayn,
For sche was delyvered of childre twain;
And hou to children herself sche bore;—
" And that o child I of sent thore,
In a covent y-fostered to be;
And this is sche our doughter free;
And this is the mantyll, and this the ring
You gaf me of yore as a love-tokenyng."
The knight kissed his daughter hende
Oftimes, and to the bisschope wende:
And he undid the mariage strate,
And weddid Sir Guroun alsgate
To Le Frain his leman so fair and hend.
With them Le Codre away did wend,
And sone was spousyd with game and gle,
To a gentle knight of that countrè.
Thus ends the lay of tho maidens bright,
Le Frain and Le Codre y-hight.]

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

*Various Readings and Mistakes in the MSS. corrected in the Text.*

## KYNG ALISAUNDER.

B. Signifies the MS. in the Bodleian Library, Laud I. 74. fol.
L. That in the Library of Lincoln's Inn, 150.—Auch. MS. The fragment in the Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.

### PART I.

2, To lerid men and to lewed. L.
25, Boute y-set. L.
28, and in the fell. L.
42, On thre dighten this myddel erd
And cleped them. B.—And cleped is. L.
48, XII. shedynges. B.
136, edlermayn. L.
143, 144, Wanting in MS. L.
176, With sadel of gold *sambu* of silk. B.
183, A fuyr. B.
228, the soth. B.
235, Gamen is good whiles it wil last,
Ac it fareth so wyndes blast
The werldelich man and lesse and maast
Here loue therinne so wel waast
Whan it is beest to thee henne it will haste
On wondreth that men ne beeth agaste
And that somme hem by othere ne chasteth. B.
256, Who broughte thee see here above. L.
268, Tho Y rod to womon is pris. L.
299, garale grene. L.
492, 493, Wanting in MS. L.
552, The kyng had wel grete hawe
Alle his barouns to chaumbre flaw. B.

Digitized by Google

661, Theo feorthe to afeyte men in halle: L.
732, anaunce. B.
762, his goddes feyre. B.
781, So of bowe fleigheth the flon. B.
793, eorthe. L.
800, 801, These two lines are omitted in MS. L.
815, colere aright. B.
817, As the iren of the doren. L.
857, and dr with hond. L.
902, And his hede for that gilt legge. B.
926, and naygheing. B.
960, Carage. L.
964, Mo than Y telle can. L.
1027, With sayntes. L.
1045, turmentyng. L.
1046, flymyng. L.
1047, The gamen ne geth nought al byliue,
There some leigheth and some wyue. B.
1217, doughty werys. L.
1281, 1282, These two lines are erased in the Bodleian MS.
1309, Gif folie, other thorough rage. L.
1328, songyn a new song. L.
1383, To court they buth alle y-come,
There bar Alisaundre the croune,
Bothe the lord and eke the grome
And al the feuté of mony a towne. L.
1387, 1388, Wanting in MS. L.
1415, halith. L.
1430, alithed. B.
1443, by assoyne. L.
1519, 1520, These two lines occur here both in the Bodleian and Lincoln's Inn MS. and in the latter the two following are added by the ignorant transcriber:
And the planetis alle seven,
Weore purtraied undur heven.
Perhaps neither these, nor those admitted into the text, should be allowed to stand, as the latter occur again within a few lines.
1531, Kyng of no londe. L.
1541, And by his charme mychel wonder. B.
1546, art. B.
1603, Dieu mercy! muche harme. L.—The following line is omitted in this MS.
1613, With lauing. L.
1631, frusht. B.
1632, to deth lusht. B.

Digitized by Google

1706, a top of neillis. L.
1775, To Darie-ward he went blyf. B.
1822, Eche man hadde gret *howe*. B.
1823, For to loke what was his *owne*. L.
1826, Bote he by othir counsaile
Alisaundre was at his naile. L.
1852, His couvyn [or comyn] belle. L.
1912, And he of sent quyk furcurrende. L.
1922, This line does not occur in MS. Hosp. Linc.
1923, Darryn. L.—1925, Barabyn. L.—1926, Enfrakyn. L.
1928, Sclantynie. L.
1929, Colomye. L.
1932, Saba. B.
1947, And doth to-fore of my maigny. L.
1957, The stedyn they beon make grithe,
And hurpith into sadel withoute strive. L.
1994, by your standard. B.—*By* is altered by another hand into *with*.
2000, Crodded throte, and white the swere. L.—The Bodleian MS. reads, Croune thereonne, &c. an evident corruption.
2019, And do thy enbues conseillynge. L.
2033, The glowe. L.
2046, This line is omitted in the MS. Hosp. Linc. 2056, This line is also omitted there.
2077, Mauryne broughth after of hounde londe. B.
2078, XX. thousand of Ynde-londe. L.
2079, Numen. L.
2091, There was gret hong of stede. L.
2163-2166, These four lines do not occur in MS. L.—The ten next lines are also from the Bodleian MS. instead of which, the following eight occur in the Lincoln's Inn MS.
2167-2177, Theie was strong knightis metyng,
Launces brek, and in creopyng,
Knyghtis fallyng, and stedis lepyng,
Sweordes drawe, and lymes leosyng,
Assaillyng, and defendyng,
With-stondyng, and with-flemyng,
Of takyng armes, dispoilyng,
So gret bray, so loud cryeng, &c. L.
2266, Glitonn so gan first adawe
And his lymes to hym drawe. B.
2270, uprisynge. L.
2272, That dunt stod at the gurdil. L.

Digitized by Google

2277, Jophas. B.
2295, wel felde. L.
2298, And smot doun Philosofs arme. L.
2417, Salomé sygh, that on half,
Was gredy as a wolf,
That feole dayghes hadde y-fast,
Theo scheip to drawe in the wast. L.
2506, Weren made there alle commouns. B.
2533, Parforce smyten in the thrynge,
And deode bestis from other thrynge. L.
2558, After that beo worthe. L.
2571, Mury is the styvour. L.
2572, Mury is the touchyng of the harpour. B.
2610, That bataile to him y-wonne. L.
2616, with dispence. L.
2639, To Thebes Darie wendith what. L.
2654, So lay there an heighe strate,
Also noble of riche mounde,
As is chepe that is in londe. B.
2668, Theo forostoces on the walle. L.
2758, And toke that they hadde wight. L.
2756, three thousand. B.
2786, al with vys. L.
2795, 96, These two lines do not occur in MS. H. Linc.
2798, That weryng no myghte heom lithe. L.
2826, he him wryed,
And with his scheld defendid his cors. L.
2875, Partonopes. L.
2876, Capusis. L.
2886, a blase cleir. L.
2897, And leue us grace so on him prive. L.
2944, Many rededen in the berd. B.
2995, Athenis was full riche spycerie. L.
3003, Hit was ryght at the tour
There, &c. L.
3018, And Savoye all to the oste. L.
3046, This line is omitted in MS. H. Linc. The two following are thus in that copy:
Nultow neither lepe no skippe
Make no goshauk of a kat. L.
3136, Flumbardelynges. B.
3160, Heore owne. L.
3181, With body and castel. L.
3202, Hadde want. L.
3204, Many jobet and many ware
Many tufforth and many jouaunt. B.

Digitized by Google

3230, als a belle. B.
3250, stette. L.
3277 to 80, Here are only the two following lines in MS. H. Linc. (line 3280 being wanting entirely :)
They stale the keyis and letten in whate,
And feollen on kneoes in the strete. L.
3293, hasels. L.
3295, The persone wereth fow and gris. B.
3299, Darie in verger ys. L.
3340, And thou art also arewe onward. B.
3346, Thou an arewest thi countenance. B.
3347, rennith. B.
3393, And do thi self thy peyne. B.
3419, Mony knyght helm of steil. L.
3445, Late slowe men keuereth preie;
His ost lasteth twenty mile waie. B.
3449, This line does not occur in MS. B.
3450, tey. L.
3451, For his pidaile brenneth and sleth. B.
3458, The smoke was so gret and leyte,
That Daries ost it dude awayte. B.
3487, This line is wanting in MS. H. L.
3512 to 3519, These eight lines are erazed in the Bodl. MS.
3526, 3529, These two lines are introduced from the B. MS.
3530, The spies on sydes goth. L.
3577, At on sop. L.
3590, 3591, Omitted in MS. H. L.
3661, Undur scheldis gan heom wreo. L.
3684, Threo thous ud of the gomes
That heo hadde overcome. L.
3695, Omitted in MS. H. L.
3696, And Indiens and also Maueris. L.
3697, Also omitted in MS. H. L. and added in MS. Bodl. by a different, but an ancient hand.
3739, 3740, Omitted in MS. H. L. 3796, That. L.
3814, And ek he had fourford
Alle ymade with speris ord. B.
3844, liklakyng. B.
3858, 3859, Omitted in MS. H. L.
3882, Wher he myghte y-see him akaye. L.
3953, Was y-do gret lore. L.
4046, He saw that no knyght hende,
Nul more that knyght schende. L.
4063, 4064, These two lines are transposed in MS. H. L.
4066, 4067, Omitted in the same MS.
4068, Erly the kyng. L.

Digitized by Google

4104, Theo whiles Alisaunder the kyng. L.
4160, And saide of table beo smart. L.
4172, 4173, Omitted in MS. H. L.
4204, hond-habbyng. L.
4230, Parsage. B.
4232, 4233, Wanting in MS. H. L.
4234, He saw Alisaundre undur his hood. L.
4260, and eke Estrage. L.
4276, god schour. L.
4319, Wel to don. B.
4323, seure. L.
4345, No afterward ageyns vs
Gadre he never so vertuous. L.
4415, With a soket of broun stel. B.
4427, With sweord rydon and gan him beore. L.
4463, Ac none of heom was y-wounded. L.
4511, Ded ben myne princes as Alma cours. B.
4513, auenture. B.
4519, myn antecessours. B.
4550, And I the bihote by my leys. L.
4605, beseighen so. B.
4621, Wanting in MS. H. L.
4622, And saide, gentil baroun! here my mercy! L.
4623, Omitted in MS. H. L.
4671, Of tile riche and fyne. L.
4688, 4889, Omitted in MS. H. L.
4698, 4699, Omitted in the same.
4719, With foule egges, and reotheres tongen. L.
4724 to 4731, and 4742 to 4747, Introduced into the text from MS. Bodl.

## PART II.

4748, Faire buth tales in compaignye;
Eovele may the slowe hyghe.
Meory, in chirche, is melodie.
Eovele may the blynde the blynde gye.
Who so haveth treowe amye,
Joliliche may him disgye. L.
4760, Taxbance, L.
4762, Tauncys. B.
4763, butumeys. B.
4764, And xii regiounse
Alle membritis naciouns. L.
4770, Of selkouth trowes, of selkouth beeste. B.

Digitized by Google

4772 to 5989, These 1227 lines are entirely wanting in the Lincoln's Inn MS.
6046, Sichis. B.
6136, God. L.
6137, Magod. L.
6142, Bot hy and thai besekyng. B.
6175, So dooth the Iker, oithere the fyssh. B.
6266, Dwerewes also he bischette. B.
6292, And shall afelle thoroug the bleynes migth. B.
6298, Now the kyng hath al this in his rope. B.
6362, Also bestes siker yee be
And whan hy willen the walkne ysee
They turneth the walkne upryghtes. B.
6372, Echype. L.
6418, Eighen hy han so arnement. B.
6440, Ther is non in that contrey. L.
6498, Weren hy yladde oither ybore. B.
6695, carreyes. B.
6707, bugge. L.
6714, Olifans and in playn. L.
6745, with muche syng. L.
6819, schurd. L.
6834, No syghe they never such a tour. L.
6840, Kynge, he saide, this trough honest,
Ac hit spryngith of noblest.
No forthe of broches, no of ryngis,
No of mouthes cryinges. L.
6848, The kyng seigh a leem so fire bronde. B.
6861, Omitted in MS. H. L. where the preceding line is marked as if intended to be erazed.
6872, Woo was hym for that ansuere
And it had yherd so fele. B.
6884, Beo hit eyghte and gret nobleys
Ye schole hit holde and beon in pes. L.
6902, Thorugh envye of traitours. L.
6908, His wit he forgat til amorwe,
And yeode to bedde til amorwe. L.
6932, Ryght as ye yave nought therof. L.
7001, Omitted in MS. H. L.
7002, Hot love ofte after soures!
Faire rywel ys god neyghbouris;
The beste thyng is God to amours. L.
7005, Alisaundre nyl no more loure,
Trusse to grete Ffaacen, B. to Grece Facen. L.
7013, Quede and harm me to awayte. L.
7059, That hy ne hadden worldes manhede
To her outher godhede. B.

Digitized by Google

7110, For Cades. B.
7173, 7174, Omitted in MS. H. L.
7184, amour. L.
7211, swythe lyalyng. L.
7236, And sent you by ous saun gage. L.
7244, For his gyoures. B.
7247, ich rette. L.
7267, Wel he knew thoo barouns tweye. B.
7295, He wil he nought thine amere
Ne that thine hise dere. B.
7303, Yee that chalangeth al to habbe. B.
7413, bigonnen jangle. B.
7430, For youre sale beo ye wrothe. L.
7495, putt. L.
7499, felle tyrasen. L.
7510, Blasfame,
As faire as was Cyane. R.
7533, Myself with hym to conduye. B.
7544, 7545, Omitted in MS. H. L.
7558, And saide, heore lord was the gult
To brenne bront; and to beo swelt. L.
7582, Omitted in MS. H. L.
7600, Ne be it you for my brother looth. B.
7611, estres. B.
7623, Til they into the sale come. L.
7634, 7635, Omitted in MS. H. L.
7636, Ar hir tale was at the ende. L.
7662, Of Troye was ther men the storye. L.
7690, noldest. L.
7746, my lord Pore,
Myn hond scapeth he neuer more. B.
7754, Dame, whom so ich euere serue. B.
7809, And dooth arere newe tallage. B. and Auch. MS.
7820, The lond folk beden the kinge. Auch. MS.
7823, With harm to his owen nose. Auch. MS.
7828, Pallidamas. B. Auch. MS.
7840, And sente to Alisaunder the cas.—L. And sendeth to Alisaunder bihas. Auch. MS.
7841, Omitted in MS. H. L. and MS. Auch.
7860, Drink no schal no more vernel,
As to this world muchel del,
So this drynk now hath y-do. L. The Auch. and Bod. MSS. both read as in the text.
7870, 7871, Omitted in MS. H. L.
7915, Torcoynte. L.
7946, Tabran. L.

Digitized by Google

7948, Samson of Enuise. Auch. MS.
7950, by Empne;
Al Emmory, into theo fenne;
And Orbenye. L.
8023, Among the lew and the lerde. B.
8028, Thus ended Alisaunder the kyng;
God vs graunte his blissyng. Amen. B. and Auch. MS.

The following lines neither occur in the Bodleian MS., nor in the Auchinleck fragment.

## SIR CLEGES.

V. 220, More or les. 519, Myght not. 521, Wove. 526 and 527 are written in one line in the MS. 533-540 have been added by the editor.

## LAI LE FRAINE.

Thirteen lines in the middle of this fablian (v. 115 to 127), and the conclusion, from v. 335, have been inserted by the editor, to complete the story.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

G. Ramsay & Co. printers,
Edinburgh, 1810.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google